# Rural Rhymes

and

# Talks and Tales

of

# Olden Times.




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# Dedicated

By the author

To his freind and Brother

The Rev Barzela Adams

My friend and christian brother
Will you accept my Rhymes
And you and yours together
Read my talks of olden Times
And when in death I'm sleeping
As soon indeed I must
You'll have with in your keeping
My thoughts when I am dust

Martin Rice

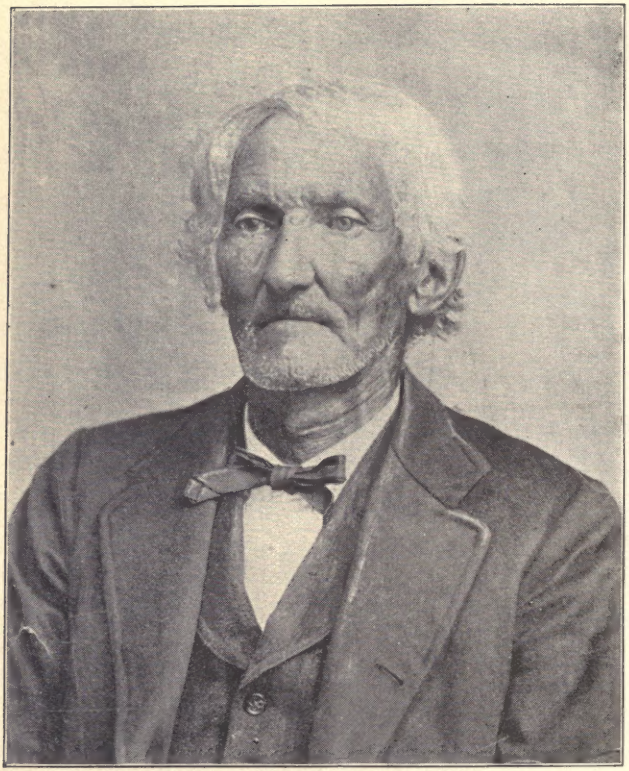
Lone Jack Mo

Compliments of the Author
With best wishes

## To the Reader

Kind friend of mine in future days
As you my Rhymes are reading
To all your censure or your praise
I'll be alike unheeding
For when I'm numbered with the dead
I will not hear what may be said
By those to me succeeding
The hand that wrote will then be cold
My Tongue from speech refraining
My Talks and Tales will all be Told
And ended my complaining
And these my Rural Rhymes may be
All that will then be left of me
To friends on earth remaining

Martin Rice



Martin Rice

# RURAL RHYMES,

AND

# Talks and Tales of Olden Times,

BEING A

Collection of Poems and Old-Time Stories,

GRAVE, HUMOROUS, DIDACTIC, SENTIMENTAL, AND DESCRIPTIVE,

WRITTEN AT DIFFERENT TIMES AND UNDER DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES,

BY

MARTIN RICE,

LONE JACK, MO.

---

THIRD EDITION, ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

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KANSAS CITY:
HUDSON-KIMBERLY PUB. CO.
1893.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-three,

By MARTIN RICE,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

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## *INTRODUCTION.*

The author of "RURAL RHYMES AND POEMS FROM THE FARM," in bringing this third edition before the public, returns his thanks for the favorable reception of the first and second. Those editions, amounting to 3500 copies, have, with little effort and no puffing or blowing, been sold, and there is still a demand and many calls for those simple home ballads of the plain Missouri farmer.

The present volume, styled "RURAL RHYMES AND TALKS AND TALES OF OLDEN TIMES," in addition to the poems and olden-time stories of the second volume, contains several other poems written in the same easy and simple style, said by some to be the best of the author's writings. In reference to those talks and tales, the author desires to say that, though some of them are mixed with a little of fiction, the main incidents and ideas are substantially true, as many of the older citizens of the localities can testify; the object in part being to give an account of the manners and customs of the men and women of fifty and sixty years ago, and to contrast the old times with the present ones.

Hoping and believing that the new volume will meet with even *more* favor than either of the preceding ones, it is presented to an appreciative and generous public by the author.

MARTIN RICE.

Lone Jack, May, 1893.

## *TO THE READER.*

Far from the city's noisy din,
  Far from its bustle and alarm,
We had our being first within
  The limits of an humble farm;
From out its cool, sequestered shade,
  In different ways, at different times,
We came; and when together laid,
  Are simply styled the "Rural Rhymes."

From out a toiling farmer's brain
  We had our birth—no matter when,
If we can your attention chain,
  And edify the minds of men;
And though we may not soar as high
  As Milton's thoughts in former times,
Oh, let it be no reason why
  You should not read the "Rural Rhymes."

And though we may not live as did
  Old Homer's verse and Ossian's lays,
Let not our simple truths be hid
  By greater names of other days;
Though thousand years we may not live,
  As poems have from Eastern climes,
May we a transient pleasure give
  To those who read the "Rural Rhymes."

And though not gorgeously arrayed
  In soaring language, full and pure,
Remember gorgeous colors fade,
  While simpler colors long endure;
Then may the simple truths we speak
  Fall on the heart with pleasing chimes,
And often may each reader seek
  New beauties in the "Rural Rhymes."

Yours respectfully,

M. Rice.

## *BIOGRAPHICAL.*

Martin Rice, the author of "RURAL RHYMES," etc., was the oldest of the seven sons and four daughters of Enoch and Mary Rice, and had his birth and early training in what is now Union County, then a part of Campbell, in East Tennessee, thirty miles north of Knoxville, near the present Lost Creek post-office.

His father, Enoch, being a farmer of small means, poor health, and a large family, had hard work to make the ends meet, and consequently his boys were (as they ought to have been) brought up to labor on the farm. Martin, however, born on the 22d of November, 1814, was sent to school at a very early age, and when six years old was pronounced the best reader of his age in all the country. But after this, for the want of school facilities or the pressing need of labor on the farm or help to his mother in the house, his schooling was irregular and somewhat neglected, and at the age of fourteen he quit school altogether, having attended school, from the age of five to fourteen, about thirty months, and at that time he says he had never seen the inside of a grammar. The last five months of his schooling in 1828 he studied arithmetic, and at the end of the term had got so far in "Pike" as to geometrical progression.

But though his schooling ended at the age of fourteen, his studies did not. At his request his father bought him Murray's English Grammar, and this he studied without the aid of a teacher; for his father, though a fair backwoods scholar of that day, had never studied grammar himself.

About the same time his taste for writing began to manifest itself, and many a Sunday and rainy day, while other boys were amusing themselves at play, he spent the time in putting his thoughts on paper, both in prose and in rhyme.

In the autumn of 1832 he was employed to teach a

district school for five months in Claiborne County, Tenn., the first ever taught in the district under the first free-school law of the State, for which he was promised ten dollars per month, one-fourth of which he never received, and while teaching this school he paid his board by laboring on mornings, evenings, and Saturdays.

The next summer his father sold his small farm for $800, and in the autumn with his family moved to Jackson County, Mo., and in October, 1833, entered 160 acres of Government land near Lone Jack, a part of the farm on which Martin now resides. On this a cabin was soon built, and the family moved into it in November of the same year, a few days after the great meteoric shower.

Before coming to Missouri his father had traded for a cheap set of surveying instruments and an old treatise on that science, thinking they might be of use in the new country to which he was moving, and the long evenings of that winter were spent by Martin in studying the lessons of that old book, as the days were spent in grubbing hazel and making rails. After assisting in opening and fencing a farm and planting a crop, he was hired to a neighboring farmer for two months at ten dollars per month, to be paid in the fall with pork.

After this in the autumn he taught a short term of school, the second ever taught in what is now Van Buren Township in Jackson County.

In the summer of 1835 he made a crop with an uncle near Independence, sold his crop in the fall, and with the money thus obtained (and some borrowed) entered land near his father's. On this he worked through the winter and sold it in the spring, and then entered land in Cass County (then called Van Buren).

On the 3d day of April, 1836, he was married to Miss Mary Lynch, of Lafayette County, and on the 11th of the same month moved to his lately purchased home and commenced housekeeping, and here he resided as a farmer until the death of his wife in December, 1855. His father having died in 1851, he sold out in Cass and bought the old homestead in 1856, where he still is.

When he married and settled in Cass, or Van Buren, it was a county but recently organized and thinly settled. The first general election was held soon after, and he was

elected county surveyor, an office of no profit, which he held for three years.

Politically, he has generally been in the minority, State and county, and in consequence has not sought or held office, adopting the motto of Henry Clay, "Rather to be *right* than in office and *wrong*."

In 1846 he was chosen as justice of the peace and served four years, and the title of "Squire" sticks to him yet.

In addition to his occupation as a farmer, he was engaged as a nurseryman, propagating fruit trees from 1849 to 1881. Large numbers of the orchards of Jackson, Johnson, Lafayette, and Cass counties were grafted by the same hand that wrote the "RURAL RHYMES"; and he has often been heard to say that after he is dead and gone these orchards will remain to benefit the rising generation.

During his labors on the farm for so many years he has found time to cultivate the mind as well as the soil and to pursue his studies, mathematics being his favorite one, in which he is said now to surpass many collegiate professors. Some things he claims to have discovered in mathematics not known before, or at least not laid down in the books.

As has been said, he commenced writing poetry or rhyming at the age of fourteen. None of his youthful effusions have been preserved. From 1850 to 1876 occasional pieces were published in the county papers over the signature of "Phocion" and other *noms ae plume*, and in 1877 his "RURAL RHYMES AND POEMS FROM THE FARM" was published at the office of Ramsey, Millett & Hudson. That edition of 1500, and another of 2000 published later, have all been disposed of years ago, mostly in Jackson and adjoining counties, but many copies have found their way to other States, and have been highly appreciated there as well as at home.

Of Mr. Rice's six brothers and four sisters, all younger than he, only one brother and one sister are living: Henry H. Rice, at Manhattan, Kansas, and Louisa J. Snow, in Johnson County, Mo. His oldest brother, David, one of the early merchants of Cass County, who died on the way to California in 1849, is referred to in his poem "Twenty Years Past," and his youngest brother, Pryor,

who fell at Corinth in 1863, is supposed to be "The Soldier from the Kansas Line." His mother, who after 1856 made her home with him, died in March, 1881.

Of his four sons and five daughters, three of each are still living. His oldest son and second daughter died in infancy. His oldest daughter, Martha J. Tate, died in 1869, and her dying charge to her son, who is now a minister of the gospel at Sarcoxie, Mo., is one of the author's poems. His son Isaac L. lives in the southwestern part of Cass County, and his son Alvin B. in the northeastern corner of the same county; his youngest son, Marion, in Colorado. His oldest living daughter, Mary, with her husband, Wm L. Butler, and family, live with him and manage the farm on which his father settled, as has been said, in 1833. His daughter Nancy Mitchell lives near Norwood, in Wright County, Mo., and his youngest, Elvira Mitchell, in Montana.

Martin Rice is emphatically an old-fashioned farmer of the old-fashioned school, one who sometimes doubts whether the modern way of running things by steam is much better than running them in the old-fashioned manner. He united with the Baptist Church at Pleasant Garden, near Lone Jack, in 1841, and afterward transferred his membership to the Lone Jack Church of Missionary Baptists, of which church he is still a member, and the one of longest standing in the body.

As may be inferred from some of his poems, he was during the great civil war a steadfast friend of the Union, being then, as ever before, in a minority; but he managed to keep at home and on good terms with his neighbors who differed in opinion with him, frequently assisting and befriending them in their troubles, and being assisted and befriended by them in return.

# Rural Rhymes and Olden Times.

## *A HOOSIER'S TRAMP.*

*Three Days' Travel through Western Missouri in* 1836, *and Three Days over the Same Ground in* 1880.

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### CHAPTER I.

In the spring of 1880, having been in poor health during the winter, I was advised by my physician to spend a few months in travel, as it was thought that this would be of more benefit to me than any medical treatment that I could receive.

I immediately set about making preparations to leave my home on the White River, in Indiana, not as yet having fixed upon any particular line of travel, or the direction I should take. In looking over some of my old papers, with a view to arranging my affairs before leaving home, I picked up what appeared to be the remnant of an old memorandum book, written in pencil, and so worn that I could scarcely decipher the writing upon it. I soon saw, however, that it was what remained of a diary that I had kept on a trip to the western part of Missouri in 1836.

As I said, there was but a remnant left, and it contained the incidents only of three days of that journey.

Those incidents or memoranda were briefly stated, and read thus:

"October 1.—Started after late breakfast, bidding our fat host good-by and paying fifty cents each. We had no road, but were directed in a northwest direction to an Indian trail which would lead us direct to Westport. Got lost and traveled several miles out of the way; finally struck the trail and stopped at noon near the south line

of Johnson County, at the house of Mr. Norris, and fed our horses. About sundown passed a mound, nearly round and quite high; no house in sight. After dark lost the road again; saw a light and found a small cabin in the prairie; could not keep us, but put us in the road and sent us a mile further. Stayed with a young couple, lately married, living in Van Buren County.

"October 2.—Paid our bill, fifty cents each, and proceeded on our journey, still on the Indian trail, or Shawnee Trace. Found houses for a few miles, and came again into a large prairie; fell in with an old gentleman going to the Platte Purchase, and joined company, as he said he could pilot us a better way. Stopped on the Little Blue and had shoes put on horses. Stayed at Stayton's, near Independence; went with the family to night meeting, or preaching.

"October 3.—Paid lodging, seventy-five cents each; went on to Independence; met our pilot again; went on to Westport; crossed the Missouri River at Westport Landing. Stopped at night on Bee Creek with a friend of our traveling companion, who gave us all a hearty welcome."

More than forty-three years had passed since that journey was made and that diary was written, but the incidents of those three days were yet fresh in my memory. They had impressed themselves at the time more forcibly upon my mind than the incidents of any other part of the journey, and it may have been for that reason that this scrap had been preserved.

Before I had finished reading, my resolve had been taken to go over the same ground again in this my contemplated travel. At least, I resolved to proceed on the same route to Westport; thence through Kansas, Arkansas, and perhaps Texas.

That trip has been made, and I have returned with restored health, and have resolved to write a narrative of that three days' journey in 1836 and its incidents, and also of three days over the same ground in 1880.

I was then in my youth; now I am old and gray-headed, verging on to my three-score and ten years. Then the country was new and thinly settled; now it is comparatively old and populous. But to proceed:

About the last of August, 1836, my friend and neighbor, Frank Elmwood, informed me that he was thinking of trying his fortune farther west. We had come from Virginia to Indiana, boys together; both had been married about eighteen months, and each had a small farm and a small family, on the White River. Frank said the Platte Purchase, in Missouri, was said to be the garden-spot of the world; that it was now open for settlement, and settling up fast; and asked me if I would not cut loose and go with him. After thinking and talking over the matter for some days, it was decided that we should go and look at the country before breaking up where we were.

Our preparations were soon made, and we set out on horseback about the 10th of September and proceeded leisurely to Vincennes, thence to St. Louis, and from there in a southwest direction to the Kickapoo Prairie, in Greene County, where we had some Virginia acquaintances and some little business to transact. But as this sketch is only to treat of three days' travel, all else is hurriedly passed over. We left the Kickapoo Prairie, as well as I recollect, on the 28th of September, passing through the counties of Polk, Benton, and Rives (since called Henry), and, after passing the little town of Clinton, missed our way, and night found us at the house of Mr. Clark Davis, on a stream called Big Creek.

This Mr. Davis was almost a mountain of flesh, weighing, as he said, over four hundred pounds, but a genial, kind-hearted, and affable man.

The country we had passed over, after leaving Springfield, was thinly settled, and a part of the way we had passed over bridle-paths, or settlement roads. The farms and the rude cabins were small, few, and far between. Our giant friend, with whom we tarried, informed us that a few miles to the north we would strike an Indian trail, called the Shawnee Trace, which would lead us direct to Westport, on the western line of the State and near the Missouri River. This trail, he said, was made by the Shawnee Indians in moving from the lower Mississippi to their homes on the Kansas. He pointed out the direction we should go, and we set out. In a short time, in crossing a stream on which some timber and brush were growing, we got turned

round while seeking a crossing-place, and, as the day was cloudy, took a wrong direction; and instead of going north, we afterwards found ourselves going nearly east. Several miles were passed and we realized the fact that we were lost on an almost boundless prairie. It was so cloudy and smoky that we could not see the sun, nor the streams of timbered land, if any such there were to be seen. About ten o'clock a solitary horseman was seen crossing our course at about right angles. We spurred up, in order to meet him, and found that he was following a small trail, or wagon track, through the tall grass; and on inquiring for the Shawnee Trace, he said he was a stranger there, but that in passing down the day before he had passed an old road, or trail, which he supposed was it, and that he thought it was only a short distance ahead. We turned our course and rode on together, through the rank grass. The stranger was a tall, good-looking young man, apparently thirty years of age, perhaps older; was quite talkative, and told us that he lived in Lafayette County, near Greenton, and seemed desirous of finding out something of our residence and business in such a waste world.

My companion, Frank, who had not spoken since first inquiring about the road, gave my horse a cut with his switch, as I was about to answer some question that had been asked; and the sudden spring of the horse prevented an immediate answer. On my looking back, he gave me a look and a gesture, which said as plainly as they could say, "Be on your guard." I was somewhat surprised, as before that he had been more open with strangers and less suspicious than I had been. I took the hint, however, and answered the stranger's question by saying that we were from the Wabash country, and were visiting friends and looking at the country. In a short time we came to the old trail, and, taking the left-hand end, we parted company with the stranger and rode on. As soon as we were out of hearing, Frank, who had been riding behind, came to my side, and I asked for an explanation. "Didn't you know him?" said he. "It is that villain Lester." "What! John C. Lester?" "Yes," said he. "I knew him as soon as he opened his mouth to answer my question about the road. Where did he say he lived?"

"Near Greenton, I think." "Then," said Frank, "he will hear from me again, before we get back to the Wabash. By the bye, you were quick to take the hint."

For some time we rode on in silence. Frank seemed, as I thought, to be planning some way to avenge himself of the wrongs he had received; and my thoughts by the incident were carried back to Virginia, and were brooding over the scenes of my youth. That Frank had been deeply wronged by this man, I knew. By his oily speeches and insinuating address he had so played upon the credulity of Frank's father as to swindle him out of some thousands of dollars; and, what was worse, had seduced a fair young cousin of Frank's, a school-mate of mine, and carried her off, no one knew where; we had not heard of them since. No wonder, then, that this little incident had set us both to thinking. About noon we came to a cabin on the road, and stopped to feed our horses and get dinner. We were told that Mr. Norris lived there, but that none of the family were at home, except a boy, who said he had just eaten all that was cooked. He, however, fed our horses, and told us it was twenty miles to the next house on the road. Our host of the night before had told us of this house of Norris's, and of the one twenty miles above; to which he said we could get before night, and where, he said, we would find a jolly, cranky old pioneer, by the name of Langston, with a family of boys as cranky as himself. Having rested our horses, we pursued our journey through the lonely prairie, and in a few miles passed a small stream, said to be the head of Bear Creek, on which some man had hauled together a set of house-logs by the road-side; but no other sign of humanity was to be seen. Late in the afternoon we came in sight of a high and round-looking knoll, or mound, on the prairie, toward which our trail led in a direct line; we could see it from every little rise or eminence for miles; and about sunset it was reached. The main travelled road passed round it on the south, but the original Indian path had passed directly over it. We rode on the direct straight path, up its steep side, to its rocky summit, from which an extensive view on all sides could be had. For miles, in every direction, the prairie was spread out before and around it, but no house

was in sight. To the north, at the distance of two miles, perhaps, was seen what appeared to be a small corn-field; and far to the south were seen two or three smokes, rising as if from chimneys; but no other sign of habitation.

A short council was here held, whether we should leave the road and seek a lodging at the farm to the north, or proceed on the trail to Langston's. The latter being resolved on, we pushed forward, and just after dark came to a stream, on which, so far as we could see, grew a large body of woods. Passing through this woods, it was quite dark, and after crossing the stream we lost the road again, and got into a small lake or swamp, and once out of that, into a flat, marshy bottom, where the grass was higher than our horses. Here Frank proposed that we should stop, and wait till the moon rose; but as that would not be till midnight, and as it had cleared up so that the stars could be seen, I insisted that we push on in a northwest course, and that we might strike the trail again or come in sight of the light in Langston's house, which I said could not be very far off. And sure enough, in a short time a light was seen, and on approaching it, the outlines of a very small cabin, but no other sign of improvement. The man who came at our call, in answer to the question, where we were, said we were in Van Buren County, on the waters of Big Creek and close by the Shawnee Trace. In answer to the question, whether he could keep us and our horses over night, he replied, "I reckon not; we can hardly keep ourselves. We've only been here a week or two; have no stable, no corn, no meat, no coffee, no nothing; we are new beginners here in the world; but if you'll go down there and get in that trail, you'll find a house jest beyant the branch, where I reckon you can stay." On our saying we were afraid of getting lost again, he said, "I'll go and put you on the road, and you can't miss the way. Once in the *Trace*, you can't get out, without you *kick out*." He did so, and as we were parting Frank asked if the house across the branch was the Langston place. "Yes," was the reply, and we were away. We soon crossed the branch, and came to a small field of two or three acres, at the farther side of which we came in view of another small cabin. As we approached it, Frank remarked, "If the old man

and his wife and his six-foot boys are all at home, I fear we'll have a crowded house to-night."

In answer to our halloo, a boyish specimen of humanity came out to the little gate, and when asked if he could keep us till morning, answered that if we were not particular about our fare, he would try; and in our circumstances we thought it best not to be too particular. He assisted us in putting up our horses in a small stable, made of poles, and, throwing some fodder into the trough, he told us to go into the house, and he would bring some corn from the field for our horses. On our saying that we were as hungry as bears and would like to have supper, he said, "Go in and talk to the cook."

Frank preferred to go and assist in feeding the horses, while I went in to order supper. On my entrance, I was surprised to see nobody but a bashful-looking girl, fifteen or sixteen years old, who set me one of the three chairs in the cabin, and bade me be seated. I told her we would like to have supper, and while she was busy in making a fire in the wide, open fire-place, I took a hasty view of the surroundings. The room appeared to be about fifteen or sixteen feet square; the floor was of rough hewed puncheons, and overhead were half a dozen round pole joists, on which was laid a loft of clapboards. There were two doors, the shutters of which were also made of clapboards. Of furniture, a bed in the northeast corner and another in the southeast, placed on rough bedsteads, the posts and rails of which had been hewed and dressed with a drawing-knife. In one corner, next the fire-place, with its rough back and jambs, was the cupboard or dresser, made by laying some smooth clapboards on pegs driven into auger-holes in the wall. A similar piece of furniture, in the back end of the house, between the beds, served in place of a bureau, on which the bed-clothing and wearing apparel were packed away. A square table, three split-bottomed chairs, and what was neither lounge, sofa, settee, nor cradle, but a sort of compromise between them all—a thick, heavy board, or puncheon, dressed off and placed on rockers like those of a cradle, with another board fastened to uprights, against which the back could rest while sitting on the bench and rocking. There was

also the large cotton wheel and cards, and other necessary articles of housekeeping.

In the corner opposite the cupboard was the book-case, made as the cupboard was, by laying boards upon pegs in the wall. Having a curiosity to see what kind of books the cranky old man was in the habit of reading, after the girl had lighted an old-fashioned, greasy, cast-iron lamp and had stepped out for something, I approached the book-stand, and on examination found some histories; the "Life of Washington and Marion," by Weems; the "Life of Jackson"; some books of travel; and amongst the rest, an old treatise on surveying. Having hastily come to the conclusion that the old folks were away from home, and that the younger children were keeping house in their absence, when the young woman returned, I ventured to remark:

"Your father and mother are not at home, I suppose?"

With a mischievous smile, she replied: "They were a few days ago, and I reckon they are yet."

"Then you don't live here?"

"Yes, I stay here; but my parents live twenty miles off, on the Sni, near Greenton."

"Near Greenton, did you say? are you acquainted in that neighborhood?"

"Yes; I was raised there."

"Do you know a man there by the name of Lester?"

"No, I don't know him; I've heard of him though."

At this moment we were interrupted by the entrance of Frank and the young man, who had been caring for the horses.

Frank appeared as much surprised as I had been, on seeing nobody but me and the girl present; and we both took a hasty survey of the beardless boy who was acting as our host; spare built, with long legs and arms, and awkward and gawky-looking in the extreme. Frank at once came to the same conclusion that I had done—that the old folks were away; and asked the youngster about the same questions that I had asked the girl—whether the old folks, his parents, were at home.

He smiled, as the girl had done, and replied: "I spose they are; they very seldom leave home. But I know

what you mean, and must inform you that we are the old folks ourselves."

"I beg pardon," said Frank, "but we were told that an old man lived here, Mr. Langston; is that not your name?"

"Not quite that," said he; "the old man Langston did live here; he setttled the place, but he has moved to the Platte, he and all his boys; and as to asking pardon, there is no harm done; we are used to it; it's not the first time that we've been asked where our daddy and mamma was."

"What is your age," said I, "and how long have you been here?"

"I am twenty-two and she is sixteen; and we came here last April."

"How long have you been in the State, and from what part did you come?"

"We are both from Tennessee, near the Cumberland Mountains; I have been in the State three years, and she has been here nearly all her life."

The young housewife here handed her husband a tin cup, with some parched coffeee in it, and asked him to beat it. He stepped to the door and brought in his axe, which had an old-fashioned pudding-stick handle, sawed off square at the end, and seating himself on the rocking-bench, with the cup pressed between his feet on the floor, commenced beating with the end of the axehelve, and soon had the coffee pulverized. Meanwhile, the oven with its corn-dodgers and the skillet with its fried pork were before the fire, and supper was soon served, to which we did ample justice.

I must own that we were disappointed; we had expected to be entertained with the cranky actions, jokes, and tales of the old pioneer; but instead we were being taken care of by a boy and girl, who were quite reserved in their manners. Our questions were all answered with civility and simplicity; but beyond this, the conversation was mostly on our part.

We learned that his nearest neighbor (excepting the one across the branch, who had just moved there) was a mile and a half off; that our host had bought the little improvement of the old pioneer, and entered the land on which it was located; that he had kept "batch" awhile, making rails to fence a farm; "and then," said he, "I

married and brought this girl here to cook for me." I here remarked to Frank that the lady had informed me that her parents lived near Greenton.

"Near Greenton?" said Frank to the young man; "are you acquainted there?"

"Not much," said he; only with a few families."

"Do you know a man by the name of Lester?"

"I saw him once."

"Then, tell me all you know about him?"

"Of my own knowledge, I don't know anything. I've heard a good deal. He bought my father-in-law's farm some time ago, and they are all living there until my father-in-law can build and move onto his place in this neighborhood."

"What family has he?" said Frank, somewhat agitated.

"Can't say certainly; I've heard my wife's mother speak of them. There's Lester himself, three women, and a boy; but she was somewhat in the dark as to the relationship, and thought there was some mystery about them."

"Three women, you say. What are their ages? Have you ever heard them described?"

"Well, one of them, I suppose, is an old lady, as she passes for Lester's mother; another is a young woman and is called his wife; besides, there is another elderly woman, said to be a widow, with a son ten or twelve years old. But my mother-in-law doubts whether any of them are all they pretend to be; at any rate, she thinks there is some mystery about them."

"And do you know anything about Lester's occupation?"

"Can't say; he bought the farm, as he said, for farming purposes; but I suppose trade and speculation is his principal business. I have heard my wife's brother speak of his boasting of what sums he had made by his sharp tricks in trade."

"And you have never seen those women yourself?"

"Yes; I was there a short time ago, and saw the two younger women pass through the yard. They were living in a cabin a few paces from the one occupied by my father-in-law."

"Can you describe the youngest one—Lester's wife?"

"Rather taller than common, spare-made; light hair, inclining to red."

"That's her," said Frank to me; "the villain! the deep-dyed villain!" and he relapsed into silence.

I then entered into conversation with the young man, relative to the country through which we were passing. He said we were near the northeast corner of the county of Van Buren; "a county organized," said he, "only a year ago;" said the first general election was held in August, and that the county polled less than two hundred votes; that the seat of justice was not yet located; that the courts had been held at private houses, on the South Grand River, some eighteen or twenty miles to the southwest; that there was but one store of goods in all the county, and that it was about six miles west of him; that there was but one post-office, and that it had just been established, and was twenty miles away. I asked what the prospect was for entering Government lands in the county. He replied that there were but eighteen sections, or half a township, yet in market; that the balance was condemned land. Wishing to know what was meant by condemned lands, he said it had been returned by commissioners or surveyors as not worth surveying, on account of the scarcity of timber. The eighteen sections then in market, he said, were in the northeast corner of the county; that only a small part of that was entered yet; that there were but five or six families living in that half township; but that more would be very soon. On my asking how the condemned land was taken up and held, he said: "Each settler marks out his claim, which, if not unreasonably large, is respected by everybody else, and no one trespasses upon another; and they run their lines to suit their own convenience."

"Then," said I, "you have no use for a county surveyor, and perhaps have none."

"Very little use indeed," said he; "I was elected as such last August, but it is an office of no profit and very little work to do."

"I see," said I, "that you have Gibson's Surveying; at what school did you study it?"

"At no school at all; haven't been at school since I was fourteen years old, and not much before; but I learned

surveying like I learned other things, by hard study at home."

The young housekeeper, having cleared up things, invited us to occupy one of the two beds in the cabin, and I slept soundly till daylight.

On waking up, Frank said: "I'll tell you what, Jim, I've been dreaming all night about Lester and his rascalities; and mark what I tell you now, he'll get his deservings some day. I dreamed it over and over, the same thing again and again, and I tell you now, and mind you remember it, he'll end his days upon the gallows."

"I'm going back by there," said he, "and I'll find out more about him before I leave the State; and as I said, he'll hear from me some day."

I tried to dissuade him from his purpose, saying that he could not punish him by law for what he had done; and that if he resorted to violence, he would make matters worse, and get himself and friends into trouble.

We paid our bill, more than was asked, and set out again on the old trail. About three or four miles further on, in going round a farm that had been fenced across the trail, we took the wrong road again—the one that led to the store which our host had spoken of, and which, as I remember, was kept by a Mr. Wright, who was selling goods, groceries, medicines, and a little of everything needed in new countries. The store was located on a high ridge of prairie, from which was an extensive view in all directions, with a farm and farm-house in sight here and there, but the greater part of the country in its native wildness. I afterward saw in Wetmore's Gazetteer of Missouri, written in 1836, a mention of this store and the surrounding country, which I can vouch for as being true at that time.

Before reaching the store, we were informed, by a man that we met in the path, that we were at least a mile south of the Shawnee Trace; and on learning that we were wishing to go to the Platte Purchase, he exclaimed, "Well, old Uncle Jimmy Savage is at the store, now on his way there, and if you'll hurry up, he can pilot you right thar."

"But who," I asked, "is old Uncle Jimmy Savage?"

"Oh!" said he, "everybody knows him, and he knows everybody. But if you wish to catch him, you had better

hurry up; he jest come to the store to get a new hat, and he's goin' straight to Independence, and then on to the Purchase."

We trotted on to the store, hitched our horses, and went in. I asked the keeper of the store if Mr. Savage had been there, as I saw no person present that filled the description of an old uncle.

"Yes," said he; "been gone only a few minutes."

Frank then spoke to the merchant in an undertone, informing him of our destination, and asked whether he thought Mr. Savage a proper traveling companion.

"Yes," said the merchant; "there's no harm in old Jimmy, and you'll find him an entertaining companion."

We waited for no more, and on reaching our horses, met a youth just alighting, and asked if he had seen anything of old Mr. Savage.

"Yaas," said the boy, looking up the road. "Do you see that man way off yander, on that big roan marr?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's him."

We whipped up, and in less than an hour had come up with him. A plain farmer-looking man, of perhaps sixty years; dressed in homespun from head to foot, with a new wool hat, sure enough. After the first words of salutation, I asked if he lived in the vicinity.

"Yes," said he; "across the creek yander (pointing east), a little piece this side o' the Jack."

"And may I ask," said I, "what you call the Jack?"

"Oh! the Lone Jack, to be sure."

"Excuse me, sir, but we are strangers here, and don't know any place of that name."

"Well," said he, "look across over yander; do you see that lone tree, standing on the high prairie?"

"Yes; I see something of that sort."

"Well, that's Lone Jack."

"And why do you call it Jack, rather than Jim or Tom?"

"Just because the tree is a black Jack tree, and not a black Jim. It's been called the Lone Jack ever since I know'd it, and that's been a good long while, I tell you; before there was any roads in the country, or trails through the grass; it was our pilot, or landmark, when

we was out here bee huntin' and deer huntin' and huntin' elk, which we was mity near every fall."

"Then you are an old settler in this country?"

"Old settler! I reckon I am, if twenty-five years counts anything. I was in the State ten years before it was a State; settled in Cooper County, amongst the Injins, before the war of 1812; and was one amongst the fifteen families that forted through the war, in Cole's and Kinkaid's forts, to save our scalps."

"No doubt, then, you know and could tell something about the dangers and hardships of frontier life?"

"Frontier life! I don't know anything else. I've been on the frontier for twenty-five or thirty years; and am on my way now to the Platte Purchase, to hunt me a home at the jumping-off place again."

"Ah! is that so? We are on *our* way to look at that country, and would be pleased to have a frontiersman to be our companion and pilot."

"At your service, gentlemen. I know almost every hog-path between here and the Missouri River, and a good many on the other side, too; and besides, I have several friends and acquaintances lately moved to the Purchase; so you'll find me at home wherever I go."

Frank now spoke up for the first time, saying, "Are you much acquainted in Lafayette County?"

"Oh, yes; I know most all the settlers there; especially in the western part."

"Are you acquainted near Greenton?"

"Mighty well, with the old settlers there. The Helmses, the Jameses, the Hoppers, the Whites, the Hughes, the Manions, the Barkers, McClure, and Sloane, Jennings, Cammel, and a good many others."

"Do you know any one by the name of Lester?"

"No; I reckon he's a new-comer. I don't know many of them."

"Do you know the young couple and what kind of people they are, where we staid last night; down on the Shawnee trail where Mr. Langston once lived?"

"Mighty well. That youngster kep' our school a year or two ago; and I've known his wife ever since she was a child. He's a perfect swinge cat, worse than he looks; that is, he knows more than you think he does. His

wife's mother is a mighty fine woman, and I reckon she is a first-rate gal. She don't know much about readin' and writin', but she knows how to spin and weave, and milk the cows, and I reckon that boy and gal will make a livin'."

I remarked that what my friend wanted to know, principally, was whether they were truthful, as they had given him some information in which he was deeply interested.

"I have never heard anything else of them," said he; "and if they told you anything that ain't so, I don't think they intended it."

Frank appeared satisfied with the answers, and asked where we could cross the river, and how far it was to it.

"We can cross," said he, "at Ducker's Ferry, or at Westport Landing. I am not certain which way I shall go, but I think by Westport. I shall stay in the neighborhood of Independence to-night, which is twenty miles from here; and Westport is ten miles west of it."

"It looks," said I, "as if we had a good stretch of prairie ahead of us."

"Yes; and we will pass no house till we reach the Blue timber, a good ten miles yet."

I asked if the road we were on was the old Shawnee trail.

"No," said he; "we passed that some distance back, and this is the Harmony Mission road, leading to the Mission or Injin School on the Osage or Merrydezeen."

We found the old gentleman a genial, friendly, communicative backwoodsman, with a frank, open countenance—open in more ways than one; for there was an opening in front of his face that reminded one of a poor man's rent—from year to year (without the *y*). He interested us with his tales of the early settlement of the country and of frontier life, when the boys went courting in their deer-skin dressing, and the girls sometimes wore dresses of the same material.

He told us, too, of the dangers, privations, and hardships of the fifteen families living in the county of Cooper, during the War of 1812, some of his tales being amusing and some otherwise.

One particular incident he recounted, of his own nar-

row escape from the Indians, when he and a fellow-hunter named Smith were surprised when outside the fort hunting for something to support life inside.

"We were some distance from the fort," said he, "and had killed a fine doe, and was fixing to swing her on a pole to carry to the fort, when our dog gave a fearful growl and his hair all turned up the wrong way. Smith said: 'Look out, Jim!' and I did look out, and saw something I didn't want to see. Across the holler, over on the next ridge, we saw about a dozen redskins, who had already seen us, and was stealing along through the weeds and bushes right toward us. We dropped our venison and picked up our guns, and you may bet we made moccasin tracks fast. I was younger then than I am now, and had run many a foot-race, but I made better time then than I ever made before. Smith soon dropped his gun, and we run side and side. The fort was nearly north, and the Injins was toward the west. A part of them came like all fury right toward us, and a part attempted to head us off by striking straight for the fort. They were soon near enough to commence shooting. I gave a few jumps more, then turned and fired at them, and, dropping my old flint-lock, I ran for dear life, giving a yell every few moments to let our folks at the fort know what was up. A hundred yards further, and Smith fell by my side, his blood spurting onto my huntin'-shirt. Another moment or two and my calls for help were answered from the fort. A gun was fired, and I had the pleasure to see the Injins stop. But you may be sure I didn't stop, nor did they stop shooting as long as I was in reach."

After he had recounted many of his adventures and trials, I asked how long he had been in his present location.

"I moved to where I live now two years ago last March, but I have been in Jackson County since 1826, before it was organized as a county, when Independence was a corn-patch, and deer and turkeys was plenty, and the nettles growed as high as my head in places. I built a cabin on the Little Blue, up here, and after opening a a little corn-field and beatin' meal and hominy for a year or two, I built a little water-mill for the accommodation of

the settlers, and remained there till the winter of 1833, when I sold it and moved down by the Lone Jack, and am living now in the first house that was ever built in that part of the county—built by a man named Dunnaway—one who, like me, has always been trying to be at the outside. I hear he is settling or building now at the head of Bear Creek, down on the Shawnee Trace. Did you see anything of him as you come up?"

I told him that we had seen no one after leaving Norris's, but that we had passed a set of house-logs at the head of the creek.

"Well," said he, "that's Isaac Dunnaway, and I reckon he'll keep a-going."

"Have the Indians ever given you any trouble here?" I asked.

"No," said he, "we have never had any to speak of. Our old women would sometimes take a skeer, and some of the old-womanish men would run and hide. But we never had any war trouble that amounted to much, till the Mormons come here and kicked up a dust, and we had to drive 'em off. But may be you don't know anything about Mormons?"

I assured him that we did not.

"Then you needn't want to know anything about 'em," said he, and I thought he was not going to tell me anything.

After a few moments I asked, "What kind of people are they?" not exactly knowing whether they were people or some other kind of "varmint."

"Oh," said he, "they claimed to be some kind of a religious sex, and said they had received a revelation from heaven, which the angel Gabriel, or some other angel, brought down on plates of gold to their prophet, Joe Smith; that it had been revealed to 'em that they were to build a Zion, or New Jerusalem, on the spot where Independence now is; and that the whole county of Jackson had been given to the Saints (as they called themselves) for an inheritance, and that the Gentiles was to be driven out and dispossessed."

"And did they have their preachers, and what kind of doctrine did they preach?"

"Yes, they had their preachers, or elders, as they

called 'em; and their preachin', I reckon, was like everybody else's—better than their practice. They put up a printing office at Independence, and printed a newspaper filled with nonsensical prophecies and revelations made by the Almighty to His servants, Joseph, and Sydney, and Oliver, and Parley, and Lyman, and Ziba, and I can't tell you how many more; their preacher pretending to speak in unknown tongues, heal the sick, and work miracles, and, so far as I could see, it was all an unknown jargon of foolishness."

"And did they attempt to dispossess the other citizens, or the Gentiles?"

"Yes, in a certain way; you see, a few of them located near Mr. A, and by their petty thieving, their trespasses and insulting ways, would so annoy him that to escape their deviltries he would sell out to them for a mere song; and then half a dozen more of them, located on his place, would so annoy Mr. B, adjoining, that he too would sell out to escape them; and so on, first one and then another, until it seemed that the whole possy would be bought out, from A to Izzard. So we got together, and said it had to be stopped; and if any more dispossessing had to be done, it would be the other way.

"They had a strong settlement at Independence, one at Westport, and scattered members all over the county.

"About the last of September, three years ago, some of the heathen Gentiles about Independence got together, pulled down the printing office, tarred and feathered their Elder Partridge, and whistled 'Bob White' at him, and ordered the whole lot of Latter-day Saints to get away. They went to Westport, where, a few weeks after, the Gentiles and the Mormons had a little brush of a fight. The Mormons also came in force to attack Independence, but were met by a force so large that they didn't do it; and after some palavering, they agreed to leave the county; and they did leave and went across the river into Clay."

"And that," said I, "was the last of them, I suppose?"

"Not the last, by any means," was his reply. "The next spring some of their head men from New York and Ohio came on with large reinforcements, and they resolved to come back and wipe us all out.

"That was the biggest scare and excitement we ever had. The whole county was in arms, with a part of Lafayette to help us. A company of fifty or more, from our part of the county and Van Buren, which then was a part of Jackson, elected me their captain, and we made a forced march to Independence in the night. The night, you remember, that the moon was eclipsed, two years ago last June. Well, we got there, but the Mormons hadn't come yet; and when they found out we was too strong for 'em, they gave it up, and entered into some sort of treaty to disband their army and let us alone."

"And where are they now?" asked Frank.

"Up on north Grand River. They stayed a year or more in Clay, till the people there got tired of them, and drove 'em as we did; and they went to Daviess and Caldwell counties and are there yet, and still increasing in numbers; and I guess the trouble is not over yet."

We had left the Mission road, and were pursuing our way on a small bridle-path, or trail, through the grass, and after awhile came to the timbered lands of the Little Blue; and as we proceeded the country became more rough and uneven, with here and there a cabin and small corn-field, and as we passed, our companion would now and then point out spots where he had killed elk or deer, or cut bee-trees, and recount the circumstances. On reaching the Blue, we found a small grist-mill and a small and narrow corn-field, which our companion told us he had formerly owned, and sold it to its then owner, a Mr. Hawkins. He pointed out the spot where his first cabin stood, and where his nearest neighbor then resided. Having some business at the mill, he stopped there; directing us where we could find a blacksmith, to put a shoe on each one of our horses, we parted company, agreeing to meet the next morning at the store of General Owens, in Independence. After some trouble, we found the shop and the smith, who was also an old pioneer(Johnson, I think, by name); a smith who manufactured his own coal, having a large charcoal pit burning at the time.

On being asked if he knew old Jimmy Savage, he replied, "Oh! certainly; everybody knows him. He's

the first preacher that ever preached in these diggins; or if not the first, near about it."

"Well," said Frank, "that beats me. I knew he was farmer, miller, hunter, and soldier, but didn't dream that he was a preacher." Having to make our horseshoes from a heavy bar of iron, and also to make the nails to put them on with, the sun was quite low before we left the shop. The smith said if we did not wish to go on to town, we could stay at Stayton's or at Shepherd's. We stopped at Stayton's about sunset, and were told that it was two miles to town, and that we could stay. He appeared to be a well-to-do farmer; had a good farm in a beautiful location; a large family, mostly boys. We had supper soon, and our host informed us that there was to be preaching at the meeting-house, and that he hoped we would excuse him, as he wished to be in attendance.

Frank, who was a church-going man, proposed that if it was not too far, we would attend also. On being told that it was but a short mile, and that the family would walk, we all set out together. We had been told that it was a Baptist meeting, and that Parson White, of Lafayette County, was expected to preach.

I suppose that this fact was one reason why Frank wished to be in attendance.

He was, however, disappointed. Elder White was not present. The pastor of the church, Fitzhugh, I think, opened the services; and while singing the opening hymn, we were surprised to see our traveling companion enter, and, on a signal from the preacher, walk up into the stand. After the hymn and prayer, and a whispered consultation of half a minute, the tall preacher announced his text: "By grace are ye saved." I soon found that he was not only a Baptist, but one of the kind called "hard-shell," or extreme Calvinistic. He appeared to be a man of some intelligence and well read, but somewhat eccentric in his manners and arguments, bringing smiles to the face oftener than tears to the eyes.

At the close of the sermon old Uncle Jimmy rose slowly, and, after singing "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" opened his discourse about as follows:

"My dear brethren, friends and old neighbors, as our

good brother down at Salem would say, my tex' is found at verse 8, IV chapter of the one I John: 'God is love.' So well convinced was the Apossel John of this fact that he said it not only once, but twice or off'ner. You'll find it at verse 8, and again at verse 16; and, my friends, I believe he meant just what he said—that God, the great God of heaven and earth, is love, first, and last, and all the time; that He is love from the beginning to the end; not a part love and a part hate, but love all the time; and, being love, and loving the whole of the lost race of Adam, He gave His only Son, the Lord Jesus, to die for them, for me and for you, and for all, 'That whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.' Brethren, this is all the doctrine I have to preach on this tex'. You know that Old Jimmy is called the exhortin' preacher. Then let me to-night exhort you, as though it were the last night of my life and yours, if you have not already believed in Him and come to Him, to make a start now. Let me plead with you, as one who loves you well, to ground the arms of your rebellion against One who loves you much better, and died that you might live."

For twenty minutes then he continued to exhort the unbelieving part of the audience, in language that drew tears from his own as well as other eyes; completely, as I thought, upsetting the predestinarian doctrines of his brother and predecessor.

After we returned from church, I asked our host who Uncle Jimmy meant by the good brother at Salem?

"Well," said he, "I suppose it is Brother Joab Powell, a good and worthy preacher, but one that is quite illiterate—scarcely able to read intelligibly—and who is reported to have taken his text or quoted something from the 'two chapter of one I John'; a made tale, no doubt," said he.

Our host told us that his father and a younger brother were also Baptist preachers, and that this denomination was the prevailing one in the county.

The next morning, at the store agreed upon, we met our traveling companion of the day before. We found Independence to be the most beautiful town and the largest we had seen since leaving St. Louis.

In addition to the store of Samuel C. Owens, who afterwards fell at the battle of Sacramento, in the Mexican War, there were several others, which our friend Savage told us were doing a good business. There was also a variety of tradesmen, such as smiths, saddlers, tailors, wagon-makers, hatters, etc. Leaving Independence for Westport, we crossed over what our pilot told us was the Temple Lot, on which the Mormons were to build the Mount Zion of the latter days. And as we stood upon that elevated and beautiful site, surrounded by the beautiful and fertile country on all sides, we could not do otherwise than commend the good taste of the revelator, whoever he was, that revealed this as the chosen site of the New Jerusalem.

A ride of three hours brought us to Westport, on the western boundary of the State, the State line, as we were told, being less than a mile west of the town. It was the outside verge of civilization, or the white man's residence. Beyond the State line, we were told, the Shawnee, the Delaware, and the Wyandotte Indians had their homes or reservations. Dozens of them were in the streets and stores that morning, in their grotesque habiliments, some comparatively well dressed, and some almost naked. The Santa Fé and mountain traders were also arriving from the western plains, with their long teams of oxen and mules. Indians, Mexicans, and Missourians were mixed and mingled together in the one street of that small western frontier town. But as we were in haste to cross the river into the lately purchased territory—the promised land to many an expectant emigrant—we stayed not long to make inquiries about the trade or business of this bustling village, but left it with the impression that in the future it might eclipse, in size and business, many a larger town.

Our pilot having transacted his business, we set off in a northern direction for the river, or, as it was called, the landing. A wagon-road had been made with great labor, leading from the steamboat-landing up into the town, a distance of three or four miles. A few cabins and corn patches were seen and passed, but we were told that the larger part of the land was held by speculators and large land-holders of Westport and vicinity.

We found the landing under a steep bluff, which extended for some distance up and down the river; the roughest and hilliest landscape we had seen since leaving Springfield.

The hills, steep and rugged, appeared to be thrown together in confusion, separated only by deep and almost impassable gorges, extending from the mouth of the Kaw for miles down the river; and no thought entered our minds that this was to be the site of the future great metropolis—Kansas City.

Having crossed the river, we found quite a different country; instead of rough hills and gorges, as on the south side, we found a level bottom, extending for miles up and down the river, and far out to the north. Taking the road leading north, through the western part of Clay County, we came to the small town of Barry, and then turning west, were soon passing the lately built cabins and the newly cleared lands of the Platte Purchase. Every mile, two or three cabins were seen and passed, which indicated that if the country was not already settled, it soon would be.

It was night when we arrived at the house of the friend for whom Uncle Jimmy had been inquiring. Like all the others, it was a newly settled place on a stream called Bee Creek. There was no barn or stable, but we were provided with halters, and our horses, as well as ourselves, were made welcome and comfortable. The conversation was almost wholly carried on by Uncle Jimmy and his old friend and family, which Frank and I enjoyed almost as much as they, as there were a good many interesting stories and reminiscences of the old times to talk over, and many hearty laughs were indulged in at the recital of those stories of the past.

Amongst other things, I remember the conversation turned upon ghosts and ghost stories. Uncle Jimmy said the most of these stories were all fiction. "But," said he, "I remember one in which I acted a part that had no fiction in it. It was when I was a young man, in my courting days, that me and three other mischievous youngsters happened at the Widow B's on a winter evening, all bent upon a courtship. There was four boys of us and only three gals; and it so turned out that

I was the one that was left—that is, left without a partner. I staid, though, till near bedtime, talking to Bob, the big brother, and playing pranks and jokes on the other boys and gals, and at last picked up my hat to go home. One of the gals (my gal, by the bye) said that if I started I'd get scared in going by the graveyard and come back on the run.

"Her partner—the chap that had cut me out—said he'd bet a ninepence that I wouldn't dare to go by the meetin'-house at all, but that if I did go home I'd go some round-about way, so as to miss the ghosts.

"These insinuations got my dander up, and I told the gal that she wouldn't see me running back there in a hurry; and I told Jack I'd take his bet, and to prove that I went the direct road, I'd go into the meetin'-house and write the first letter of my name on the pulpit. 'Done!' said Jack, 'and I tell you now, Jim, that big "J" won't get on the pulpit to-night.' The other gals laughed, and the other boys said they'd like to go a ninepence too. But I told 'em I didn't want their money, but I did want to show 'em I wasn't a coward, and that the winning of one ninepence would be as convincing as if I had won a hundred; and picking up a piece of charcoal from the hearth, I put on my hat and started. The snow was on the ground full six inches deep—soft and light—and I hurried on, too mad, as I thought, to be skeered at ghosts or anything else. It was but a short distance to the meetin'-house, an old log building, whose one door usually stood open, at least it was never locked, and I knowed I would have no trouble in getting in to make my mark. I passed the graveyard pretty brave; my hair did rise up a little, but I kept my hat on and pressed it down, keeping on till near the door of the meetin'-house, when I stopped short. A deep, hollow groaning seemed to come from the house, as if some one breathing in the last agonies of death. Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, went my heart, and I felt as if my feet would like to beat the same music in the snow. Two or three times I turned round to leave the house and hurry home, and as often turned back to hear the same fearful groaning, deep and death-like.

"All at once it occurred to me that Bob had left the room just before I started, as he said, to go to bed; and

made up my mind that it was a put-up job to get a big joke upon me, and that Bob was in the house, making all that fearful noise. I was mad enough before; the cutting-out had put me in bad humor. The insinuations of my want of courage had raised my dander still higher, and now I was awful mad. The moon was near setting and gave but little light; but I managed to find a stick or club to my notion, and screwing up my courage to the upper notch, I marched up to the door—up on the steps. The door was open; I listened; the groaning seemed to come from under the pulpit, right where I was to make the big 'J.' I thought the death-groans too natural to be imitated by Bob or anybody else; but I made up my mind to give Bob, or the ghost, or whoever it was, a taste of my club; and drawing back, I let fly with all my might. Before I could think, a large figure in white was coming right toward me. It looked, as I thought, a hobgoblin in size and in deed, and in an instant, before I could move or think of moving, I felt myself lifted off the steps and being carried through the air some distance, and then thrown to the ground."

"Law! law!" said one of the girls present; "what did you do?"

"Well," said he, "I didn't faint; I didn't scream; I didn't jump up and run; but I got up and laughed. And what do you think it was? Nothing but an overgrown white sow that had gone into the house to sleep in the dry, and when her slumbering and snoring was disturbed by the whack of my stick, had run with all speed, and coming between my legs, lifted and carried me into the yard and then dropped me and run off, while the grunting and squealing of the shotes told the tale.

"Well, as I said, I got up, and after getting over my laugh, I brushed off the snow, felt in my jacket pocket for my fire-coal; went in and up to the hog-bed by the pulpit, and made my mark, which the boys were curious enough to come and look for next morning; and Jack was man enough to pay the ninepence, but I was not man enough to tell all the story that I've told to-night."

We parted company next morning with the old frontier preacher and his kind friends, and made our explorations through the Platte country alone. It is not my pur-

pose to state what we saw or did further, save only to say that Frank selected a home in what is now Buchanan County, to which he afterward moved; and that I returned to spend my days amongst the Hoosiers on the White River. On our return we stopped and tarried all night near Greenton. Frank could learn nothing further about Lester than we had heard on our way up. All that had been told us, however, was confirmed. We were told that the man whom he had bought out, and with whom for a time he lived, had moved off, and no one else seemed to know much about his domestic affairs.

Frank was persuaded to proceed on without seeing his cousin or provoking a quarrel with her seducer. He informed me, though, that he had made arrangements with a young man, that he thought he could depend upon, to watch Lester's movements, find out all he could, and keep him (Frank) posted.

Years passed. Frank was in Buchanan. I had become a man of family, and many of the incidents of my journey to Missouri had faded from my memory. I received letters from Frank, at long intervals apart. In one he told me he had managed to correspond with his cousin, and also with her friends in Virginia, and that she had abandoned Lester and returned to her relations. A few years later, another letter closed with these words: "You remember J. C. Lester; he has met his deserts, as I told you he would; my dream has been realized. He was hung last week, at Clinton in Henry County, not many miles from where we met him on the open prairie. A history of all his crimes, and their incidents, would fill a volume."

A short time after, as I was returning home from our country town, I fell in with a traveler, who said he was from Lafayette County, in Missouri. I asked immediately if he ever knew John C. Lester.

"Yes," said he, "I knew him for years."

"And is it true that he was hung recently?"

"Yes, very true; and if anybody ever deserved hanging, I suppose he did."

"For murder, I suppose?" said I.

"Yes, sir; we never hang for anything else, and not often enough for that."

On my remarking that I would like to hear the particulars, as a friend had said they would fill a volume, he said: "Yes, sir, a good large one; and it would be a long story to give even a sketch of his career in crime."

"Well," said I, "I feel an interest in that story; I knew him when I was a boy, and I know something of his early tricks; saw him once in Missouri, and heard something of his doings there; and if you'll stop over night with me, and give what you know of his history, I will make you a welcome guest as long as you please to stay, and will be very much your debtor beside."

It being near night, he consented, and during the evening gave me the desired history, the substance of which I give, as nearly as I can, in his own words:

"I was never intimately acquainted with Lester—I lived in the western part of the county; saw him occasionally, and heard him spoken of as a scheming, speculating trickster. He first bought out an old settler by the name of Lynch; a good farm of eighty acres, for $600. He soon sold that, at a large profit, and partly bought and partly swindled a Mr. Hughes out of one of the best farms in the Greenton valley, and settled himself upon it. About this time, it is said, a young man from Virginia, by the name of Horton, was employed by a friend or relation of Lester's wife, or rather the woman that he lived with, to assist him in unearthing some of Lester's dark deeds, and to secure the return of the woman to her friends. He succeeded in this, it was said; but because his employer could not or would not pay him all he demanded for his services and the secrets he had possessed himself of, he sold himself to Lester, who, finding that Horton knew so much that he was completely in his power, gave him large sums of money and took him into partnership, and together they practiced their deeds of villainy. Being rid of the woman that he brought there with him, amongst other money-making schemes, he concluded to marry the daughter of a wealthy widow owning a large farm, several slaves, and other property, with but two children, a son and daughter. For this purpose, or for some other, he professed religion and joined the Baptist Church, and for some time was a prominent member of that denomination."

I here asked him what became of his mother and the widow that he carried to Missouri with him.

"I believe," said the gentleman, "that his mother died a few years after coming there, and after he married the Widow Scott's daughter—or perhaps before, the other woman left him. Lester, however, kept her son as a kind of servant, claiming that the boy had been bound to him by his mother as an apprentice. This the mother and boy both denied, and after a time she brought suit for the boy and his wages. On the trial, Lester produced the articles of apprenticeship, and the man Horton, whose name was signed as a witness, swore to them as genuine, and the widow lost her suit. The community, however, were not satisfied, and the friends of the widow and of justice went to work, and at the next term of court Lester and Horton were both indicted; one for forgery and the other for perjury.

"The trials were put off from time to time, and in the interval other strange occurrences took place. The wealthy widow whose daughter Lester had married held her farm and negroes during life, and was not disposed to divide with her children as they desired; and on a winter's evening, when the negroes were all off at a corn-husking, the widow was burned to death in her house, where she had been left alone.

"Circumstances pointed to the fact and the neighbors believed that she was put into the fire by Lester, but as there was no proof of it, he was never arrested for it. The widow being being out of the way, the property of course descended to the son and daughter. King Scott, the son, a reckless spendthrift, who was thought to be hand in glove with Lester in his rascalities, was after a time arrested for theft. The officer having him in charge permitted him to go to bed at night in an upper room, and, after hiding his prisoner's clothes, went to bed and to sleep himself, below stairs. In the night Scott got up, came down, and, stealing the officer's clothes, decamped and made good his escape. Rewards were offered, and a diligent search was made, but all in vain. Nobody had seen him, and he never was seen again alive by any of the neighbors. In a short time Horton was tried for perjury and sent to the penitentiary (I believe for five years).

"Months passed and Lester was in possession of the Scott farm, and no tidings or clue to the whereabouts of the missing brother. Circuit court came on again, and Lester was tried for forgery and acquitted, owing, it was thought, to the influence that money has in our courts of justice. The friends of Horton then got up a petition to the governor, for his pardon and release, on the ground that if Lester was not guilty, Horton was not. In other words, if the articles of apprenticeship were not forged, but genuine, then Horton had sworn truly. On this petition he was pardoned, and returned home. Lester had not manifested much desire to get him released, but he manifested great anxiety to be the first to see him after he returned. But others were before him, and the silence or the secret which he wished to secure was imparted to others, and astonished all who heard it. He said King Scott was no longer living; that he had been murdered; that he saw him killed; that he saw him buried; and that Lester was the murderer, and that he could now point out the spot where he was buried. A warrant was at once issued for the arrest of Lester, and the sheriff with a posse of men set out to make the arrest, and the guilty culprit was taken in charge. On the way to Lexington (the county seat), as their horses were drinking at the Little Sni, Lester suddenly wheeled his horse and fled. He was mounted on a strong and swift horse, but the sheriff was equally well mounted, and after a race of six hundred yards, came near enough to fire a pistol-shot, which took effect, disabling one of Lester's arms; but he still whipped with the other. The sheriff at length rode up by his side and ordered him to stop or be shot. He replied: 'I can't hold him.' 'Then quit whipping, you rascal.' The horse was at length stopped, and Lester fell off, apparently dying. His captors, however, thought there was more of 'possum' than death, and hurried him on to prison. In the meantime, Horton, with an officer and a squad of men, was dispatched to dig up the bones of the murdered man. Some thought he too was 'possumming,' or trying to make believe. One of the men present afterwards told me that when the spot was pointed out and he commenced digging in the bottom of a small ravine in which the water was then flowing, he

did so with the firm conviction that nothing would be found.

"'There was nothing,' said he, 'to indicate that the spot had ever been visited by the foot of man since the world began. As they dug,' he said, 'Horton sat on the bank, looking as confident and unconcerned as if he had been overseeing a parcel of boys digging potatoes.'

"That nothing was found as they proceeded, that indicated that the earth had ever been disturbed, until the body was reached. The bones were lifted out, but the head was wanting, as Horton had said it would be. The shirt, drawers, and vest were entirely rotten; but the stolen pants in which he had escaped from the officer were in such a state of preservation as to hold together while lifting the body from the pit. The pantaloons and the watch in the pocket were recognized as those belonging to the officer, and no doubt remained that these were the bones of King Scott. The conviction, however, was strong in the minds of all, that if Lester was guilty, Horton was accessory and equally guilty, and he too was taken into custody, and both were indicted for the murder. Lester's trial came on first. Horton was the principal witness against him; but there were other circumstantials that strengthened his testimony."

"But," said I to the stranger, "how did Horton account for seeing so much of the murder and burial without implicating himself as taking part in it?"

"As well as I remember, his story was that he was passing through the woods hunting, a few days after Scott made his escape, when he saw Scott and Lester walking along together, when something that he saw or heard induced him to secrete himself and watch their movements. 'Lester,' he said, 'had carried provisions or something to Scott to aid his escape, and as Scott stooped to pick up something, Lester struck him a heavy blow on the back of the head, and, following up his blows, soon deprived him of life.' That Lester walked a short distance, and returned with a spade, and buried him near by where he was killed. He also went on to say that some days after, as he was hunting again in the same woods, he went to the spot and found that the body had been taken up or rooted up by the hogs, and

was lying there with the head gone and nowhere to be seen; said that some hours after, as he was returning home, near the spot, he saw Lester carrying the body toward the branch or ravine; that he hid himself again, and watched him until the body was buried in the running stream; and that after Lester retired, he went to the spot and marked the locality, so that he would be able to point it out.

"By change of venue and other dilatory pleas, Lester's trial was kept off for a year or two; and the State would not bring Horton to trial, as his evidence was wanted against Lester. At last the trial came off, at Clinton, in Henry County, and he was found guilty, and hung only a month or two ago."

"And where," I asked, "is Horton?"

"He is there yet, awaiting his trial. People generally think he was in the murder; but as there is nothing but circumstantial evidence against him, he will probably be acquitted."

"Yes," said I, "if he has money enough to fee the lawyers."

"Well," said the stranger, "he hasn't got it, but his father-in-law has. You see, while he and Lester were engaged in their mischief, he married the daughter of a wealthy farmer and slave-holder, near Lexington, much against the old man's will, and he disowned them both, and permitted Horton to go to the penitentiary, without raising a finger to help him. But after he was pardoned out he took him under his protection and has stood by him ever since."

So ended the story of the stranger, and a few months later I heard that Horton had been tried and acquitted, and to escape the execrations of the community, or the vengeance of "Judge Lynch," had left the county.

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## CHAPTER II.

The years came and went; peace and war succeeded each other and came in turn; friends and acquaintances that I had once known were dropping off; my old friend, Frank Elmwood, was reposing, as I heard, in the ceme-

tery at St. Joseph; the War of the Rebellion had been over for years; the sons of many a northern and western father had found graves in the South; one of my own was buried, I was told, where he fell, near the lone tree, the black-jack that the old Baptist preacher had pointed out to me on the high prairie, the summit land between the waters of the Missouri and the Osage. My own health had failed, and I was preparing to leave the home where I had so long dwelt, in hope of finding in travel that which medical treatment had failed to give, with the intention, also, of visiting that soldier's grave beneath the lone tree on the high prairie, and to see and revisit the country I had passed over with my friend in the days of our youthful manhood. My preparations were soon made—a gentle and strong horse, a light carriage, with a grandson of fourteen to drive and take care of me, I set out, proceeding, as before, to Vincennes, and thence to St. Louis. My journey through the State of Illinois prepared me in some degree for the changes I was to witness still further on. The then large and unsettled prairies were all now in cultivation; the little villages had grown to be large and populous towns, and railroads were almost as numerous now as wagon-roads were then; St. Louis, which we then saw as a good large town, stretching up and down the river some distance above and below Wiggins' ferry, was now grown to be a city of such dimensions as not to be taken in at a single view, nor even by several views; but as I gave only the incidents of a three-days trip then, I will go over only the same ground in my description now.

Not having any business at Springfield, we proceeded leisurely along to Warsaw, on the Osage. It was a new and very small village then; it is not a very large town even now, and has not as many marks of improvement as some other towns that have outstripped it. From thence to Clinton, which in 1836 had just been selected as a county seat, with no town at all. We found it now a live business place, with a railroad, on which could be heard the loud snort of the locomotive, where then the snort and whistle of the bounding stag was heard; and where the wild turkey then gobbled almost unnoticed, we found railroads, banking and other monopolies gob-

bling up a great part of the proceeds of the farmer's labor.

Leaving Clinton in the afternoon, we stopped some distance from the little village of Chilhowee. From what I could learn from my host, who was comparatively an old settler, I was led to think we were near the spot where we fell in with Lester, in 1836. But how changed was the scene! Instead of an almost boundless prairie, covered with rank grass, through which a solitary Indian trail was found, I saw a country where field was joined unto field—the green fields of wheat and oats, and the lately planted fields of corn, the orchards and groves of shade-trees, where then scarcely a shrub or switch could be seen for miles. And instead of the straight and narrow Indian trail, leading in a direct line to the west-northwest, we found broad wagon-roads, leading through lanes, zigzagging to the four cardinal points, and this as far as the eye could reach. I inquired for our old host of forty-three years before, the man of four hundred pounds weight.

"Oh, yes," said our host, "Clark Davis; I have often heard of him, but he was dead before I came here."

He said the old Shawnee trail was only remembered by the old pioneers; that the present road to Westport would cross over it many times, but that the traveler will never travel on the old trail fifty yards at a stretch. I mentioned the singular mound that I had passed over in 1836.

"Yes," said he; "that is called Centre Knob. You will pass three or four hundred yards north of it to-morrow, with a farm on your left, and a railroad on the right, and a town just before you."

I found our host a well-informed, talkative farmer; and on my asking if he ever knew John C. Lester, he said: "I never knew him, but I saw him hung; I was a boy then, and it was the first and last hanging I ever witnessed."

The next morning I resumed my journey. The travel, the change of climate and scenery, or the excitement, had benefited me very materially, and the weather being fine, I set out in excellent spirits, and passed on through the prairie country, with farms, houses, and

orchards on either hand, and came to the head of Bear Creek, where I inquired for the man whose cabin-logs I had passed when there before; but the man said no such man as Isaac Dunaway had lived in that vicinity for thirty years.

On and on; we passed first north and then west, all the time in a lane, till near noon we arrived at the town of Holden, a town of some three thousand inhabitants, on the Missouri Pacific Railroad; from which point another railroad branches off, and runs southwest through Harrisonville into Kansas. I was told that I was now a short distance north of the old Shawnee trail, and that the whole country north and south was under fence.

Here, then, was a town of three thousand inhabitants, in a country where forty-three years before a traveler could find no place to stay over night; a lively, bustling city, surrounded by farms which nobody then thought of entering, at a dollar and a quarter per acre; many of which were entered, after the graduation law took effect, at twelve and a half cents per acre.

We left Holden, and in two hours or less came opposite Centre Knob. I had a great curiosity to stand again upon its summit; and, seeing a path leading up to it through the farm, we alighted, hitched the horse, and walked up to the top, and stood again upon that stony summit. But what a contrast was the view that I then had, with the sunset view that I had had so long ago!

Instead of one single solitary farm in sight, it was farm after farm, and farm joined to farm as far as I could see, north, south, east, and west. Four miles to the east was the town of Holden, with its thousands; and three-quarters of a mile to the west was the village of Kingsville. And instead of two or three smokes rising from distant and unseen farms, were now seen the smoke from the fine flouring mill in Kingsville, and also from the mills and other machinery in Holden; while a black column rose from a freight train moving west, and from another moving east, as they met and passed each other at Kingsville; the contrast was almost too great for my weak frame to bear.

Returning to the carriage, we were soon in the streets of Kingsville, which, I was told, was situated immediately

on the old Indian trail. Having promised a friend to attend to a small matter of business in Pleasant Hill, in Cass County (called Van Buren in 1836), I made inquiry as to the road and distance, and was told that it was on the railroad, the second station above, about twelve miles; and that it was south of the old Shawnee trail. On my asking how far from where Wright's store was in 1836, my informant said it was the same place; the old store-house being one of the first houses ever built there.

Leaving Kingsville late in the afternoon, we drove on and stopped in the little village of Strasburg for the night.

After telling my landlord of my travels through Missouri in 1836, and describing our ride through the wide and desert prairie, and our night's lodging on the old trail, I asked if he knew where the young couple were.

"Yes," said he, "I reckon I know who he is, but he lives in Jackson County now; and his wife has been dead more than twenty years. He is an old, gray-headed man now, and you wouldn't know him."

"I guess," said I, "that the little cabin has gone long ago."

"Not all of it," he replied. "It has been moved and rebuilt two or three times, and a part of the logs may be seen now in a stable that stands on the farm where he was then living. By the way," said he, "you ought to see his book of poems, and read his description of that old cabin home."

"Ah, indeed! has he turned author and poet? I would indeed give a shilling to see a description in rhyme of that little cabin, as I saw it then."

"Well," said he, "I think I can get a copy of the book, for I know there are several in town."

He stepped out and soon returned with a small volume entitled "Rural Rhymes and Poems from the Farm," and, turning over the leaves, he pointed to one of the poems, entitled "The Old Cabin Home."

"That old cabin," said he, "is the one in which you lodged that night."

Putting on my spectacles, I read as follows:

## *THE OLD CABIN HOME.*

Written in 1874, and published in the Independence *Sentinel.*

I passed an old cabin of logs to-day,
Weather-beaten and worn and decayed;
And it spoke to my mind of friends far away,
And of loved ones by death lowly laid.
That cabin was built in a wilderness here—
'Twas the verge of the settlement then—
'Twas built long ago by an old pioneer
Who came in the van of white men;

It stood by the side of the old Shawnee Trace,*
A trail by the Indians made
As they moved to the west from their old home place,
Where the bones of their fathers were laid.
That old pioneer has gone long ago -
Long since he was laid to his rest,
And all his descendants, so far as I know,
Have gone to a still farther West.

I passed the old cabin, and sadly I mused—
I wept and the tears fell fast—
Though now for a stable the cabin is used,
'Twas my home in the years long past;
It spoke of life's joys, its sorrows and strife,
And a morning in spring-time fair,
When first setting out on the journey of life,
That Mary and I came there.

That old cabin home has sheltered us oft
From the rains and the wintry blast;
'Neath its clapboard roof and its clapboard loft
Many halcyon days I've passed.
Ah! dear to my heart is that old cabin yet,
And the field where I followed the plow—
That farm and that cabin I cannot forget,
Though another possesses them now.

That old-time roof has been gone long, long,
And gone is the old puncheon floor,

*This trace, or trail, was made before the country was settled by white men, and made by the Shawnee and Delaware Indians, as they removed from the Mississippi to their location above the mouth of the Kansas River.

And the wheel, and the loom, and Mary's sweet song
  Is heard in that cabin no more.
'Tis seldom I see the old cabin of late,
  But my thoughts to it often revert;
And if in my eyes the tears congregate,
  I feel that they do me no hurt.

'Twas there that my sons and daughters were born,
  And there it was some of them died;
Those blossoms of hope were cut down in the morn;
  And Mary now lies by their side.
'Twas an humble abode, that cabin, I know,
  But I never again shall enjoy
Another on earth, where the sweets of life flow
  With so little of bitter alloy.

And now in the cold even-tide of my days,
  As the shadows are lengthening fast,
I look from out of a dark'ning maze
  To the sunshine of days that are past.
From out of that cabin's old timbers I fain
  Would carve me a staff, firm and strong,
On which I can lean, as in weakness and pain,
  On life's journey I totter along.

I am wayworn and weary; I soon shall go hence,
  And see my old home cabin no more;
But when I have quitted this world of offense,
  A home shall I find evermore.
Ah, yes! there's a mansion prepared, bright and fair,
  For all who the race have well run;
And Mary, dear Mary, awaits for me there,
  As of old, till my day's work is done.

I'm coming, dear Mary, I'll be at home soon;
  The time of reunion draws nigh;
The morning has passed, it is long since noon,
  And the sun has sunk low in the sky;
I'm leaving the scene of our labors and love—
  The old home I may nevermore see;
But by faith I can see the fair mansion above,
  And a light in the window for me.

While I was engaged in reading the poem, my host

picked up a daily newspaper, the Kansas City *Times*, I think, and for half an hour nothing was said. I finished the poem, and handed the book to my grandson, who was anxiously waiting for it; wiped my eyes and communed with my own thoughts, while the landlord and the boy read on.

At length the gentleman laid down his paper and said: "I see by this paper that there is to be a meeting of the old settlers of Jackson, Cass, Clay, and Platte counties, at the fair grounds of Kansas City, next Saturday, and that General Doniphan, the great orator and hero of Sacramento, in the Mexican War, is to deliver an oration; and that your friend of the cabin is to read a poem descriptive of old times; I should like to be there sure."

"How far," said I, "is Kansas City from Westport?"

"Oh!" said he, "they are almost the same. Westport is one of the suburbs of Kansas City, which now extends from the river almost to Westport, and up to the mouth of the Kaw."

"I suppose, then, that it includes the steamboat landing of forty years ago?"

"Yes; and all the country adjacent to it."

"I can't see," said I, "how they could build much of a city amongst those hills and hollows."

"Ah! those hills have to some extent been leveled down, and the hollows filled up. If you could be there, you would be astonished to see what has been done."

"Well, then, I am going there. The route I had marked out was to Westport, which I visited in 1836; thence through Kansas and Arkansas, and then home. But I shall be at Kansas City, at that old settlers' meeting; and now, while I think of it, did you ever know anything of an old settler of Jackson County by the name of Savage?"

"Yes, old Jimmy Savage; I can just remember hearing him preach when I was a child, but I have heard him spoken of so often that I almost seem to have known him always. He moved, as I have heard, to Texas, and some of his family are there yet."

"If I am not mistaken," said I, "he lived near Lone Jack; how far is that from here?"

"Seven miles north."

I then informed him of my intention to visit that place, and for what purpose; and asked if he or any of his neighbors were in that battle.

"I was not there," said he, "but some of my neighbors were. A friend of mine, in town here, was living there then, and his house was burned and his wife was killed during the action."

And when I asked how that happened, he replied:

"The Union soldiers were in the house—a large hotel—fighting from it, when the Confederates set fire to the house; that his friend's wife and mother then fled to a field, grown up in weeds, and lay down amongst them, and while there his wife was struck by a rifle-ball, inflicting a mortal wound."

I asked then, as I had to go to Pleasant Hill and intended visiting Lone Jack, Independence, and Westport, what would be the best route.

"I think," said he, "I would go to Pleasant Hill first, and from there to Lone Jack, and then to Independence."

Having resolved to follow the route suggested, I left early in the morning, and in a few hours was in Pleasant Hill; but it bore no resemblance to the site of the solitary store-house of the county in 1836. I found the business part of the town on a flat or bottom prairie, instead of on a hill, and thought the town had the wrong name. It was, however, a good large town, or would be if the vacant places were filled up; a population of 2,000 or 3,000, and doing a large business; situated on the Missouri Pacific Railroad, with another road branching off and running to Lawrence (the principal town in Kansas), and other railroad connections contemplated in the near future.

Having attended to my business in town, I set off to Lone Jack. Leaving the depot, I left the low lands, and, ascending a gradual rise, we passed several fine churches, a large school-building, and passed through what a gentleman who rode with us told us was Middletown, and finally the old town of Pleasant Hill, on the high ridge that I had seen before. At my request the gentleman pointed out the site of the cabin where Wright was sell-

ing goods in 1836. "The log cabin," he said, "has been pulled down long ago, and that fine brick residence yonder occupies its site. His daughter and her husband, Mr. Broadhead, live there now."

We were now on the high land, with its extensive view; but it was a very different view from the one I had from the same spot when there before. Instead of the Mission road, leading off through the wild prairie grass, on which old Jimmy Savage was seen wending his way, we were in a broad thoroughfare; in a lane bounded on one side by a corn-field and by an orchard on the other, with lanes and corn and wheat-fields and farm-houses as far as could be seen. The road to Lone Jack, with the exception of a mile or so through the woods on the creek, was by and between those farms, and through lanes zigzagging north and east.

About a mile before reaching the town, we fell in with a plain, farmer-looking man trudging along on foot towards the town. On my asking him if he could show me where the Union soldiers were buried there, he said: "I reckon I can; I helped to bury them."

"Ah, indeed! were you there in that fight?"

"No," said he; "I'm not a fightin' man myself; I wasn't there in the fight, but I was pretty soon after."

"You were not a soldier, then, on either side?"

"No, sir; I was living close by, and as soon as the fight was all over I came into town to see if I could be of any service to those who were hurt."

"Well," said I, "I have a son buried there, and I wish to see his resting-place. Will you get up and ride with us and point out the spot?"

On arriving at the summit of the ridge separating the Big Creek from Sni-a-Bar, I saw to the right, in a corn-field separated from the town by a hedge, a marble shaft, the inscription on which informed me that it had been erected in memory of the Confederate dead who fell on the 16th of August, 1862. My friendly guide informed me that he could not point out any particular soldier's grave.

"They were all buried in a promiscuous manner in this long trench," pointing to a slightly raised mound, sixty or eighty feet in length by six or seven in width, sodded over with blue grass.

The Confederate dead were buried a few paces to the east, very much in the same manner, except that they were designated at the time by head-boards with their names written upon them, which have nearly all disappeared. Near the south end of the Confederate mound, the monument, some fifteen or sixteen feet high, was erected, costing about $1,000. This monument was erected by voluntary contributions from friends of the "Lost Cause," and stands only a few feet from where the lone tree that gave the town its name was then standing. It had died the year before, and fell a few years after, and no vistage of it now remains.

I asked my good-natured friend to tell me some of the particulars of the burial, and how they were put away. He answered that they were buried in a hurried manner, for help was scarce. "I was requested," said he; "by the Federal surgeon, who had remained behind when the soldiers retreated, to assist in gathering up and hauling the dead to a place of burial. While I and some others were at this, some eighteen or twenty prisoners were engaged in digging the grave, or trench, to put them in. We did not get them buried that day, and the next morning another Union army, under Generals Blunt and Warren, came in sight, and the Southern soldiers left in a hurry, and the Federals after them, and the citizens were left to finish burying the dead, to take care of the wounded, and get the dead horses out of town, which was a heavy task. The dead were all laid in the trench side by side, heads and feet alternately toward the sun-rising, so as to occupy less space."

I asked how many Union soldiers were laid beneath that mound.

"I cannot say certainly," said he. "When the battle ended there were forty dead upon the ground, others died before night, and I have heard it said there were thirteen others dead next morning and some others died before the ambulances came from Lexington to carry the wounded off; so that I guess there is not less than sixty lying there now."

"And how many on the other side are in this other trench on the east?"

"Near about the same number. Fifty-nine head-

boards were counted a week or two after, and some were carried away and buried in other places."

Here, then, thought I, beneath this grassy mound lies that loved son of mine; and there lies the hope of many a fond parent's heart. Here lies the gallant son, the devoted brother, the affectionate father, the loving husband, and the patriotic soldier, who laid down their lives in their country's defense; and that country has placed no stone to mark their last resting-place; and sorrowing and surviving friends can place no head-stone at the loved one's grave because no one can know under what part of this long mound the loved one reposes. Bidding a sad adieu to the soldiers' grave, and a kind farewell to my obliging and stranger guide, I passed through the little village made historic with what is said to have been the hardest fought contest in the State during the whole war, and before night was some miles on my way to Independence.

There were a good many young folks where I staid, and a good deal of mirth and jollity, and as the events of the day had unfitted me for enjoying their amusements, I asked leave to retire early, and consequently had but little conversation with the worthy man of the house. Next morning I found that he had lived nearly all his life in Jackson County (nearly fifty years). I asked if there was any road leading to Savage's or Hawkins' mill, on the Little Blue.

"I reckon not," said he; "that old mill has not run for more than thirty years, and the country is so fenced up that I would not know how to get there. And to go to Independence now, we must go the public road by Lee's Summit, or else by Blue Springs."

"Do you know any person near Independence by the name of Stayton?"

"I used to know several of them," was the reply.

"And do they live on either of these roads?"

"Yes; on the Blue Springs road."

"Then direct me that way."

Receiving my directions, I set out and passed on through a fine prairie country in a fine state of cultivation, but I thought some of the farms were too large, and that some men were monopolizing more of mother earth

than was good for the community at large. The soil appeared to be excellent, the richest and fairest portion of the State I had yet seen. It was not many hours till we came to a town lately laid out on a new railroad, the Chicago & Alton, and were told it was the town of Blue Springs, which has a beautiful site, as well as a beautiful country surrounding it. After noon we came to the farm where I was told Mr. Stayton lived many years ago. I found the house as it was then, on the summit of a ridge of woodland, but everything was changed. A fine brick house stood near by where the old one had been; the farm was enlarged, and other farms and farm houses were in close proximity.

We stopped for dinner. The old man, as I expected, was dead—had been for many years. I asked for his sons—the boys I had seen. They, too, were dead. A daughter-in-law was living on the old homestead. I was disappointed again; I had expected to see at least some of the younger members of the family. I was in hopes, too, that I would pass by and see the old log meeting-house, but was told that the road had been changed and no longer ran that way, and that the old house was no longer in being, but a brick church in town was now used in its place.

As I was getting ready to start, a light wagon with two old men and an elderly woman passed by, going toward the town, and the young man with whom I had been conversing asked me if I was going to the old settlers' meeting at Kansas City. On my saying that I expected to be there, he remarked, "There go some old folks now, and I guess they are going there too."

We drove on slowly after the wagon till we reached town. Everything was strange again. We entered the town from the south, instead of from the east, as before; and, before reaching the public square, crossed a railroad that runs through the town, and were told that there were two others in less than a mile of that one. The public square looked something the same, but the court-house was larger, taller, and far more imposing, and fenced around with an iron fence. The town was much larger, the buildings larger and taller; but this was no more than I had expected. I drove to the southwest

corner of the square and looked for the store of Samuel C. Owens; but the one-story frame building was not there; on the corner where it stood was a large two-story brick building, the banking house of Chrisman & Sawyer. The carriage ahead of me stopped in front of the post-office, near the bank, and I drew up at the same place. Drawing near, I entered into conversation with the oldest of the two men, asking if he had much acquaintance in the place.

"Very little," said he; "in fact, scarcely any now. The time was when I knew everybody here, and everybody knew me. But now I know nobody, and nobody knows me."

"You are an old settler, then," I observed.

"Yes; one of the oldest. I cut the first logs for a cabin that were cut in the town. That was fifty-five years ago, and the most of them were cut on the Temple Lot, out west here—the lot that the Mormons claim the grand Temple of the New Jerusalem is to be built upon."

"Then you were fortunate in selecting your home, as, no doubt, the county or somebody paid you well for it."

"Not so fortunate, either," he replied; "for I lost my labor in cutting the logs. Another pioneer informed me that I was trespassing on his claim, and when he showed me that he had marked off his claim a few days before I did mine, I gave it up and selected another a few miles east of here."

"Then," said I, "you know all the first settlers, I suppose."

"Yes; nearly all."

"Did you know the Baptist preacher, Savage?"

"Oh, yes; I knew him, and Stayton, and Fitzhugh, and Powell, and Jackson, and some others. In fact, I believe I knew more men then, as thinly settled as the county was, than I do now, when it has its eighty thousand inhabitants."

"Are any of your family living?"

"Yes; this is my son," pointing to the other old man, "and this is his wife. He was a small boy when I came here, and his wife was the first female white child born in the county."

"Then I suppose you are going to the old settlers' meeting to-morrow?"

"Yes; we will be there if nothing happens."

I then bade him good-by, and expressed a hope that I should see him next day.

I found Westport not much larger than when I saw it before, but everything was changed there, too. The Indian and the Mexican were not there; the store-houses were larger, but doing a smaller business; of Santa Fé and Chihuahua traders, their wagons and teams, none were to be seen; of the mountain and fur traders and trappers, I saw none. Instead of the lazy Indian and Mexican, I saw the Dutch and Irish laborers. Instead of the ox and mule wagons, I saw the street cars, the pleasure carriages, hacks and omnibuses passing to and from Kansas City every few minutes, while the large wagon and yoke factory was no longer there.

I put up at a private boarding-house and had a good night's rest, my host telling me how the glory of Westport and its western trade departed when the Territory of Kansas was settled and the city of Leavenworth sprang into existence.

Next morning we drove north, as before, but how different the appearance of everything! The road was a broad macadamized thoroughfare, which led down towards the river, and on this road was an iron track, on which the street cars went and came every few minutes; and instead of the few small cabins and corn-patches, there were stately residences, vineyards, orchards, and gardens, until the city proper was reached. Then for hours I drove from point to point, over that once hilly, rough, and unsightly landscape; viewing the principal places of interest in this great metropolis of the West. Hiring a guide, we drove in various directions, visited the water-works, the foundries, the packing-houses, the machine-shops, and the principal publishing houses; thence to the Union Depot, where nine railroads have already come, and others are soon coming; then to the great iron bridge, across the mad Missouri, up to the mouth of the Kaw, and across that river into the State of Kansas and city of Wyandotte, and back to the fair grounds about

noon, where the old settlers of Jackson and her neighboring counties were assembled.

We found those old pioneers, with many of younger years, congregated in small groups under the shade-trees, partaking of the picnic or basket dinner, and enjoying the pleasures of social converse. It was a pleasant day, and all nature seemed to smile on those old pioneers, who had so long ago seen the land in the garb in which nature clothed it.

Soon after dinner it was announced from the stand that General Doniphan, the expected orator of the day, was not in attendance, and that some of the old pioneers would entertain the assembled hundreds with some reminiscences of the olden times. By the aid and assistance of my hired guide, who had accompanied me, I obtained a seat where I could hear.

The Hon. Jacob Gregg, the president of the Old Settlers' Association, one of Jackson County's oldest citizens, one of its first sheriffs, and one who had served in the State Legislature, was first introduced. He said he had been requested to say something about the early pioneers of the country, as he supposed, because he was one of the oldest now remaining.

"For this," he said, "I claim no merit. Pioneers are like other men—no better, and I trust no worse. That I was an early pioneer in this county was perhaps owing to accident—a train of circumstances over which I had but little, if any, control; and that I am here to-day, one amongst the very few of those early pioneers who have been spared by the hand of death, is owing to accident or a multiplicity of accidents or circumstances that not my hand nor any other human hand could control. I presume it is safe to say that of one hundred who came here as early as I did, ninety-nine are gone, and it is not owing to any superior sagacity, prudence, foresight, or energy on my part that I have been spared and that my companion in life has also been spared, and that we are both with you here to-day. It has been a long, long time since I first came to the county of Jackson, in 1825; but I have not forgotten the lives we lived in the backwoods here then, those woods in which the track of the Indian

might be said to still remain, and from which his war-whoop had scarcely died away.

"I have not forgotten those days of hog and hominy—especially the hominy, which these hands have many a time beaten. I have not forgotten our many hunting excursions in quest of the deer and other wild game, and the wild bees and their honey, dressed as we were in the skins of the deer. I have not forgotten the simplicity of pioneer life, and its sociability. I remember the old-fashioned preachers and the preaching of those days; and how the girls would walk barefooted, and carry their shoes and stockings in their hands till near the meeting-place, and would then sit down and put them on. I remember the country as it was before there were good wagon-roads, much less railroads, in the country. I remember when Independence was a corn-patch, and when Kansas City was nowhere, and the whole tract on which it stands could have been bought for almost a song. I remember the old bar-share plow, the bull-tongue, the shovel-plow and the carey, the scythe and the cradle, the reap-hook and the flail, before the age of machinery had come. No doubt you too remember these things. Many of my old, gray-headed friends have, I know, like me, forgotten many things that have since occurred; but those scenes of simplicity and happiness are and will be remembered until reason fails or memory is dethroned.

"I am happy to meet so many of my old pioneer friends here to-day, and with you rejoice in this one more reunion. But I am disappointed, as all of you are, in the non-arrival of that old and eloquent pioneer, Gen. Doniphan, who we expected would entertain us with his eloquence to-day. And as I am no speaker, and cannot fill his place, I will give place to some one that can talk."

This short speech was well received, as it deserved to be; and the next speaker was a stout, square-built man, who looked as though he might be in the prime of life, but who was in reality older than he appeared to be. I was told that it was the great Government contractor, or freighter, of twenty-five years ago, who for years had a monopoly of freighting Government stores to the Indians and the western forts, and was largely engaged in the Santa Fé transportation and trade.

He announced himself as Aleck Majors, the ox-driver, and said he was no longer a citizen of Jackson or any adjoining county, and not even a citizen of the State, but that he had stopped on his way from New York to his home at Salt Lake, to spend the day with his old pioneer friends in Western Missouri. "And," said he, "I am happy to meet with so many of them. I have enjoyed the last few hours immensely, in conversation with first one and then another of the old pioneers that I knew in my youth. I came with my father, Benjamin Majors, to this county in 1825, almost as soon as the Indians had left it. Some of you know where Majors' old mill stood, on the Little Blue, fifty years ago. I was just big enough then to ride the near steer and drive a yoke of oxen, and how many thousand I have driven since I don't know.

"In conversing with my old friends to-day, my mind and my memory have been refreshed and carried back, and I have been reminded of many things I had almost forgotten amid the turmoil of trade and the busy scenes of life; but while some of the incidents of those early years have in a measure faded from my memory, there are others that seem to be stamped upon it forever. The boys that I went to school with are remembered yet; the boys that I played marbles with I have not forgotten; neither have I forgotten the girls, that were then more attractive in my estimation than anything else; I have not forgotten how social, how friendly and accommodating those early settlers were with each other.

"The log-rollings, the house-raisings, the corn-shuckings, the sewings, and the quiltings that were so common amongst them; when the youngsters would meet together and work all day and dance all night; or, if the old folks were too pious to allow dancing, they would play Quebec or Old Sister Phebe. Some of you old folks have been there; you know how it is, or how it was; and may be some of you are like I am—you would like to be back there again. Yes, I've played Sister Phebe. I think I remember the first time that I ever enjoyed that good old play that so many ten thousands have played before and since. It was at my father's, at a log-rolling or house-raising, or something of the kind, when the boys and girls of the whole neighborhood were there. I remember their

names yet. One tall, good-looking young man, or bachelor, was there with the girl that he afterwards married; his name was Jake Gregg. How plainly I seem to see them now; how vividly his image and hers rise up before me, and I fancy I see them as they march round on the puncheon floor; and I can almost hear him singing—

"'Heigh-ho! Sister Phebe, how merry were we,
That night we sat under the juniper-tree!
That juniper-tree, heigh-ho!'

"I do wonder if I ever shall see that old friend again? Can anybody tell me whether he or his wife is here to-day?"

"Yes, they are both here," was answered; and the aged president, Mr. Gregg, rose to his feet and received a hearty hand-shaking from the speaker, and Mr. Majors continued, "God bless you, my old friend! How happy I am to meet you here to-day, after so many years spent apart, amid the toils and turmoils of an unfriendly world. Do you, my old friend, call to mind the incident I have just mentioned?" "I remember it *well*," said Gregg. "Thank heaven, the pleasures of memory never fail! thank heaven that though old age and infirmity may come upon us, and losses and crosses afflict us, and a weight of sorrow may weigh us down, in memory we can go back to the happy days of youth and live over again the brighter scenes of early life; and though adversity, with frowning features may stare us in the face, we can shut our eyes and call up in memory the days of greater prosperity and live them over again! And now, before I sit down, let me say to the ladies, that though I live at Salt Lake among the Mormons, I have but one wife—the one I found in the good old county of Jackson—and if I should unfortunately lose that one and desire another, I think I would certainly come back here to look for her."

Some other short speeches were made, pertinent and to the point; and it was announced from the stand that the poet of Van Buren Township would read a poem of old times and old pioneers.

I had been curious to see my old friend of the cabin, but had not as yet got a sight of him. He came forward, as I thought, with the same awkward manner he had in

his youth, but no longer a boy in appearance. Somewhat bent with age and with hair almost as white as the snow, he unrolled his manuscript. The secretary appealed to the audience for order and quiet, as the reader's voice was not of the strongest. I give the poem as it appeared next morning in the Kansas City *Times*, without any comment of my own:

*TALK TO THE SETTLERS OF JACKSON, CLAY, CASS' AND PLATTE.*

'Tis almost half a hundred years
Since you and I, old pioneers,
With aspirations free,
A home within this region sought;
But who of us then dreamed or thought
To see the many changes wrought,
That we have lived to see?

From different countries then we came,
Our aims, our objects all the same—
A home in this far West.
A cabin here and there was found,
Perhaps a little spot of ground
Enclosed and cleared, while all around
In nature's garb was dressed.

Here, then, we saw the groves of green,
Where woodman's axe had never been—
The spreading prairies too.
Within those groves, so dense and dark,
Was heard the squirrel's saucy bark;
The bounding stag was but the mark
To prove the rifle true.

But all is changed. The cabin's gone;
The clapboard roof with weight-poles on,
The rough-hewn puncheon-floor,
The chimneys made of stick and clay,
Are seen no more—gone to decay.
The men that built them, where are they?
I need not ask you more.

They're gone, but they're remembered yet.
Those cabin homes we can't forget,
Although we're growing old.

Fond memory still the spot reveres—
The cabin homes of youthful years,
Where, with compatriot pioneers,
We pleasures had untold.

The dense and tangled woodland too,
The groves we often wandered through,
No longer now are there.
The prairie, with its sward of green
And flowerets wild, no more is seen;
But farms, with dusty lanes between,
Are seen where once they were.

Large towns and villages arise,
And steeples point toward the skies,
Where all was desert then;
And Nature's scenes have given place
To those of Art; the hunter's chase
Has yielded to the scrambling race
Of speculating men.

The very spot on which we stand—
This city, so superb and grand—
How did we see it then?
How wild was that forbidding scene?
The hills, with gorges thrown between,
As though by nature it had been
Made for a panther's den.

Those hills have since been leveled down,
The gorges filled, the streets of town
In all directions range.
The labors of ten thousand hands,
The working-men from thousand lands,
The energy that wealth commands,
Have wrought the wondrous change.

Ah! what a change the pioneer,
In forty years, has witnessed here!
And things are changing still.
Those streets and alleys then were not;
Its greatest thoroughfare was—what?
A ground-hog's walk, or 'possum-trot,
Which led from hill to hill.

Ah, yes! my friends, old pioneers,
Full many a change within those years
The country's undergone.
How many changes it's passed through!
And we, old friends, are changing too.
There's been a change in me and you,
And still that change goes on.

And when we think upon the past,
Those friends whose lot with us was cast
On this once wild frontier,
And pass them all in brief review,
As oftentimes in thought we do—
Alas! alas! how very few
Are there remaining here!

A few more years will come and go,
As other years have done, you know,
And then—ah, yes! what then?
The world will still be moving on;
But we, whose cheeks are growing wan,
Will not be here—we'll all be gone
From out the ranks of men.

Our places will be vacant here,
And of the last old pioneer
The land will be bereft.
The places which we here have filled,
The fields which we have cleared and tilled,
Our barns, though empty, or though filled,
To others will be left.

But ere we pass to that far bourne
From which no traveler can return,
We meet, old pioneers;
The few of us who yet remain,
And we who here have met, would fain
Now clasp those friendly hands again
We clasped in by-gone years.

In glad reunion now we meet,
Each other once again to greet
And conversation hold;

And while we socially to-day
A few brief hours may while away,
Let us, although our heads are gray,
  Forget that we are old.

Let us go back—in memory go—
Back to the scenes of long ago,
  When we were blithe and young;
When hope and expectation bright
Were buoyant and our hearts were light,
And Fancy, that delusive sprite,
  Her siren sonnets sung.

And as we join in friendly chat,
We'll speak of this, and talk of that,
  And of the many things
That have occurred within the land
Since first the little squatter band
Came to this country, now so grand!
  Before 'twas ruled by rings.

'Tis natural that we should think,
While standing on the river's brink,
  How wide the stream has grown!
We saw it when 'twas but a rill,
Just bursting from the sunny hill;
And now its surging waters fill
  A channel broad, unknown.

'Tis natural, and proper too,
That we compare the old and new,
  The present with the past,
And speak of those old-fogy ways
In which we passed our younger days;
Then of the many new displays
  That crowd upon us fast.

We little knew of railroads then,
Nor dreamed of that new period when
  We'd drive the iron horse;
And 'twould have made the gravest laugh,
Had he been told but only half
The wonders of the telegraph,
  Then in the brain of Morse.

We did not have machinery then
To sow and reap and thresh the grain,
  But all was done by hand;
And those old-fashioned implements
Have long ago been banished hence,
Or rusting lie beside the fence—
  No longer in demand.

Yes, there are grown-up men, I trow,
Who never saw a bull-tongue plow,
  A flail, or reaping-hook;
And who could not describe, you know,
A swingling-knife or board, although
Their mothers used them long ago,
  And lessons on them took.

The young man now would be amused
To see some things his father used—
  Some things he ne'er has seen;
The way in which we cleaned our wheat,
When two strong men with blanket-sheet,
Would winnow out the chaff and cheat,
And twice or thrice the thing repeat,
  Until the grain was clean.

The single-shovel plow and hoe,
To clean out weeds, was all the show—
  We knew no better ways;
But now our sons would laugh to scorn
Such poky ways of making corn,
And bless the stars that they were born
  In more enlightened days.

They say the world is wiser grown;
They've got the speaking talkaphone—
  Talks twenty miles or more—
And preachers now may preach and pray
To congregations miles away;
And many other things, they say,
  We never had before.

And yet I do not know but what
The pioneer enjoyed his lot,
  And lived as much at ease

As men in these enlightened days,
With all their strange new-fangled ways,
That wealth and fashion now displays
The mind of man to please.

'Tis true, we did not live as fast,
But socially our time was passed,
Although our homes were mean.
Our neighbors then were neighbors true,
And every man his neighbor knew,
Although those neighbors might be few,
And sometimes far between.

Ah, yes! old pioneers, I trow
The world was brighter then than now
To us gray-headed ones;
Hope pointed us beyond the vale,
And whispered us a fairy tale
Of coming pleasures, ne'er to fail
Through all the shining suns.

Ambition, too, with smile so soft,
Was pointing us to seats aloft,
Where fame and honors last.
We had not learned what now we know—
The higher up the mount we go
The storms of life still fiercer blow,
And colder is the blast.

That though we reach the mountain's top,
Fruition find of every hope,
Or wear the victor's crown;
Though far above the clouds we tread—
There's other clouds still overhead,
And on the mind there is the dread—
The dread of coming down.

Ah, yes! old settlers, one and all,
Whatever may us yet befall,
We will not—can't forget
The simple, plain, old-fashioned plan—
The routes in which our fathers ran,
Before the age of steam began
To run the world in debt.

And while we talk upon the past,
Of those who are dropping off so fast,
And those already gone,
It may not be, my friends, amiss
For each of us to think of this:
The curtain of forgetfulness
Will soon be round us drawn.

And though in glad reunion we
Have met to-day, perhaps 'twill be
A day of taking leave;
And we, who oft have met before,
And parted in the days of yore—
Will part, perhaps, to meet no more,
When we shall part this eve.

The mind goes back through all the years,
We call to mind the pioneers—
Those bold and hardy men.
We pass them in the mind's review—
The many dead, the living few—
Those unpretending farmers who
Were our compatriots then.

Men who of toil were not afraid,
Men who the early history made
Of this now famous land;
The men who, ere the Mormons came
This heritage so fair to claim,
Were here, prepared through flood and flame
Those claimants to withstand.

Sam Lucas, Boggs and Swearingen,
The Nolands and the Fristoes then,
The Greggs and Owens too;
The Davises and the Flournoys,
The Kings, the Staytons and McCoys,
And Dealy, with his twenty boys—
All these and more we knew.

The Wilsons and the Adamses,
The Irvings and the Lewises,
The Webbs and the Fitzhughs,

The Powells and the Harrises,
The Walkers and the Burrisses,
The Bakers and the Savages,
  The Hickmans, Woods and Pughs.

Yes, some of these were noted men,
Well-known and much respected then,
  Although their coats were plain;
And when in office they were placed,
They proved themselves not double-faced,
The people's trust was not misplaced—
  We need such men again.

We had our courts of justice then—
A terror to dishonest men,
  Who feared the halter's drop.
Judge Ryland then the courts could hold,
In full a dozen counties told,
Decide the cases manifold,
  And keep with business up.

We had our lawyers, too, but they,
Or nearly all, have passed away—
We looked for one of them to-day,
  A brave and fluent man—
But we are disappointed sore;
That man of fame and legal lore,
Perhaps we'll never see here more—
  Brave Colonel Doniphan.

Where now are all his old compeers,
The lawyers 'mongst the pioneers—
  Charles French, and Hicks and Young?
Where now are both the Reeces gone?
And where is Hovey—noisy one?
And where is David Atchison,
  The man of fiery tongue?

They're gone! you say 'tis ever thus;
The men of note are leaving us—
  The men of greatest heft.
But when we pause and look around,
A few whose heads are 'bove the ground,
A few perhaps may yet be found—
  Sawyer and Woodson's left.

And then we had our preachers, too,
And some of them, I think, you knew,
And knew their Christian walk.
And who of you that ever heard
Joab Powell preach the word
But had his better feelings stirred
By plain and simple talk?

McKinney, Ferrill, Nelson too,
Stayton, Warder and Fitzhugh,
Tillery, Rice and Hill.
And there was Elder Kavanaugh;
And any one that ever saw
Old Jimmy Savage, sure can draw
A picture of him still.

Ah, yes! the preachers of those days
Were noted for their simple ways,
And some for style uncouth;
But they are gone; they all are dead;
Another class are in their stead,
Much better paid and better read;
But have they more of truth?

But time would fail to speak of all
The changes that our minds recall
Upon life's shifting waves;
And soon those shifting waves will bear
The last old pioneer to where
His lost and loved companions are
Low in their silent graves.

But ere, my friends, we hence embark,
We fain would place some lasting mark
Upon this mundane shore;
A mark the traveler may see
In coming years, and know that we
Have lived and passed the road that he
May then be passing o'er.

When death's dark curtain shall be drawn,
And we old pioneers are gone,
Let truthful history tell

To far posterity the tale,
As down the stream of Time they sail,
How we with motto, "Never Fail,"
Came here, and what befell.

Let history then, impartial, state
The incidents of early date;
And that it so may do,
Let pioneers of every age
In this important work engage,
And each of them produce his page—
A page of history true.

The incidents of early years,
Known only to the pioneers,
With them will soon be lost,
Unless before they hither go,
Those incidents are stated so
Posterity the facts may know,
When we the stream have crossed.

After the speaking was over, I introduced myself to the gray-haired poet, and found that he remembered my night's lodging with him, and several of the incidents; said he recollected my making the memorandum the next morning, and of our lonely ride through the prairie; passing Centre Knob, and getting lost. I asked him about the new beginner across the branch, and he replied:

"He is yet living, like me, in the decline of life; has had his 'ups and downs,' and more 'downs' than 'ups.' Like me, he is a widower, having lost two wives and some of his children. His health was impaired in the service during the Rebellion, but he is in the enjoyment of a pension that will keep him comfortably through life's evening."

I remarked that I supposed the Government land in that half a township was all taken up now.

"Yes, indeed," said he; "and instead of only five families on it, and half a dozen children of school age, there are three school districts, with their school-houses, and three churches, besides the village of Strasburg. Not only that township," said he, "has been all bought long ago, but the condemned land, not worth surveying once, has been bought, every acre of it, and is nearly all under

fence, and instead of a voting population of 200, the county has over 5,000."

Next morning I left for Kansas, and in eight weeks returned to my home with restored health, and a better opinion of Missouri and Kansas than I had before I set out.

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## *"IS THE WORLD ANY WORSE?"*

UNCLE BEN AND CHARLEY.—DIALOGUE.

*Charley.*—Well, Uncle Ben, what is your opinion on the question for debate to-morrow night? Is the world growing any worse?

*Uncle Ben.*—Well, I can't say; but I suppose the world, on an average, is pretty much the same as it was a hundred years ago, In some respects changed, but still the same old world.

*Charley.*—Yes, but the people are not the same; and the question, I suppose, is, whether they are better or worse.

*Ben.*—It is said that human nature is the same the world over, and in every age; and I suppose that this is no better, and no worse, now than a thousand years ago. Circumstances change, and they may, perhaps, be more or less favorable for the development of the good or bad in human nature than formerly; while other circumstances may enable us to see and to realize the good and evil tendencies and consequences more plainly now than we did then. Ever since I can recollect, it has been said that the olden times were better then than the present; and I suppose the same thing was said in Solomon's day, for he says in the book of Ecclesiastes: "Say not what is the cause that the former days were better than these, for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning these things." As much as to say, that it was not the case. And again he says: "The thing that hath been, it is that that shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun." And he says again: "There is no remembrance of former things,"

intimating that we are liable to forget how bad the former times were; and from the whole of his writings, I am inclined to think that mankind has not changed much since his day. The same evils we complain of, he complained of, and describes them better than we can.

*Charley.*—But, Uncle Ben, was there ever before such a rage for speculation, swindling, public plunder, and crime in general as now, when swindling and public plundering is general all over the land, and railroad and other monopolies are grinding the laboring classes to death, and the smartest man is the one that can get his hand the deepest into the public purse and gobble up the biggest slice of the public land? Was it always so, or was it so in your younger days?

*Ben.*—Well, in my boyhood we had no railroads to plunder and swindle us, and very few corporations of any kind; and those few were so far off as to be out of sight. We did not read the newspapers, and hear of every wicked thing that transpired then, as we do now; and hence, I say, we did not see or perceive the evil consequences of a vicious human nature then as we do now; though there were no railroads and but few banking corporations to gobble up the public domain and put their hands into the national purse, there were others who attempted to, and perhaps did, play the same game that those corporations and sharks have since played; avarice has been avarice always, and there never has been a time when some individual or company was not ready to grind the poor laboring classes and fleece the public. As early as 1788, a Mr. John Livingston and others formed themselves into a company to fleece the Indians and the people of New York out of more than half the lands of that great State. They entered into a contract with the Six Nations to lease the lands of nearly all Western New York for 999 years, for an annual rent of $3,500; but the Legislature of New York interfered in the matter, and Governor Clinton, by proclamation, forbade any person to occupy any part of the territory under that lease, and the scheme was broken up.

*Charley.*—That shows that Livingston and his company wasn't smart. If they had done as modern speculators do, they would have given the members of the

Legislature and Governor Clinton a share in the loaf; and then it might have been different, you know.

*Ben.*—Perhaps so; but Livingston's company may have been more grasping than modern ones, and wanted all the profits themselves; and perhaps the Legislature had a scheme of their own to gobble up the land, and was not willing to divide with Livingston and his company; at any rate, the scheme failed. And again in 1795 or '96, another land-jobbing scheme was concocted to gobble up the entire State of Michigan. This was by Messrs. Randall, Whitney, and some other Indian traders. They came to Congress with their scheme, and did offer some members an interest in it if they would vote for it. It so happened, however, that they made the offer to at least one member who was honest enough to expose the whole thing before it came up for action; and then those who might have favored it did not dare do so. I am disposed to think, though, that some of them would have gone into it if there had been a prospect of success and no danger of exposure. The Indians, however, in both cases lost their lands in the end; and you must admit that the white man's monopoly has been gobbling up their lands for 200 years or more. And as I am so often giving talks and tales of olden times, I will show you a long talk of the Oneida Indians, sent by their chiefs to the Legislature of New York, in relation to that lease of their lands to Livingston & Company, and as boys like to read things in rhyme better than in plain prose, and as Indian talks are always poetical, I change the words a little so as to rhyme, preserving the substance and sense the same.

### *TALK OF THE ONEIDA INDIANS, SENT BY THEIR CHIEFS TO THE LEGISLATURE OF NEW YORK, IN* 1788.

Brothers, sachems, chiefs, and great men,
  Who sit round the great council fire
Of our brothers, the people and State of New York,
  Your attention we ask and desire;
Brothers, white brothers, we thus far had come
  To meet at your great council fire;

But the roads are now bad, and a prospect for worse
Induces us home to retire.
Brothers,—we speak now in writing,—your allies we are;
A free people we ever have been;
Our chiefs have enjoined us to speak thus to you—
Ears open, and take our words in:

Brothers, white men, in your late and long war
With the people across the great deep,
At a time when thick darkness had covered the land,
The Oneidas were not then asleep.
Uninvited we took up the hatchet for you,
Stepped forth in our brothers' defense;
We fought side by side; your friends we then were,
And friends we have been ever since;
Our blood flowed together, the bones of our men
Were mingled with yours in the grave;
You grateful appeared for what we had done,
And repeated assurances gave,
That should the Great Spirit ever give you success,
Your Indian friends should rejoice;
The result of the war was propitious to you,
And we returned to the home of our choice.

Desolation and ruin the land had o'erspread;
Our towns and our fields were a waste;
We rejoiced, however, that we could return;
That the fruits of a peace we could taste.
We pleased ourselves with the hope that in peace
We could quietly rest on our shores—
A home for which we had fought and had bled,
In a cause that was common with yours.

While flattering ourselves with these prospects and thoughts,
Looking forward with hope and desire,
Invitation we had to meet with your chiefs
At Herkimer's great council fire.

We were pleased—we were glad—and quickly set out
To meet them, of nothing afraid—
Expecting that they our wants would supply,
And make good the assurances made.

The assurances given; so oftentimes made,
With a grave and truthful-like voice,
That when from the war to our homes we returned,
Our hearts should be made to rejoice.
The chiefs who then met us no doubt recollect
Our disappointment, so sad and so sore,
When they told us they came to purchase our land;
No other commission they bore.

Brothers, 'tis needless to mention in this
The speeches we then and there made.
You can not forget them—you've written them down
In books whose words never fade.
Your chiefs may remember how loth we then were
To enter on treaties of trade;
They may also remember the means we then took
That treaty and sale to evade,
By proposing to lease a part for a time;
(To sell we were not then inclined.)
The contempt with which that offer was met
Is doubtless still fresh in their mind.
If memory has failed them, 'tis not so with us;
Those things we remember full well.
In compliance, at last, with their urgent request,
We consented to sell, and did sell;
In consequence, though, of a most solemn pledge,
By our greatest and chief sachem given,
That this was the last demand for our lands,
And that we should no further be driven.

We sold you a part of our lands and our homes,
And the homes of our fathers before;
But in this we now are resolved and determined,—
That we never will sell any more.
The experience of all the tribes, south and east,
Has fully convinced us of late,
If we their example shall follow, that we
Will soon—very soon—share their fate.
We wish that our children, and grandchildren too,
A living in comfort may draw
From the land the Great Spirit our forefathers gave,
Ere white men the land ever saw.

We therefore determined to lease them; and friends*
In different parts of the land,
Having learned our desire—being willing that we
Should continue a national band—
Have offered to take our lands upon lease,
And pay us a generous rent—
A rent upon which our children can live;
And to this the Oneidas consent.
We were loth to affront you again, as we did,
By an offer to lease them to you,
And therefore agreed to proposals from friends,
And trust they will full justice do.

Brothers, since we have been thus on the road,
A lying, bad bird has passed by;
It has reached, as we hear, your great council fire,
And told you—*yes, told you a lie:*
That we have *not* leased our lands, as we say.
*Brothers, that tale is not true;*
And we hope you will treat it as false, which it is;
We've leased them, but not unto you.

Brothers and chiefs, we are surprised very much
To hear you are angry of late,
Because others have taken a thing which your chiefs
Thought beneath them, the nation, or State;
But, BROTHERS, we are more surprised yet to learn
You are claiming a right never known—
The right to control the disposal of lands
You acknowledge to be all our own,
As much as the game that we take in the chase;
Why, then, let us ask, do you say
That the Indians shall not dispose of them just
As we please, without your yea or nay?
If one of our braves to your market should go
With fur skins, you might then just as well
Point out him a buyer, and say to him thus:
"*To no other man can you sell.*"

Brothers, we wish you'd consider it well;
Do us justice, and do not refuse;

*Livingston & Company.

We have leased our whole country, excepting what we
Have reserved for the tribe still to use.
We doubt not the people will pay us the rent,
The rent they agreed they would pay.
If you can encourage its settlement, do;
This is all that we now have to say.

Witness: JACOB REED, *Secretary.*

PETER B. TEN BROECK. PETER his mark X SALEKARENGHIS.

GEORGE STINSON, JR. DANIEL his mark X SEGOANEGHSRISER.

HENDRICK his mark X SAHONWATE.

Personally appeared before me the above subscribers, and acknowledged the foregoing instrument to be their voluntary act and deed.

Acknowledged before me, this 12th day of March, 1788. HENRY I. V. RENSSELLAER,

One of the Judges of the Inferior Court of the County of Columbia.

*Charley.*—A pretty good talk, the way you have fixed it up; but do you think it's a genuine Indian talk, or was it some of Livingston's company got it up for them?

*Ben.*—I should not wonder if Livingston & Company were at the bottom of it; but you see it is subscribed to by the Indian chiefs and authenticated by a judge's certificate, which goes to show that men at that day could pull the wires as well as they can now, when somebody is to be swindled.

*Charley.*—But do you think it means the same the way you've rhymed it that it did originally?

*Ben.*—Yes, I think so.

*Charley.*—Well, Peter Pinkard is going to speak Patrick Henry's great Liberty or Death speech at the exhibition, and if you'll just change it into rhyme as you did the Indians' talk, I'll speak it too, and leave it to the teacher to say whether it's the same old speech or another one.

*Ben.*—Very well; that's a talk of the olden time, and if you will agree to study it well and speak it properly, I'll fix it up for you.

*Charley.*—I'll do that, certain.

## *"GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME DEATH!"*

I know it is natural for man to indulge
  In illusions that hope often brings
To close his eyes against truth, and to heed
  The song that the false siren sings;
But is it the part of the wise, I would ask,
  Who are struggling for freedom and life,
To list to the charm that will transform to beasts—
  To surrender the struggle and strife?
Are we now disposed of that number to be,
  Who, though having eyes, refuse to discern
The danger before them, and turn a deaf ear
  To their greatest and grandest concern?

For my part, whatever of anguish may come,
  Whatever of grief it may cost,
I am willing, desirous, to know the whole truth;
  To know and prepare for the worst.
I have but one lamp my footsteps to guide—
  'Tis experience; to that I hold fast.
There is no better way of the future to judge
  Than to look at the things of the past;
And judging of coming events by the past,
  I would wish and would ask now to know
What things we have seen in the ten years that's passed,
  That warrant our hoping on so?

What have gentlemen seen or what see they now,
  In the conduct of those who bear rule
In the British dominion, that solaces them,
  While they call on us here to "keep cool"?
Say, is it the bland and insidious smile
  That late our petitions received?
Ah! trust not to it; a snare it will prove—
  Let freemen be never deceived!
Take heed to yourselves, and be not entrapped
  Nor betrayed by a Judas's kiss;
When gracious receptions and speeches you hear,
  Then ask yourselves questions like this:
How gracious receptions and speeches compare
  With preparations so war-like and grand;

Preparations that cover our waters with ships,
And darken with soldiers our land?
Are large fleets of ships and armies of men
Necessary to bring about love,
To reconcile friends that have once been estranged?
'Tis the hawk reconciling the dove.
Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be
Reconciled to our mother and friend
That force and coercion can alone bring us back
On the arm of King George to depend?

Let us not be deceived, nor deceive ourselves thus—
All these are the implements dire
Of war and coercion—last cruel resort
Of kings with ambitious desire.
I ask you what means this martial array,
If its purpose be not to force us
And bring to submission? can any assign
Any other for threatening thus?
Has Britain, Great Britain, an enemy here,
In this part of the great western world,
That is calling for all of the navies we see,
And those armies with banners unfurled?
No, no, she has none; they are meant but for us
(Some gentlemen think I am wrong)—
They are sent here to rivet and bind upon us
The chains they've been forging so long.

And what have we here to oppose them? I ask;
Shall we reason and argument try?
We've tried them—been trying for long, tedious years;
Have we anything new to apply?
Nothing; no, nothing; that subject so grave
We have held up again and again;
We have turned it and showed it in every light,
But in vain—it has all been in vain.
Shall we resort to entreaty, and humble ourselves
As suppliants ever so low?
What terms shall we try that have not been employed
And exhausted in days long ago?

Let us no longer trust or deceive ourselves, sir,
As we've done in the days that are gone;

We've done everything that we could to avert
The storm that is fast coming on.
Supplication, petition, remonstrance, we've tried,
And tried them so often in vain;
Prostrated ourselves at His Majesty's throne,
And implored him again and again.

Yes, begged him, most earnestly begged him, to stay
His ministers' tyrannic hands;
The acts of a tyrannic parliament too,
In relation to these loyal lands.
Our petitions have often been slighted, you know;
Remonstrance was followed by violence
Or added insult, and all of our prayers
Were met with contempt, or with silence;
We also were spurned with contempt, as it were,
From the foot of His Majesty's throne;
He too has been deaf to the voice of prayer,
And leaves us to struggle alone.

After all of these things, it were vain now to hope
That light will spring out of the gloom;
That reconciliation and peace will succeed—
For hope there is no longer room.

If we wish to be free; if we wish to preserve,
Inviolate still, and safe from the strong,
Those dearest of rights, for which we contend,
And have been contending so long;
If we do not mean to abandon the cause
And the struggle in which we're engaged;
If we do not intend the desertion of friends,
And the faith unto them we have pledged;
If we wish for those things, and do not intend
To relinquish an object so dear,
We must fight, we must fight, I repeat, we must fight!
The appeal unto arms is now near;
An appeal unto arms and the great God of hosts
Is all that is left us, I trow.
They say we are weak and unable to cope
With a power like Great Britain now;
But when will we ever be stronger? I ask;
Will it be the next week, or next year?

Will it be when we are disarmed, and a guard
  Is stationed in every house here?
By irresolution shall we gather strength,
  Or the means of existence acquire
By lying supinely and hugging false hopes,
  And the phantoms that such hopes inspire?

Ah, no! we're not weak, if we make the right use
  Of the means that kind nature has given;
The great God of nature has given us space
  From which we can never be driven.
Three millions of people, in holy cause armed—
  Of right and of freedom forever—
In such a grand country as we here possess,
  Can never be conquered; *no, never!*

But we shall not fight all our battles alone;
  There's a just, holy God, who presides,
Who governs the actions of nations and men,
  And He'll raise us up friends on all sides;
That God and those friends our efforts will aid—
  The battle's not all to the strong;
But 'tis to the vigilant, active, and brave,
  Who contend for the right against wrong.

In addition to this, no choice have we left;
  If base enough now to desire,
Too late it is now to halt and turn back;
  Too late it is now to retire.
No way of retreating is left us, I trow,
  Except to submit and be slaves;
Your chains are fast forging—they're forged even now—
  Being borne across the salt waves.

On the fair plain of Boston they are clanking to-day—
  Their clanking is heard here by some;
Inevitable now is the war, and I say,
  *Let it come!* I repeat, LET IT COME!

'Tis vain—worse than vain—to extenuate now;
  Gentlemen may cry peace, even peace;
But peace there is none; the war is begun!
  And GOD only knows when 'twill cease.

The next gale that sweeps from the north States may bring
The clashing of resounding arms;
Why stand we here idle? Our brothers are there,
On the field, with its hostile alarms;
What is it that gentlemen wish or desire?
What is it they'd have, if they could?
Is life now so dear that they prize it still higher
Than everything else that is good?

Is peace so ecstatic and sweet unto them
They would purchase, at such a great cost,
Chains, bondage, and slavery? Forbid it, O God,
Ere freedom and liberty's lost!
I know not, I care not, what others may do,
Or what they may ask, or bequeath;
But now, as for me, *let me have liberty*,
Or, failing in that, GIVE ME DEATH.

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## *THE FALL OF THE OLD MILL.*

And has it fallen—that old mill—
Upon the Lost Creek shore?
That mossy wheel, is it now still,
And will it turn no more?
The history of that fallen mill,
Its history who will write?
Its early deeds, perhaps they will
Be some day brought to light;
Its incidents, what e'er they were,
Few of the living know.
They say my grandsire built it there
In years long, long ago,
When Tennessee was first a State,
Within its wooded wild,
In seventeen hundred ninety-eight,
My father then a child.
The builder then was in his youth—
He long has passed away,
And I, his grandson, now forsooth
Am old, and worn, and gray.

The Indian war-whoop scarce had died
  Upon the hills around,
When settlers came from far and wide
  And had their hoe-cakes ground.
Those ancient settlers, where are they?
  I cannot tell you where.
Long time ago they went away,
  And left the old mill there.
Children were born, grew old, and died
  In sight of that old mill;
Their bones are lying side by side
  Above it on the hill.
And yet, through all those changing years,
  In every changing scene,
In peace and war, and blood and tears—
  And many such have been—
The old mill-wheel went round and round,
  The stone went faster still;
And still the staff of life was ground
  By that old water-mill.

The last old pioneer had gone,
  For either woe or weal;
The never-failing stream flowed on,
  That turned that old mill-wheel.
The sons and daughters of the one
  Who builded it were dead,
Save only one surviving son,
  Far in the West, 'twas said.
Some children's children still were there;
  Some few, but ah! still more
Reposing in the grave-yard where
  The sire had gone before;
And many, many more beside
  In distant lands away
Are scattered far and severed wide,
  And have been many a day;
And of that number I am one,
  In life's cold winter chill,
And from life's far-off setting sun
  Look back to that old mill.

How often in my dreams I've seen—
Since wandering from there—
That mill, the cedar grove so green,
And fields as once they were;
And oftentimes will memory tell
The story o'er and o'er,
Of what a wayward boy befell
Upon that rocky shore.

Though memory now is feeble grown
And recollections fail,
They bring me back the years long flown
And tell the oft-told tale;
They point me out the narrow track
Across the vale and hill,
O'er which, upon Old Sorrel's back,
I rode to that old mill.

My cousins and my playmates gone
They often bring to view;
As when we sailed upon the pond
In the old dug-out canoe.
But I had wandered far away,
And they in death asleep;
While other boys, as wild as we,
Sailed on the mill-pond deep.

Years passed; the waters in the race
Flowed on, and onward still,
While others came to take the place
Of those who ran the mill.
For eighty years—how long a time
Since first its work began!
The generations came and went,
And still the old mill ran;
That never-failing stream supplied
The needed motive power
That through those many years supplied
The land with meal and flour.

But was that mill the same, you ask,
Through all those changing years—
Was it the same in every part—
It's stones and running-gears?

Ah, no! it underwent repairs,
As everything must do;
And soon or late its every part
Gave place to something new.

You've heard, perhaps, of that old knife,
In use for five decades,
Which half a dozen handles had
And twice as many blades;
And yet it was the same old knife,
The man contended strong;
The same old knife his father had
And he had used so long.
And so it was with that old mill,
Though oftentimes repaired;
Though millers came and millers went,
The old mill still was spared.

For eighteen years or more it ground
The bread I lived upon,
And then I left my native place,
And forty years were gone;
And when those forty years were passed,
Returned to that old mill;
It looked, it seemed almost the same,
And it was grinding still.

I asked: "Is this the same old mill
My grandsire built, you know—
The same old mill I left in youth,
Near forty years ago?"

An answer came: "The same old mill,
As much as you're the same
Descendant of its builder; you,
Who answer to his name.
You say you are the self-same youth
Of eighteen years of age
Who left this stream so long ago,
Life's battle-storm to wage;
What part of that then youthful frame,
Where Life's machinery ran—
What part have you brought back with you,
You old, gray-headed man?

Your ancient comrades know you not;
They cannot recognize
The boy of forty years ago
In that old time-worn guise."

I was convinced; I felt the truth;
I could not answer nay;
I was, and yet was not, the same
Bright boy that went away.
Like that old mill, my every part
Had undergone a change;
And though I thought myself the same,
To others I was strange.

They tell us—men of science say
That every seven years
The tissues of the body change,
And a new man appears;
And yet it is the same old man,
As everybody knows.
The oftener that the frame's renewed,
The older still it grows;
Until at last, like that old mill,
Repairs are at an end—
It fails, it sinks, and with the dust
Its every part will blend.

And yet 'twill live! that old mill lives
Within my memory yet;
And He who gave our bodies lives—
No part will He forget.
He'll raise them up more glorious
Than e'er they were before;
And they no more repairs will need
Upon that other shore.

## *OLD AND NEW FASHIONED SCHOOLS.*

DIALOGUE—BEN AND CHARLEY.

*Charley.*—Uncle Ben, I want you to help me with my composition for the examination next week.

*Uncle Ben.*—Very well; what is it? Let me see it.

*Charley.*—I have not decided that yet. You can write me one on any subject you please.

*Uncle Ben.*—That's another thing, Charley. I have not promised to write one of my own for you to claim and read as yours; but only to help you over the hard places, while you are hoeing your own row. The object of your teacher in setting you to write compositions is to teach you to express your thoughts on paper. But what good would it do you to read over as your own what I had written, a part of which you might not understand?

*Charley.*—It would do this much good, Uncle Ben: I would have the name of reading the best composition in the school, and that is what each one is striving for.

*Uncle Ben.*—Let me tell you, Charley, it will do you no good to get that name, or anything else, by false pretenses. You should act the truth, as well as speak the truth; and some day you will receive a better reward than what you are seeking now—a name for the best essay.

*Charley.*—But, Uncle Ben, did you never get anybody to write out your compositions when you were a boy at school, like I am, and hadn't learned how to write them yourself?

*Uncle Ben.*—No; it was not so common in my school days as it is now to put boys to writing compositions. Indeed, it was very uncommon, and I never saw it done in any school that I attended.

*Charley.*—What! didn't you have to write compositions at school?

*Uncle Ben.*—No; I was not required to write compositions in my school days.

*Charley.*—What sort of schools and teachers did they have then? They must have been very different from the ones that we have now, for boys, and girls too, all

have to write them—at least, all that can write or handle a pen or pencil.

*Uncle Ben.*—Yes, they were very different in some things; and the boys of to-day ought to be thankful for the many advantages that they have over the boys of fifty years ago; and it does seem that they ought to learn much faster and a great deal more than we did, but I don't see that they do.

*Charley.*—Can't you tell me something about those old-fashioned schools and the old-fashioned teachers that I have heard mentioned so often, and tell me the difference between them and ours, and between your school-boy days and mine?

*Uncle Ben.*—Well, there was a great difference in some things; a difference in the way schools were carried on, but not so much difference at least in the objects sought for and obtained. In my day we had no free school to which all were at liberty to go on equal terms; and the boy whose parents were too poor or too selfish to pay for his schooling was shut out from the school. We had no school districts or district school-houses established by law, as you have now; nor did we have any normal school to teach the teachers; nor any school commissioners to examine them and give them a license to teach; but every man, woman, or boy who wanted a school and could make up the number of scholars was allowed to teach it. Another great difference between then and now was in the school-houses—generally rough log cabins, large enough to hold twenty-five or thirty children by crowding them in. The one I went to school in may serve as an average description at that day in that State.

It was built of round logs, notched up and covered with clapboards, ribs, and weigh-poles, the cracks chinked and daubed with mud; a puncheon floor and a chimney made of sticks and clay; a wide fire-place, with a back wall of stone and a large flat rock set up on each side for the jambs. It was not seated, as your school-house is, with seats and desks; but the seats were rough and long benches, with nothing for the back to rest against; and on these benches the scholars sat, sometimes crowded together as close as they could wedge in—especially in

cold weather, on the benches next the fire-place. A wider and taller bench, placed against the wall, where a large crack or crevice was left open to give light, served as a writing desk; and another bench of the same length served as a seat for the writing class to sit on when writing. This was all the furniture. No black-board then, no stove, no maps, no globes; and each patron furnished his children such books as he pleased, and nearly every scholar was in a class to himself. It is true that Webster's North American Spelling-Book was the principal speller, but some children brought the old Dilworth that their fathers or mothers had studied in before them. A few copies, also, of Dr. Franklin's spelling-book were in the school.

As to readers, except the Testament, scarcely any two were alike—one or two copies of Scott's Lessons, which we called John Gilpin, because that was all the lesson in it that interested us, or that we cared to read; a few copies, also, of the English Reader by Murray. Pike's Arithmetic and a few older authors that had been used time out of mind were the mathematical books. And as to grammar, I only went to one school, and only a month to that one, where the teacher pretended to teach it; but when it was taught it was Lindley Murray's old and dry grammar; and in all my schooling I never saw the inside of one.

*Charley.*—But, Uncle Ben, was there much difference in the manner of teaching what they did teach and in governing schools, from the present system?

*Uncle Ben.*—I suppose there was, but can't say for certain. I am not very well posted in the present system, and cannot tell how they manage them now, only as I get it from you and others who go to school; but from what I see and hear, you have some variations from the old style. The custom, when I went to school, was for the first one at school in the morning to recite the first lesson, the second next, and so on to the last. And many a race I have had and witnessed to get into the school-house first. Sometimes there was a spelling-book class and a Testament class; and when called up, we spelled a word or read a verse alternately, and if one missed a word or miscalled a letter, any one below him was allowed and

required by the teacher to be on the watch and correct him; and the first one to make the proper correction went *up*, perhaps to be turned down himself at the next or some future round. Each one studying arithmetic was in a class by himself, and got on as fast as he could, without waiting for others, and without dragging his classmates or being dragged along by them, as is too commonly the case now. Each one had his own blackboard in the shape of a slate, and had no regular time for saying lessons. When he worked out his *sum*, he took his slate to the master to see if he had done it right. If he stalled and came to a dead halt, he would scratch his head awhile, and then march up to the master's seat and ask for help. In some of the schools we had loud study—that is, every scholar read or might read and spell aloud; and sometimes, especially when learning a hard lesson, each one would strain his voice to get above every other, and one could scarcely hear himself. Another difference was this: if you met a scholar going to school or returning, he was not loaded down with books; he was not studying half a dozen or more branches at once. When he had learned to spell and read and write creditably, he went to ciphering; and in general, it was only when his head or his brain became tangled with figures that he laid down his slate and went to the writing-bench, or to the spelling-book, till his head became straight again; and until he got through with Pike, no other study was allowed to interfere, except as a rest or recreation. Another good custom not now in use was to write down in his ciphering-book the solution of every problem solved, to which he could refer in after days, if his memory failed him as to the process by which the answer had been obtained. As well as I can recollect, my ciphering-book contained two quires of paper, and was preserved for years, and would be highly prized now if I had it.

Another difference time has wrought in schools, school-teaching, and school-teachers: the teachers then put in their whole time, or nearly so. Six hours did not count as a day, and four weeks didn't count a month; and if a teacher lost Christmas or Thanksgiving Day or any other holiday, he made up the time the same as

other hirelings did. When men paid for the schooling of their own children, instead of other people's, as now, they contended for the worth of their money. There are those who contend that school-teachers are poorly paid now, when they get from $35.00 to $60.00 per month; and I believe that they themselves complain more on account of the smallness of their wages than teachers of fifty years ago did, when they received from $10.00 to $15.00, worked all day, ruled copy-books, set copies, made and mended pens, from the goose-quill, and helped the boys cut and "tote" wood enough at one play-time to do until the next; and then, at the end of the term, or at Christmas, had to treat or be ducked in the creek. There are some of those old-fogy teachers living yet, who have not forgotten those things, and if $40.00 is not enough for teachers now, I think they ought to claim a back salary for the time they taught for $10.00 and $12.00.

*Charley.*—But, Uncle, I heard Doctor R. say the other day that it was cheaper to pay $60.00 per month for a good teacher than to pay $15.00 for a poor one.

*Uncle Ben.*—Yes; I know that's the argument, and the fact that a young man has passed through college or been to the normal school, and has learned to smoke cigars with a fashionable grace, entitles him to the title of a good teacher of the sixty-dollar class; while another who has gotten his education as my teacher did, mostly at home by the light of a pine knot, is considered a dear teacher at any price, although, in the point of knowledge and solid acquirements, he may discouut the other fifty per cent.

*Charley.*—Tell me, Uncle Ben, how it happened that you learned to write as well as you do, if you never wrote compositions in youth?

*Uncle Ben.*—I did not say that I never wrote compositions when a boy. I said I never wrote them at school; because it was never assigned to me as a task. But I did write them at home for my own amusement and edification, with a hope that I might some day be benefited by it, as well as other home studies, after leaving school, as my self-taught teacher had been. Perhaps if those teachers had been taught at college, and learned all that they

knew there, I might have fancied that there was no other way to acquire an education, and given up in despair, because I was too poor to go to college, or to any other high-school. When I was at your age, I would have been pleased to write such compositions as your teacher requires you to write; and I admit this is one of the improvements made in teaching, and I am very much in favor of the practice; but I would have every boy to write his own, and all the help I would be willing to give would be to criticise, or point out errors, or make some suggestions as improvements. If you wish to succeed in your compositions, or anything else, you must rely mainly upon your own application to study and your perseverance in it; and if you fail at first, try again. There is nothing like trying. Do not depend too much upon what your teacher or others may do for you. It is well enough to have teachers to help you over the hard places and to correct you when you are going wrong; but remember, that though they may *teach*, you have to do the *learning;* and remember, again, that the boy who *follows* only as somebody *leads*, will sooner or later find himself at a loss. And here, I think, is one disadvantage the youth of to-day labor under. They have so many so-called advantages over the youth of fifty years ago, in the way of educational facilities, that they trust too much to those facilities, and too little to themselves and their own exertions. They have free schools to which all can go at least half the year. They have comfortable school-houses, well furnished with every needed help and appliance; good teachers, versed in all the branches of knowledge required to be taught in common schools, and even more. And the boy too often thinks that so many and such great facilities, will carry him through without any extraordinary effort, or with no effort at all on his part, and what he fails to learn while those facilities are offered him, he never learns after they are withdrawn. He fancies he is going to school to acquire knowledge at the hands of those who have themselves acquired it at other schools, from other teachers; and when his term of school ends, and the facilities which it afforded are withdrawn, he stops for the want of a leader: whereas, if he had obtained

the same knowledge that he has, under the privations and disadvantages under which we labored, he would have more self-reliance, and might go on improving and adding to his knowledge after school was over.

*Charley.*—Don't you admit, though, that school-teachers as a class are much better qualified than fifty years ago, and that there are not so many ignoramuses amongst them now as there were then, and that they understand the work of teaching much better?

*Uncle Ben.*—Yes; in a certain sense, I admit all that. Schools have been multiplied, and the teachers of to-day have had twice as much training as the man in the backwoods had fifty years ago; and the young man now who does not take in the rudiments of knowledge freely has it pumped into him, as it were, almost by force; and although he may not have mastered the required number of studies, he has been dragged through by his teachers, and has managed to learn some things that teachers of the olden time never heard of; while at the same time, some of these old-fogy teachers could put him to the blush in some of the most common and most useful branches of an every-day education.

*Charley.*—They might, perhaps, stall some of our young men and young lady teachers in their mathematics, but I'll bet you'll not find one that can stump our teacher, Mr. G., for he has arithmetic, algebra, and geometry at his fingers' ends, and knows them by heart—or by head, as you please to call it.

*Uncle Ben.*—Perhaps you think so, and may be he thinks so too, for I hear he is well posted in mathematics, particularly in mental arithmetic, which was not taught much when I was a boy; but do you think he can, by his head, and without using his fingers at all, compute the compound interest of one hundred dollars, for one hundred years, at five and two-fifths per cent, or any less amount for a less number of years, at the same or other rate of interest? If he cannot, he is not equal to one of the old-fashioned teachers that I know of, who lives not a hundred miles off, and who never studied figures six months at school, all put together. If your teacher can do that, or if he can, by his head (mentally),

extract the fifth or the seventh root of any number less than a thousand, then, perhaps, he can solve the problem of John's farm, which the old fogy I speak of can solve, but has never found any college professor able to do it.

*Charley.*—What problem is that?

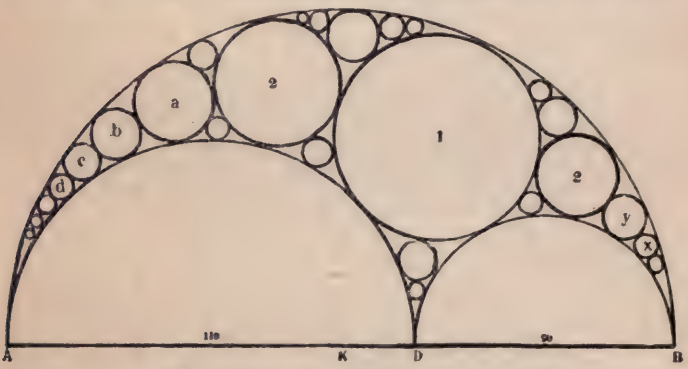
*Uncle Ben.*—As it is stated in rhyme, it reads thus:

John's farm a semicircle is,
Laid out by rule precise;
No man but him, no brain but his
Could such a plan devise.
That semicircle's base, now mind,
Is poles two hundred long,
From which the area you can find,
And 'twill not take you long;
Upon the base 'tween A and B,
Ten perches from the centre K,
There stands a silver maple-tree;
'Tis nearer B than A,
And from that tree to A and B
He semicircles drew
Within the farm, and they, you see,
Are semicircles true.
And then, adjoining these, he put
An entire circle, such
As neither curving are to cut,
But each of them to touch.
And having drawn that circle one,
Another one he drew,
Just touching these, but cutting none,
And that is numbered two;
Another, and another still,
A, B and C and D,
Decreasing, growing smaller still,
To end, if end there be.
And then, upon the other side of circle numbered one,
He circle after circle drew, as he before had done.
Still smaller every circle grew, and faster than before;
Till 'tween those semicircles two no room was found for more.
Now say how many circles there, if any man can know.
The radius true of each declare, and how you know it's so.

Should other circles still be drawn, no other circle in,
But touching those already drawn, and lying in between,
Tell me the size of every one, no matter where they lie;
Or, if you say it can't be done, just tell the reason why.

*Charley.*—Well, I don't know that I understand it, or that my teacher will; but if it can be done, I think he'll do it.

*Uncle Ben.*—It may be that he will not understand it fully, or know what is required; and to enable you or him to do so, draw a half-circle, the straight line or diameter equal 200. Then inside of that, draw two other half-circles, meeting on diameter, A, B, ten perches from the




centre, one being 110 and the other 90 in diameter. Then draw an exact circle, the largest that can be drawn inside the large semicircle, without cutting any part of the smaller ones, and tell its size. Then draw a circle on each side of that, just touching, but not cutting it or any other arc, and so on, telling the size of each; and if Mr. G., or any other modern teacher can solve it he will do what none of them has done, so far as is known, and perhaps none of the old fashioned ones can, except the one referred to; and he perhaps would be refused a certificate to teach a modern school because he might not answer questions in the language of the books now in use or might not rightly divide the alphabet into vowels and semi-vowels, consonants, labials, dentals, mutes, and semi-mutes; or like another old fogy, might not correctly

answer what the difference is between the reciprocal of a number and the number itself, not comprehending its meaning. But now, to sum it all up, Charley, though you had better schools and more of them than we had in my boyhood, better houses and more of them, better books and a great many more of them, with better and greater facilities every way for acquiring knowledge, the results or the fruits of those schools are not in proportion to the money expended in supporting them. In other words, the knowledge of the education acquired is not in proportion to the dollars and cents that it costs.

You may hear old men on all sides saying that children commencing in their letters now do not learn as fast as they did when they were children.

This may not be the fault of the schools, or the teachers, or the children, but if such *is* the case, there must be a cause for it. Perhaps the parents may be to blame. They may think that as the State or public pays the teacher, and pays him so much better than old-time teachers were paid, it is their place to do all the teaching, and do not themselves lend the same help that the men and women of by-gone days did, when they had to pay out of their own pockets for all the teaching their children received at school.

And now, let me say this to you: If you have a lesson to learn, study it yourself, and do not depend upon your teacher or classmates to study for you. If you have a composition to write, go at it, and do not ask Uncle Ben, or any other uncle, to write it for you. If your lesson is hard, study the harder; if it is easy and soon learned, be thankful that you have some time to study something else useful; and devote more of your time to useful than to ornamental branches; and before you sneer, as some do, at old-fogy ways, old-fogy schools and school-teachers, be sure that you, with your greater facilities, are doing as well or better than they did without them.

## *PERSECUTION FOR OPINION'S SAKE.*

(This parable was written more than 200 years ago, and the author is not known. Dr. Franklin translated it more than a hundred years since and published it, and it was so much like him, he was thought to be its author; but he only turned the Latin into English, and I now turn his plain English prose into rhyme; but the thoughts and the moral are as they were 200 years ago.)

After these things, when the day was far spent,
And Abraham sat in the door of his tent,
A man bent with age, with a trembling frame,
Who leaned on a staff, from the wilderness came;
And Abraham rose, the tired stranger to meet,
And said: "Turn in, I pray thee, and here wash thy feet,
And tarry with me in my tent all the night,
And thou shalt rise at the morn's early light
Refreshed; on the morrow, go forth on thy way."
But the stranger made answer, and meekly said: "Nay,
But under this tree, all alone, I'll abide."
But Abraham pressed, and the stranger complied;
He turned at the bidding, and thankfully went
And sat himself down in the patriarch's tent.
Then Abraham baked him the unleavened bread,
And together did eat; but Abraham said:
"I see that thou hast not blessed the Most High,
Who created all things; pray now tell me why?"
But the stranger made answer, and said: "I ne'er claim
The God that you worship, nor call on His name;
For a God of my own I have made unto me,
Which always abides in my house, do you see,
And provides me with everything needed in life."
But Abraham's zeal was now kindled for strife;
Against the poor stranger at once he arose,
He fell upon him, and he drove him with blows
Forth into the wilderness, far, far away;
But God called to Abraham, and thus did He say:
"Abraham, where has the stranger man fled?"
And Abraham answered the Lord, then, and said:

"Lord God of the earth, he would not worship Thee,
Nor call on Thy name; which so much angered me
That I've driven him hence before my stern face,
With blows, and with stripes, to a rough desert place."
"Have I borne," said the Lord, "with that stranger so long,
These hundred and ninety-eight years in his wrong,
And nourished and clothed him as I have done thee,
Notwithstanding his stubborn rebellion toward me,
And couldst thou, who also have sinned in my sight,
Not bear with the stranger for one single night?"

## *LAWYERS AND A LAWSUIT OF THE OLD TIME.*

DIALOGUE—UNCLE BEN AND CHARLEY.

*Charley.*—Do you think, Uncle Ben, that Patrick Henry was in earnest when he said, "Give me liberty, or give me death," or was he just "gassing," as other lawyers do now?

*Uncle Ben.*—It is hard to tell, Charley; I suppose he really meant the first part of it, "Give me liberty," but as to the latter part, "Give me death," I am inclined to think that, if death had been offered, he would have preferred something else, as the man in the fable did.

As you say, lawyers are often "gassing," and it is hard to tell when they speaking their real sentiments. You know it is their trade to talk for money; and one, for the sake of a good fee, will talk away a man's life, liberty, or character, though he may be satisfied of his innocence. And another, for a like fee, will labor day and night, and shed tears like a crocodile, to save a man from the penalty of the law, when he verily believes him guilty. I have heard them talk sometimes when I thought they meant what they said, and sometimes quite the reverse. Sometimes the lawyer, upon each side, talks for money, and also to gain a reputation for oratory and sharp practice, without caring three straws how the case may go. When I was a boy, about your age, or a little older, I heard the first lawyer's pleading in a court

of justice; and, if they convinced me of nothing else, I was convinced that both were good talkers, and that both were shrewd, sharp fellows; and that is the verdict that the most of them seek from the public, more than a verdict of right from the jury.

*Charley.*—Was it a case of life or death?

*Uncle Ben.*—No, it was a very small affair; or, at least, it grew out of a small affair: a case of petty larceny, where a young woman was arraigned for stealing two ounces of indigo, worth about thirty cents; and yet it was a case of some moment. Indeed, it was of very great moment to the girl accused, as her reputation was at stake, as much as if it had been for hundreds of dollars.

*Charley.*—And did they carry that small affair into the court-house, and fee lawyers on each side, for the sake of thirty cents?

*Uncle Ben.*—Yes, indeed; for that or for something else—not an uncommon thing, either. Many a lawsuit has cost thousands of dollars, the cause or origin of which was less than one. That being my first acquaintance with lawyers, and that the first court-house I ever saw, it made an impression on the mind that has not been effaced. A young woman or girl, not much older than I was, had been indicted for stealing two ounces of indigo, which at that time was an article more in demand than it is now, for the reason that men, and women too, dressed in homespun—home-colored and home-made clothing; and instead of calico prints, the young women wore their home-made cotton dresses, striped with the red, white, and blue. The case was tried in the old limestone court-house, in Tazewell, in Claiborne County, Tennessee. The friends of the young woman—a Revolutionary family from Virginia, who had, perhaps, heard Patrick Henry in his time—employed old General Cocke (Old Jack, as he was called, who had led the First Division of Tennessee Volunteers in the War of 1812) to defend the case, and his nephew, Sterling Cocke, was prosecuting attorney for the State. The youth and beauty of the prisoner, together with the standing of her family, and also the standing of the prosecutor, contributed to make the case one of great interest in the community where they lived. The evidence, in short, was that the pris-

oner had been employed by the prosecutor, and had done one or more weeks' spinning, the lady testifying that on Saturday evening, as Miss Betsy was about to leave for home, she noticed on or about her bosom a small blue spot, and that as soon as she was gone, she went to look for her indigo, and that it was gone. This was all the evidence, except that another witness had noticed the stain of indigo on the bosom of her dress, and also what appeared to be a lump of something inside.

The theory, then, of the prosecution was that the defendant had taken the indigo from its place in the afternoon, during Mrs. G.'s absence, and had secreted it in her bosom before starting home. The defendant had no counter-evidence to produce—nothing but a simple denial and plea of not guilty, and could not account for the stain of indigo—if there was any—on her person or on her clothing. The State's attorney made but a short speech—said the case was too plain to need one—dwelt upon the good character and credibility of the witnesses; the fact that the indigo was there in the morning and gone in the evening—missed almost as soon as the defendant was gone: said it was true that the stolen article had not been traced into defendant's possession or found on her person, but that its mark or stain had been seen and noticed, and the impression of its bulk had been seen and noticed also; and that this impression and this stain had not been accounted for, and could not be, on any other hypothesis than the one claimed by the prosecution.

The counsel for the defense (Old Jack) then rose and made quite a lengthy speech, charging that a conspiracy or scheme had been formed to blast the reputation and ruin the character of an innocent, hard-working young woman, dependent upon her own labor for a support, and her own honesty for a passport through life. On cross-examination, the witness had testified that the stolen article was of the Bengal or hard kind of indigo; and the old general exhibited a small sample or lump of that kind to the jury, to show that in ordinary handling it would leave no mark or stain, either on the fingers or the clothing, rubbing it on his hands, his vest, and shirt bosom, and leaving no stain whatever. He then poured forth a

stream of invective against the conspirator or conspirators, and a stream of eloquence as to the irreparable injury that would be inflicted upon an innocent girl if the jury should, upon such evidence, render a verdict of guilty.

While he was pouring forth these strains of eloquence, for which he was noted, his nephew, young Sterling, asked him for the bit of indigo, when he had ceased to exhibit it to the jury; and, wetting and softening it with spittle, he rubbed it upon the bar, against which the old general would occasionally press his white cotton pants.

The speech went on for an hour and the process of rubbing the indigo on the bar went on also. When the orator, in his gesticulations, would recede from the bar a short distance back or to one side, the indigo was applied, only to be transferred to the white pants when the general, in his energy, would press against the bar to press more forcibly his arguments home upon the jury. Finally, in summing up the evidence and arguments, he dwelt upon the fact that about all the evidence relied on was that a stain of indigo had been seen on the defendant's person or on her clothing; "And hence," said he, "you are called upon to say that she stole some of the article. But, gentlemen of the jury, have I not shown you that if she had stolen it and put it in her bosom, as they said she did, it would not have betrayed her, for the kind of indigo stolen, or said to have been stolen, does not, in ordinary handling, leave any mark of blue whatever. This, gentlemen, I have demonstrated to you beyond a doubt."

The young attorney could contain himself no longer, and seeing that the jury were in the same situation, he interrupted his uncle by saying: "If you will examine a little closer, general, I think you will find that it has left some marks—a certain gentleman's pantaloons appear to have changed color within the last hour."

After the laugh had subsided, in which the judge could not help joining, Old Jack at once saw through the trick that had been played, and how he had been caught. But he proved equal to the emergency. Taking a new start, he went on something after the following manner:

"I told you, gentlemen of the jury, at the start, I've told

you time and again, and I tell you now, this defendant, this fair young girl, just coming into womanhood, has been the victim of some foul scheme by some foul person or persons, who have plotted and planned to rob her of everything she had upon earth, a good name—an unsullied character; and she has been called upon to explain certain things which only they themselves can explain. Witnesses have sworn that the indigo was missing; who took it? It may have been stolen or hidden by some one of the plotters. Witnesses have sworn that they saw marks of indigo upon the defendant's clothing, and we are asked how those marks came there; and I ask the same question. Perhaps they were made by some person in the plot, and made without her knowledge, as those blue stains which I now wear were made without my knowledge. Somebody can account for these blue stains being here better than I can.

"And some person or persons could explain more about that plot to stain and ruin a poor girl's character than she herself can. Yes, gentlemen of the jury, I might have stolen and carried off pounds of such indigo without receiving a stain. The fact that a person has no blue marks upon him is no proof that he never stole indigo, and the fact that he has such marks is no proof that he did. You see I have the marks, but you know I did not steal the indigo that made them. How do you know it? Because, like the conspirators in this plot against this defendant, you know how they came there; and somebody knows where the indigo is that made them. I remember, now, I saw smiles on some of your faces a while ago, that I could not then account for; but I can account for it now, and I only wonder that you did not laugh aloud. No doubt, gentlemen, that while the fair cheeks of my fair client have been bathed in tears through the long summer's day, and her pillow wet with them at night, in consequence of this indictment, somebody else has been smiling and gloating over her distress and hoped-for ruin. While she was ignorant that the stain of indigo, or the still darker stain of dishonesty, rested upon her, somebody else, who assisted in putting that stain there, would have pointed it out, and could have told how it came there.

"Gentlemen, I am thankful, truly thankful, that the illustration has been so plainly made how an innocent, unsuspecting character may be stained with the marks of guilt, and how easy it is for a plot or conspiracy to be concocted and carried out, and a train of circumstances laid that will go far to prove that white is black, or rather blue, and the innocent for a time made to appear as under a cloud of guilt, because unable to account for circumstances of which he or she had no knowledge, and which were brought about by the secret actions of others.

"Gentlemen, if I had had any doubt, before this coloring of my pantaloons, of what your verdict in this case will be, I have none now; my client will go forth acquitted of the charge of theft, under which for months she has been resting."

*Charley.*—And was she acquitted, sure enough?

*Uncle Ben.*—Yes; the State's attorney made a lengthy reply, but his evidence and his arguments were not strong enough to convict. She was acquitted, lived some time in the county, then moved to Kentucky, married, and was living there when last I heard of her; and to old General Cocke's credit be it said, he refused to receive any fee.

*Charley.*—Bully for him! But I think the girl ought to have washed his pants, if she could pay nothing more.

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## *THE MOTHER'S DYING CHARGE.*

Draw near, my son; they tell me now
That I must shortly die;
The damps of death are on my brow—
The end is surely nigh.

You soon will have no mother, John;
I'm shortly going where
Your dear departed father's gone,
And hope you'll meet us there.

It is a thorny path, my boy,
Your mother's feet have trod,
But soon 'twill end in realms of joy—
The paradise of God.

You know, my son, I've tried to lead
  Your steps in virtue's way.
God knows, my boy, I've often prayed
  That you might never stray.

Still be a good, obedient boy,
  As you have ever been,
And as you grow to man's estate,
  Shun all the paths of sin.

Shun theft, deceit, and falsehood, John;
  Shun every evil thing;
Oh, shun them, John, as you would shun
  The poisoned adder's sting!

You have your father's Bible, John,
  The word of truth divine;
Keep it, my boy, and prize it as
  The last best gift of mine.

Read it, my son; its truths believe,
  Its precepts daily try;
'Twill teach you how, my son, to live,
  'Twill teach you how to die!

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## *WHAT I SAW OF ORDER NUMBER ELEVEN.*

General Thomas Ewing's famous Order No. 11 is one amongst the memorable events of the War of the Rebellion in 1861; especially is it memorable on the western borders of Missouri. That order, which commanded and required all the citizens of three border counties, and a part of the fourth, to vacate their homes and remove into garrisoned towns, or from the military district, will ever be remembered by those citizens who were affected by its provisions. It is often spoken of and referred to, and has been much condemned by some and strenuously defended by others; and while I shall not attempt to do one or the other, I will, as plainly, concisely, and impartially as I can, describe what I saw, witnessed, and felt of its incidents, consequences, and results, without pretending to say or to know whether

the consequences would have been better or worse if that order had never been made and enforced.

For several weeks during the summer of 1863, rumors were prevalent and common in the country that such an order was in contemplation. Scouting parties of Union soldiers declared that, unless the bushwhackers ceased from their system of guerrilla warfare, and the citizens ceased from harboring, aiding, and protecting them, an order would be made to depopulate the country infested by them. The threats, however, of the soldiers on either side were not regarded by the citizens as evidence that the things threatened would be performed.

Experience has proved that, though threats of violence were often carried out, they were more often mere idle words of bravado.

That which gave more color to the rumor, and more alarmed the citizens than the threats of the common soldier, was the fact that the Union men who had taken refuge in Kansas City and Independence notified their friends in the country to hold themselves in readiness to obey the order when it came; that unless a change for the better was made in regard to guerrilla warfare, such an order would most surely be issued.

The Sni Hills in Jackson County had the name of being the principal rendezvous of those guerrillas, and threats of vengeance were more frequently made against that part of the country than any other.

In Van Buren Township, embracing a part of those Sni Hills, a meeting was called and held on the 15th of August, 1863, to take into consideration those rumors and consult as to what was the best to be done.

A committee was appointed, resolutions were drawn up, adopted, and signed by nearly all present, reciting those rumors of depopulation, and representing the great hardship and ruin it would bring upon all classes, the loyal and disloyal alike, and that in all probability the end sought would not be accomplished by it; closing with the assurance that those whose names were signed to the paper had not willingly aided, encouraged, or harbored bushwhackers in the past, and that they would not in the future; but that each one, so far as he could in

safety, would discountenance such a system of warfare, and aid in suppressing it.

It was voted by the meeting that those resolutions should be sent by a special messenger to General Ewing, at Kansas City, and I was requested to bear them. James Powers, a gentleman of the township, a Canadian by birth, who had managed to steer clear between the contending parties by claiming neutrality as a British subject, agreed to carry me to Kansas City in his ox-wagon, oxen being the only kind of team that was not liable to be appropriated to the soldier's use.

We camped near Westport on the night of the 18th of August, and drove into Kansas City the next morning, and I was shown into General Ewing's office; but he was not present, having gone to Leavenworth. Our resolutions were shown to his secretary, or chief of staff (Major Plumb, I think), and were read and criticised by him and others present; amongst whom were two or three refugees from the county who claimed to know who of the subscribers were loyal and who were not, contending that a majority were of disloyal tendencies and could not be depended upon. I remained in the office an hour or more, urging what I could in support of our resolutions and against the policy of the proposed order, the major promising to lay the paper before the general on his return. I then left the office, feeling that the mission had been a failure. From all I could see and learn in Kansas City, from friends and others, I made up my mind to prepare as well as I could for the worst and to leave home, if leave I must. I accordingly bought material to make a wagon-bed, as the only wagon I had was without one. We left for home on the afternoon of the 19th, where we arrived next evening. I was told that about 300 bushwhackers had eaten supper the evening before on the farm of Benjamin Potter, an old gentleman living three-quarters of a mile from my house. My family said some of them came there and ordered half a bushel of bread, and that other neighbors were served with the same order. It afterwards turned out that these were Quantrell and his men on their way to Lawrence. Next day I carried material to the shops to have a wagon-box made, and commenced to make other arrangements

to be better prepared to leave home, if I had it to do. In a few days the news of the tragedy at Lawrence arrived in the neighborhood, and was flashed over all the country; and on Sunday morning about forty of the retreating guerrillas passed my house, and scarcely a day passed that week but guerrillas, or Federal soldiers in pursuit of them, were seen in the neighborhood.

On Tuesday, the 25th of August, General Ewing issued his celebrated order from Kansas City, and rumor, with her thousand tongues, soon spread it over the ill-fated territory.

It was not, however, until Sunday, the 30th, that I saw in the *Missouri Republican* the document known as Order No. 11, reading as follows:

"1st. All persons living in Jackson, Cass, and Bates counties, Missouri, and in that part of Vernon included in this district, except those living within one mile of the limits of Independence, Hickman's Mill, Pleasant Hill, and Harrisonville, and except those living north of Brush Creek and west of the Big Blue, are hereby ordered to remove from their present places of residence within fifteen days from the date thereof. Those who, within that time, establish their loyalty to the satisfaction of the commanding officer of the military station nearest their present places of residence, will receive from him certificates stating the fact of their loyalty, and the names of the witnesses by whom it can be shown. All who receive such certificates will be permited to remove to any military station in the district, or to any part of the State of Kansas, except the counties on the eastern border of the State. All others shall move out of this district. Officers commanding companies and detachments serving in the counties named will see that this paragraph is promptly obeyed.

"2d. All grain and hay in the field or under shelter, in the district from which the inhabitants are required to remove, in reach of military stations, after the 9th day of September next, will be taken to such stations and turned over to the proper officers there, and report of the amount so turned over made to the district headquarters, specifying the names of all loyal owners, and the amount of such produce taken from them. All grain and hay found in

such district after the 9th of September next, not convenient to such stations, will be destroyed.

"3d. The provisions of General Order No. 10, from these headquarters, will be vigorously executed by officers commanding in parts of the district and at the stations not subject to the operations of paragraph 1st of this order, and especially in the towns of Independence, Westport, and Kansas City.

"4th. Paragraph No. 3, General Order No. 10, is revoked as to all who have borne arms against the Government in this district since the 20th of August, 1863.

"By order of Brigadier-General Ewing.

"H. HANNAH, *Adjutant.*"

I thought I had witnessed and felt the hardships and privations of civil war and martial law before, but it was reserved for this, the last week in August and the first ones in September, 1863, to teach me and others how much the human body and mind can bear up under and still survive. That 30th of August, instead of being a Sabbath of rest, was to all a busy day of care and labor, preparing to obey the stern mandate, and abandon the homes procured by many years of toil and labor, followed, too, by other days of care, toil, and anxiety.

Previous to this, if one were brought into a strait, or got into trouble or difficulty, he could appeal to some friend or neighbor for help, and the appeal was seldom made in vain. But now all were in the same strait; the same weight of sorrow and distress was pressing upon all; there was no exception, and none in our part of the district were exempt from the general hardship. Though none were well prepared to obey the order, some were much better prepared than others. But whether well or ill prepared, there was no help for it; all must go, On Monday, the last of August, a number of citizens. myself amongst the number, repaired to Pleasant Hill, in order to prove loyalty and get certificates or permits to remove to the military posts, or other parts of the district outside the doomed or proscribed territory.

Captain John Ballinger, of the 1st Regiment of the Missouri State Militia, was commanding the post, and to him was assigned the duty of taking proof of loyalty and granting certificates; but he had not yet been furnished

with instructions from Gen. Ewing as to the manner or mode of proceeding, and after waiting till late in the afternoon, we returned home; a day of valuable time lost. I that day made up my mind to move to the post at Pleasant Hill and run the risk of getting permission afterward. My brother and I, having the promise of a house in the suburbs of the town, agreed to occupy it together with our families; and the next morning I started with a load of household articles to that place. About half way I was overtaken by a messenger sent by my family to apprise me that my brother had changed his purpose, and was going to Clay County; and further, that it would not be safe for me to attempt moving to Pleasant Hill, as the bushwhackers would not permit me to do so. I accordingly turned back, and the same evening took my load to Wm. F. Snow's, a brother-in-law, in Johnson County; and the next day hauled another load into Lafayette, as also did my neighbors, John Cave, David Hunter, and Thos. Bradley; which articles we stored away in the house, the barn, and the yard of a Mr. Galloway, near the present town of Odessa. During the whole of this week my neighbors and the citizens generally were removing necessary articles out of the county to places where they would be in some degree safe, until they could find a temporary home to which they could be removed. Having moved out two loads, I loaned my wagon and oxen to a brother-in-law and a son-in-law to get a load each of their goods away from the ill-fated county.

On Saturday, September 5th, I repaired again to Pleasant Hill, and had no difficulty in getting a certificate of loyalty, which would authorize me to go to any part of the country, outside the three counties of Jackson, Cass, and Bates. I also assisted some others in getting certificates of like character, and returned home in better spirits than I had enjoyed for several days, and had a better night's sleep than I had had for a week before, not even dreaming of what was in store for me, and the sorrow and suffering I was to witness and to bear the next day.

I had resolved now to cross over the line into Johnson County and stop in the vicinity of Basin Knob, about five or six miles from home, from which place I could

occasionally see to my farm and what was left upon it, and removed things at my leisure. But it was not to be. Most of my neighbors were gone, or were going that day, as I also intended to do. I had but one wagon and one yoke of oxen with which to move my own family, my son-in-law, Wm. C. Tate, and his, and such bedding and clothing as we could carry with that one team.

On the morning of the 6th of September, as we were making arrangements to leave, a squad of soldiers of the Kansas 9th Regiment came suddenly upon us, making prisoners of me, my son Isaac, and my son-in-law, informing us that we must go with them to where Col. Clark was stopping, on the Roupe farm, a mile or more away. They also had taken David Hunter, my near neighbor, and brought him along. We set out, hoping that under the circumstances we would not be detained long. As we neared the residence of old Mr. Hunter, his grandson, Andrew Ousley, a youth of 17, rode up to see about the arrangement for moving, and he, too, was taken into custody. The old gentleman, about 75 years of age, was not molested. A very short distance further, at the house of John S. Cave, he and his brother-in-law, Wm. Hunter, were added to the number; and a hundred yards further on, Benjamin Potter, 75 years of age, was met and also taken in charge. Eight of us now were marched on three-quarters of a mile to the place of encampment. Here Col. Clark, who had been scouting the country ever since the Lawrence massacre, met us and took down the name of each prisoner, and then retired into the underbrush near by, where some of his men were stationed, and we were permitted to sit down by the fence.

When first taken, I had shown the captain the certificate that Captain Ballinger had given me the day before; none of the others had any.

In a short time the colonel returned, and asked me which of the other persons was my son; and seeing that one of his young men had appropriated my son's hat to his own use, in a menacing manner he bade him restore it. He retired again; and Barney Dempsy, an acquaintance of all, who was acting as pilot to the company, came and spoke a few friendly words, and left. During all this time, neither the officers nor any of the men spoke a

harsh or menacing word to any of us. Captain Coleman, who had first taken us prisoners, then came to me and said: "*You will take your son and travel.*" These words but more particularly the manner in which they were, spoken, gave me the first alarm as to any real danger to any of the party. We immediately left as commanded, leaving our friends and neighbors behind, never to see them in life again; for in a very short time after reaching home, the report of several guns in quick succession alarmed us still more. I, however, persuaded myself, and tried to persuade the alarmed and distressed families, that it might be the soldiers shooting fowls on the Roupe farm for their breakfast. They would not, however, be so persuaded, and Miss Jane Cave heroically repaired to the spot, and found the company gone and the six prisoners all dead, some of them pierced with many balls.

About the time that this sad word was brought to us, another regiment, I believe the 11th Missouri, passed on its way to Kansas City, bringing to me more of disappointment and distress. I had made arrangement with my sister in Johnson County, and her husband, Wm. F. Snow, if I left the country, for them to receive my aged mother into their family, and they were expected to send after her that day. But the regiment had him along as a prisoner.

Though a strong Union man, some of their scouts, by representing themselves as bushwhackers, had so alarmed him that, like many others, to escape them he had said something that condemned him in the eyes of the Union soldiers, and they came very near taking his life, and carried him to Kansas City, where he remained for several months. Of neighbors left in the county, there were none that I knew of, except the families of the men who had just been killed. Nobody was left to bury them but me and my son and my old neighbor, Mr. Hunter.

As soon as the last body of soldiers were gone, we repaired to the scene of death, to perform as well as we could the sad rites of sepulture. We found them on or near the spot where I had left them. Two of them appeared to have been shot as I left them, sitting by the fence, and the others but a few feet away. It was a sad and hurried burial, such as I hope never to see again.



WM. C. TATE.

See pages ~~118, 331, 260 and 262.~~ 112 247 248 366

It was the desire to get away before another night should close on us. A grave was dug, and the fallen friends were laid side by side, in their bloody clothes; blankets spread over them and covered with earth.

I had witnessed many burials, but this, I thought, was the saddest of them all. My aged friend and neighbor, at the age of three score and fifteen, helping me with his own hands to lay his two sons, his only sons, his grandson and son-in-law, with two other relatives (one of whom was my son-in-law), in the rude and shallow grave that our own hands had dug for them.

It may, perhaps, be asked why or for what cause this bloody tragedy was enacted; why it was that these men were killed, and that I was spared. They were all quiet, peaceable citizens; none of them had borne arms against the Government, except David Hunter a few days at the very first, at Camp Holloway, and he had afterward done duty in the enrolled militia. True, they were all Southern men and Southern sympathizers; and some of them had sons in the Southern army. I thought then, and still think, the principal cause was that Quantrell and his raiders, on their way to Lawrence, stopped and ate supper on the Potter farm, and that some of these men visited them while they were getting that supper.

The burial over, with heavy hearts we left the spot—a spot that I can never visit without the saddest reflections; and on which the friends have erected a plain marble shaft, that tells a part of the tale that I have been telling. We left the hastily buried friends, to make a hasty preparation for leaving them in their lonely sleep. Even while we were burying the dead, the women and children were loading up and making ready to leave. The events of the morning had disarranged all our plans, rendering it impossible to drive off any of our live stock with us. Cattle, sheep, and hogs were left behind, besides many other things abandoned to go to waste and destruction. The growing crop of corn, corn in the crib, wheat in the granary and in the stack—all left behind. The soldiers, in passing, had thrown down the fence, and rode through the orchard, helping themselves to apples and peaches, and we had no time or inclination to put the fencing up, knowing that it would not remain up.

Late in the afternoon such preparations as could be made in the time were made, and we all set off together. Our company consisted of John Hunter and his aged companion, and single daughter; his son David's wife and child; his son William's wife, and several children; his daughter, Nancy Cave, and her lately orphaned children; his daughter, Mrs. Ousley (whose husband fell in the Confederate army, and whose oldest son had fallen that morning), and her five remaining children; Benjamin Potter's daughter, and three of his grandchildren; also a married daughter of Mrs. Cave (whose husband, Jacob Bennett, was in Ohio), and her two children; myself and six children, besides my widowed daughter and her three children, and my aged mother. As we were preparing to leave, a neighboring lady from Johnson County, Mrs. Fulkerson (who is the sister to our present Senator Cockerell), came along with a wagon (for ladies drove wagons then), and she took my mother home with her that night, and sent her to my sister Snow's the next day, for which act of kindness, at such a time, my gratitude will live as long as I shall live. We crossed the county line and left the county of our choice a little before sunset, and passed the night on the open prairie, southwest of Chapel Hill. My own reason, as well as the suggestions of friends, convinced me that my life was now in more danger than it had yet been. The country was full of bushwhackers, some of them the personal friends of the men who had been killed in the morning; I had been taken with them; my life had been spared because I was a Union man; theirs had been taken because they were not, and retaliation was common on each side. It was plain that I must go as my friends and neighbors did, or not go at all. I felt assured that if I abandoned them and sought a place of shelter and security, by taking some other road, my life would pay the forfeit; nor did I wish to abandon them, so long as I could be of service to those who were now so much in need of help. I had two sons, one eighteen and one fourteen years old, able to drive and handle teams, while some of the others had none. Next day we resumed our journey; passed Chapel Hill and Mount Hope, and camped at night near William Hall's, near Little Sni, and

where we overtook or fell in with several of our neighbor acquaintances, who were also encamped there. Here Mr. Hunter and some of the others concluded to remain in camp a few days, and look round for shelter. I left them; and with my family and my daughter's went on, and crossed the river at Lexington, intending to seek a home in Ray or Clay County.

During those two or three days I saw much of the incidents and the fruits of Order No. 11. Before and behind was seen the long, moving train of sorrowing exiles: wagons and vehicles of every shape and size and of all kinds, drawn by teams of every sort, except good ones; a cloud of dust rising from the road almost the whole day, while ever and anon we would meet a neighbor going back to get away a few more of the necessaries of life before that 9th of September should come; and the further we proceeded, the greater became the moving column of wretched fugitives. On every road that led eastward from the county of Jackson came the moving mass of humanity, seeking an asylum they knew not where; some driving their flocks and herds along with them; others, again, as I was, with nothing but a makeshift of a wagon and team—some not even that. Women were seen walking the crowded and dusty road, carrying in a little bundle their all, or at least all that they could carry. Others, again, driving or leading a cow or a skeleton horse, with a bundle or pack fastened upon it, or a pack-horse, on which the feebler members of the family rode by turns.

The ferry-boat at Lexington, a substantial steamer, was kept busy from morning till night conveying the banished ones to the north of that turbid stream; and perhaps that ferryman saw more of the exodus than any other one man; and the owners of that ferry-boat, perhaps, realized a greater profit from that Order No. 11 than anybody else, except those persons who appropriated to their own use what the citizens, for want of transportation, left behind them. The number which crossed at Lexington—great as that number was—was but a small part of those who, under the operations of that Order No. 11, were made homeless, and scattered, as it were, to the four winds. Some crossed above and some below; some

went west into Kansas and Nebraska; some stopped in Johnson, Lafayette, Henry, and other counties further east; some went to Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, and other States.

Another trouble and difficulty with those fugitives was to get permission to stop and locate in places of their own choosing. The Federal authorities and the Union citizens of other counties argued that if the loyal element of Jackson, Cass, and Bates repaired, as they were permitted to do, to Kansas and to the military posts, and the disloyal ones, who, it was said, had harbored and aided bushwhackers, and on whose account the order had been made, repaired in such numbers to other counties, the same state of things would soon take place there; and the provost-marshal and the Federal authorities were importuned, day after day, for permission to stop in Lafayette, Johnson, and other counties. Those who had certificates of loyalty, as prescribed by the order, had no difficulty in getting permits, and many others, who could establish a reputation for honesty, quietness, and good citizenship, were also granted permits to stop; while others took their chances and stopped without permission, and were suffered to remain during good behavior.

Of the several families in whose company I left home, old Mr. Hunter and family, Mrs. Cave and hers, Mrs. Ousley and hers, and Wm. Hunter's family stopped in the eastern part of Lafayette. David Hunter's wife and her father's (Mr. Potter's) family went on to Indiana, and Mrs Bennett and her children went to her husband in Ohio, and from there to Wisconsin.

After crossing the river at Lexington, we were met by another discouragement. Notices or proclamations were posted up by the roadside, forbidding all persons banished from the counties south of the river, to stop in the county of Ray, without permission from the military authorities of that county; and I was told that it was the same in other counties further north.

The hundreds or thousands who crossed the river at Lexington worked their weary way in different directions, on different roads. Some turned westward into Clay County, some east into Carroll, Chariton, Howard, Boone,

and others; while some took the northern road to Caldwell and Clinton, or still further north.

It has been said that misery loves company. If so, the miserable ones had enough of it then; scarcely any one was so poorly provided with the means of transportation but some other would be met or passed who was as poorly provided, or even worse off than himself.

We crossed the Missouri on Tuesday, the 8th of September; and the next day, having joined company with Wm. C. Estes, Moses Bailey, and my brother, E. N. Rice, all of Cass County, we arrived in Richmond, and repaired to the office of the post commander, Major King, a son, I think, of Austin A. King, our then member in Congress. Estes and I had certificates given by Ballinger, and upon these certificates and our statements as to the character of the other members of our company, we were all given permission to stop anywhere in Ray or Clay counties; but the next thing was to find a place of shelter to stop in. The country was full of refugees seeking shelter and homes, and empty houses were hard to find. Estes and Bailey had friends and relatives in Clay, and they proceeded on there. I and my brother parted company with them on the 10th, near Elkhorn, and proceeded toward Knoxville.

While thus moving slowly along in quest of a stopping-place, I was both vexed and amused at the way in which I saw we were looked upon by some good people of Ray. It was something hard to buy feed for our poor team, so fearful were they of giving aid and comfort to the enemies of the Government. One good man said he had no corn or cabbage to sell, and if he had, he would not sell to us. Another said he had corn plenty, and for me to help myself to it; but refused to set a price, as he said he was not allowed to sell to rebels.

On Friday afternoon we stopped at a Baptist church, south of Knoxville, and I set out to seek a place of shelter. I found near by an old school-mate that I had not seen since about 1827, in the person of Alfred Kinkaid, who gave me some friendly directions; and next evening we were fortunate enough to get into a small house with two small rooms; three families of us together, but we were thankful for the accommodation; and my gratitude to Mr.

Reuben Holman has not died out yet. Here we remained together until my brother found another cabin for himself and family, and there I remained during the winter.

It may be asked whether the order prohibited us from going back to our homes and bringing away the goods left behind us. I do not know that the order in express terms either permitted or prohibited it; but to some extent it was done by those who dared to venture back into what very properly might have been called "the dark and bloody ground"; and I must say that the authorities were more lenient in carrying out the order than the general was in making it. The clause which declared that all grain and hay at a distance from garrisons should be destroyed, I think was never carried out.

About a week after locating on Crooked River in Ray County, I and my brother and daughter (Mrs. Tate) returned to the vicinity of Mount Hope (Odessa) and carried to our temporary home what goods we had stored there; and about a week later I and my daughter returned to Chapel Hill and obtained hers.

About the first of November I returned with my son and daughter to my farm and collected together as many of our cattle and hogs as were not too wild and unruly to drive, and drove them out of the doomed and wasting territory; sold the hogs near Lexington, and drove the cattle to Ray. On all of these trips I saw men in arms, on each side; the guerrillas by twos and threes, and the Union soldiers in larger bodies; but fortunately, I was not molested by either party. Many other refugees, also, ventured back as I did, to seek and to save some of the necessaries of life. Most of those who did so were women and small boys, they being less liable to suffer violence than men.

When I arrived in sight of my home, after leaving it under such disagreeable circumstances, I was agreeably surprised to meet with some of the women and boys that I had left in company with on that memorable 6th of September. Some of Mr. Hunter's, Cave's, and Ousley's families were there for the purpose of driving off the live stock that had been abandoned or left behind. And again I was, perhaps, of some help to them, and I know they

were a great help to me, as we drove our stock off together.

Those who have never witnessed a similar scene can not realize how lonely and how desolate everything appeared. While the presence of domestic animals, the crowing of domestic fowls, would indicate that the country was inhabited, everything else spoke of desolation and ruin. Dogs appeared to have transformed themselves into wolves; a calf had been killed in my door-yard and they were feasting upon its body.

The winter passed, and the scattered exiles banished by Order No. 11, though exempted from many of the alarms and anoyances to which they had been subjected at home by the depredations of men in arms and the bloody deeds of violence so often occurring, were nevertheless exiles and sojourners in a land of strangers, and away from the scenes of former happiness and cherished homes, which they could not and did not wish to forget.

In March, 1864, General Brown, then in command of the district, issued another general order, which was also numbered 11, proclaiming that loyal men and families, by making proof of loyalty and getting permits from commanding officers at certain posts, might return to their homes. A limited number did so, and returned with much fear and trembling; but by far the greater number felt that it would be unsafe to trust themselves back again where they had experienced so much of bitter partisan strife and so many scenes of blood, and where some had personal and political enemies. Only a few families returned to any neighborhood and in some localities none. On the 5th of April, with my family, including my daughter and her children, I arrived at my home, having been absent seven months. Enough corn and wheat remained unconsumed to subsist on until a crop could be made; some few hogs were also left. My farm, too, remained, the buildings and fencing much less damaged than I had expected. Such, however, was not the case with all; for hundreds of farms, or at least the buildings and fencing upon them, in the western part of the county and on the large prairies, were entirely consumed by the prairie fires of the preceding autumn. Some, on their return, found nothing but the naked land—build-

ings, orchards, fences all gone. Of those neighbors who left in company with me, none returned until the war was nearly over and tranquility was partially restored. They all, however, ultimately returned; some of them are now living on their former homes. Old Mr. Hunter, now in his 94th year, the oldest man in the township, and with one or two exceptions the oldest man in the county, is still alive (1882), on his old farm, on which he located in 1836 His daughter, Mrs. Cave, owns a part of it and lives there also, and Mrs. Ousley is on her former home. My then nearest neighbor, Jacob Bennett, who was in Ohio when the order was promulgated, and whose family left with us, is still my nearest neighbor, each of us on the same farm occupied before the war. When he read, while in Ohio, the famous Order No. 11 (issued by one of Ohio's favored sons), requiring that all persons in Jackson County should leave it, and knowing, as he did, how hard it would be to get transportation, and unwilling to trust himself back in a country from which he had fled to avoid compulsory service on one or the other side of the struggle, he employed a brother-in-law to start at once and convey his family to him in Ohio. I met with that gentleman quite recently, and had from his own lips an account of what he saw and witnessed of Order No. 11 while on that errand; which account, or a synopsis of it, I give, in connection with my own, as near as I can in his own language. Speaking of the occurences of the 6th of September, he said:

"I came very near being with you in that tragedy, and if I had been left to myself and had had my own way, no doubt would have been.

"When my brother-in-law employed me to repair to Missouri and escort his wife and children to him in Ohio, I obtained from the military authorities at Cleveland papers of protection that would pass me safely through the Federal lines to Missouri. Arriving at Hamilton, on the Hannibal & St. Joe Railroad, I obtained passage to Lexington; and on arriving there, and even before, the effects and the consequences of Order No. 11 were apparent in the moving masses of wretched fugitives. The roads were full of them, and the ferry-boat was crowded with them, passing to the north of the river; and the streets of the town

were scarcely ever clear of them. I arrived in Lexington on Friday, the 4th, intending to go to Lone Jack the next day, make my preparations on Sunday, and start back on Monday; but Providence ordered otherwise. On going to the office of the provost of the place, whose name I think was Johnson, and telling him my business and asking for a passport to your part of the country, he told me he could give me what I asked for, but that it would do me no good; and he dissuaded me from what he called the foolhardy attempt to reach Lone Jack at that time. 'The country,' said he, 'up there is full of guerrillas, and a Federal passport in your pocket would insure your death from them. Besides, there are numerous scouting parties of Union soldiers, and you will not know one from the other, and will not be able to tell whose company you are in, as they are so much in the habit of playing off on the citizens and on strangers.'

"I told him that mine was an urgent case of necessity; that I had come for my sister-in-law and her family; the time was short; that she could not remain long where she was, and that in a few days I would not know where to find her; and that though my path might be full of danger, I must pursue that path. After a few more dissuasions, he gave me the required pass, and I left the office to seek some mode of conveyance. In a short time I met the provost on the street, and he again cautioned me as to the danger I was running into. I asked him if he thought, in the event of my going on, I stood an *even* chance for life. 'No,' said he, 'not one chance in fifty. The country is full of our enemies; this town is full of spies, who give them information. Your business here is already known. You are a Northern man, and hence obnoxious to the guerrilas. You are attempting to retrieve those who by our men are regarded as rebels, and hence an object of suspicion by them. And again, a man of your appearance and on your business is reasonably supposed to have money with him; and there are men in our army and in our service, as well as on the other side, who, when from under the eye of their officer, would murder you for five dollars or less. Take my advice,' said he, 'and remain here. There are citizen refugees passing to and from that neighborhood almost

every day. You can send word to your sister that you are here prapared to take her to her husband, and she will find some way to get here; and then you will be in no danger. She can come to you, when you cannot go to her.'

"In a few minutes I met your neighbor, Mr. Ambers Graham, and he told me he was well acquainted with Mr. Bennett and wife, and could send her word immediately, and that he knew she would hail the news with joy and come at once. I accordingly took the advice given, and remained in Lexington and vicinity some days; and while there I experienced more of the horrors of war than I had done in all the years of the war in Ohio. A constant stream of emigrants or fugitives—men, women, and children were constantly passing through the town and down to the ferry-boat; and I spent hours in assisting women and children who had no man with them down the steep river bank and onto the ferry-boat, with their crazy vehicles and their few cattle and sheep; and heard them hurriedly recount their sufferings and hardships during the war, and of this, the greatest hardship of all. A Mr. Shaw, a short distance south of town, who was acquainted in your vicinity, having heard of me and my mission, sent me an invitation to make his house my home until Mrs. Bennett arrived, which I did; and on the first night had an experience which I suppose was common at that time in your part of the country. About nine or ten o'clock, the house was surrounded by about twenty men, supposed, but not certainly known, to be guerrillas, and Mr. Shaw was called for. After some remonstrance from me and another gentleman present, he went out; but the men, whoever they were, had encountered a negro man, who informed them that there were several men in the house well armed, and when Mr. Shaw went out they were in the act of leaving.

"In the forenoon of Monday, I, as well as the whole town, was startled with the news of the tragedy at Lone Jack, and learned that my sister-in-law's father, her two uncles, a cousin, and two other near neighbors and relatives had been killed; and later in the day, that Mrs. Bennett, in company with you and the other survivors, was on the way to Lexington—and the rest you know."

Taking up the thread of my narrative now where I left off: It was about twelve o'clock, on Monday, when near Mount Hope, we met my neighbor, Jacob Yankee, whose farm joined mine on the north, who informed Mrs. Bennett that her brother-in-law was at Lexington waiting for her, and that he was prepared to escort her to her husband. My neighbor had heard, before meeting us, of the bloody scenes of the day before, and was very much distressed. I thought he had left with his family on Saturday, but such was not the case; he had left with a load of goods himself, to convey them to a home that he had secured near Lexington, but his wife, with a niece, was yet at home, the only persons then remaining in that part of the county; and he was returning alone to carry them to a place of more security. Weighed down with anxiety on their account, as well as fear for his own safety, he then and there appealed to Mrs. Bennett to return with him as a kind of life-guard (as women were called in those days), men thinking that their lives would be more secure if accompanied by women and children; promising that if she would do so, he would then carry her and hers to where her brother-in-law was in waiting, and assist her in taking care of or shipping her property to Ohio. She accordingly returned with him to his home, where they arrived late in the afternoon, and found Mrs. Yankee and her niece in their loneliness, entirely ignorant of all that occurred in the vicinity during the last forty-eight hours, not having seen a single person since Saturday. That lady afterwards told me that she and her niece spent that Sunday and part of Monday in removing farming and other implements, a large lot of pine and other lumber, and other articles stored in the barn, as well as some things from the dwelling, to a safe distance away, so that in the event of those buildings being burned, as she expected would be done, that all would not be burned together. And so it was with almost all of us; we left our homes with the expectation that when we should return (if ever we did) they would be in ashes; and with many such was the case. I have given this imperfect sketch, not as a history of that celebrated order and its varied incidents in those three counties, but only as a remembrance of what I saw of that order and its conse-

quences; and as much as I saw and suffered, others may have seen and suffered much more; and all, perhaps, will concur in saying that this was one of the dark pages in their life's history.

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## *A TALK OF THE OLDEN TIME IN INDEPENDENCE.*

BY CRAZY BEN.

'Twas an autumn's eve, and he sat there alone,
On the court-house steps of the gray limestone;
And slowly and sadly his eyes would turn
From side to side, as if to discern
Some wished-for site—some well-known ground—
A spot long sought, but not yet found.

So piteous he looked, as he sat there alone,
You'd have said every joy of his life had flown;
His hair was gray, and his cheeks were thin,
And the furrows were deep where the rose had been;
His trembling limbs, too, plainly spoke
The sufferings caused by the palsy-stroke.
And there, as he sat on the steps of stone,
Unknowing, as it seemed, and all unknown,
He heeded them not—the jest and the laugh;
But resting his hands on a well-worn staff,
He earnestly gazed on the by-passing face,
As though he were seeking some feature to trace;
And his head he would shake, as the face he would scan,
As though he had said, "It can't be the man."
He gazed upon all, and he spake unto none,
But muttered to himself, or an unseen one.
He would sometimes weep, he would smile or frown;
I listened to his words, and I penned them down:

Let us sit here now, on this stone, *Old Ben;*
We will talk a while of the long past *then*,
For to talk of the past is an old man's bliss;
But tell me first, what town is this?
Independence, you say? You are surely wrong;

Have I been away from my home so long
As not to remember a single street,
A single house, or a face that I meet?
Then tell me where did the court-house stand?
Right here, do you say? and this edifice grand
Has taken its place – how queer! how queer!
Aladdin, with his lamp, must have been here,
And changed the village I one time knew
To a town so large, with a railroad through!
'Tis a landscape new, and 'tis strangely drawn,
And the men and the things that I knew are gone.

Ah! don't you remember it now, Old Ben,
How we and some others came here, and when—
At the time we moved to wild frontier,
And worked the road from the Blue Mills here?
Oh, yes, I know you remember it yet;
I think of it oft, and I can't forget;
'Twas a frontier town, and the stumps then stood
Where the trees had grown in the grand old wood;
And if this is the same old public square,
I remember it well; just across over there,
At the northeast corner, in its grandeur, stood
The tavern, then kept by old Uncle Wood;*
And a small yellow house, north side of the square,
And Lucas and Kavanaugh sold goods there;
While Sam C. Owens (you remember him, Ben)
Was selling at the southwest corner then;
Mose Wilson on the west, on the south Flournoy—
These were the merchants here then, old boy.

In front of us there, on the south of the street,
A dram-shop stood, with the sign "RETREAT";
And if every place where vice lies hid
Would give us a warning, as that one did,
And we should retreat from the danger there,
Perhaps we'd escape from many a snare.
But different meanings we ofttimes find
To the self-same word; and many were inclined
To repair to that house, on the south of the street,
From sorrow and toil as a pleasant retreat.

* Smallwood Noland.

Ah, yes! we must own to the truth, Old BEN,
*We* entered that grocery dram-shop then;
'Twas the first house here, in the town, you know,
That received our feet in the long ago.

But where, O where is that dram-shop, Ben,
And where are the faces we saw here then?
You remember Jim Reynolds (the bar-keeper's name),
And the trick that was played with the landlord's game;
But where is he now? Dead! dead! did you say?
And the men that we saw there have all passed away.
What year was that, did you ask? Let me see—
'Twas the fall of the year, in the year thirty-three,
At the time that the Mormons were driven away,
And crossed o'er the river and settled in Clay.
Oh, yes; I know you remember it well—
A short time before those meteors fell,
When it seemed to the wondering—scared ones all—
That every *star* from the heavens would fall.

It's been a long time; but it sometimes seems
As if but a night of troublesome dreams,
From which I awake as from off a hard bed,
To find that my youth and my manhood have fled;
To find that of all that I knew here then
Not one can I see but you, Old *Ben*.

Sam Owens was killed, did you say? what for?
Killed! oh, yes; in the Mexican War.
Sam Lucas is gone, and good Kavanaugh too,
Flournoy and Wilson—how sad and how true!
Hicks, Chiles, and Brazael, the lawyers, 'tis said,
Have all passed away—all, all of them dead!
And the Governor, Boggs, lies lowly in death,
With Baker, the hatter, and Modie, the smith.
All, all of them gone, the rich and the poor,
And places that knew them will know them no more.
All these, and hundreds of others beside,
The old pioneers, have gone with the tide;
Borne away by the stream resistless in force,
The River of Death, in its swift onward course.

Oh, what are the changes that Time has not made
Since first I came here to work at my trade!

In fancy, I see my shop, east of the square—
I sought it to-day, but no shop is now there;
I sought for the house where Matilda and I
So happily lived in the seasons gone by;
I sought it in vain; oh, Ben, 'twas in vain!
That house and Matilda I'll ne'er see again.
Oh, Ben! *Old Ben!* can you not call to mind,
When leaving my home and Matilda behind,
With her three little children—ah, woe to that day!
Far, far to the west, I wandered away?
Like the prodigal son, all reckless I went,
And like him I lived until all had been spent.
And now I am here to find everything changed;
The past seems a dream, my mind is deranged;
In pity, in mercy, oh, tell me, Old Ben!
Shall I ever more meet with *Matilda* again?
Dead! dead! did you say? of a broken heart died
Full thirty years since. In the grave let me hide—
My griefs and my sorrows be buried with me.
But my son, little George,—oh, say, where is he?
Grew up, you say, a most promising youth—
You falter, Old Ben—just tell me the truth;
Ah! fell in the great Civil War, do you say?
Then where, oh, where is my dear daughter, May?
By the side of her mother, twenty years has she lain,
By consumption, relentless destroyer, slain!
Oh, Ben, I'm bereft, alone, all alone!
My hopes are all blasted, my treasures have flown;
My life is a burthen, beneath which I bow;
There's nothing on earth to detain me here now.
What, what do you say? little Mary alive?
And can she and does she those others survive?
That wee little darling that hung on the breast
Of a mother when I wandered off to the West;
That dear little baby, you say, is alive—
Don't smile at me, Ben—she's full thirty-five;
But tell me, do tell me, where now does she live?
And can she and will she a father forgive?
In the name of her mother, my pardon declare,
And bid me to hope for a meeting *up there?*
Then let me go forward, no danger can daunt—
She lives in the country, you say, with an aunt,

My good brother's widow —oh, what have you said!
I had but one brother—and he, too, is dead?
Oh, Death! cruel Death! how busy you've been
Since I went away in my folly and sin!
The friends of my youth are all passing away,
And alone in my darkness I'm standing to-day.

But who is that, Ben, that is passing us now;
With a good, honest face and a high, manly brow?
I surely have found an acquaintance at last—
Tell me, Old Ben, was it John R. that passed?
Not him, do you say! who can it be then?
Who else can it be, if it's not Swearingen?
His son! ah, indeed! do tell me the truth;
If it's Bird, then I knew him when he was a youth.
Not Bird! Is he dead, and his father also?
And this man, you say, is a younger son, Joe;
And he, like his father, in penmanship skilled,
Is filling the office his father once filled.
But tell me, Old Ben, has he the same skill
That his father, John, had with the gray goose-quill?
But the goose-quill pen, since you say it, I know
Has gone out of fashion a long time ago.
But is Josey as ready and quick with a pen?
Can he talk while he writes, as his father did then?
And is he a Whig, as his father before?
But now I remember that party's no more.

How everything changes! But who is that there?
It seems as if I had seen him somewhere.
'Tis Lucas, you say; oh, Ben, it can't be!
That can't be the general, Samuel D.,
Whose features are yet in my memory plain,
For I served under him in the Mormon campaign.

'Tis Charley, you say; and the general's gone;
Generations pass off, and others come on.
But is Charles as polite and as affable, Ben,
As, you must remember, his father was then?

You say 'bout the same, and he has his rewards;
He holds the same office, and keeps the records;
Those old ancient records I would like to see, Ben,
Which the general wrote with his goose-quill pen.

There's an old book of marriages there, I'll be bound!
Where the names of Matilda and Ben may be found.

And now, while I think of it, tell, if you can,
Where is that preacher, that pious, good man,
Not gifted with learning nor gifted in gab,
Who married us then, plain, honest JOAB?

Ah, yes! I remember, we'll see him no more;
Long since he moved off to the Oregon shore,
There finished the work by the Master assigned,
Departed and left us his record behind.

But who is that standing up there by the door?
I think I have seen those features before—
BOB RICKMAN, you say; is it possible, Ben,
I've met one at last that I knew here then?
But, oh, how he's changed! his head is now hoar;
I first saw him, Ben in the year thirty-four.
He ran for the State Legislature, you know,
'Gainst Noland, and Jeffries, and Richard Fristoe;
But they are all gone, and he is here still,
Descending, like me, Life's western side-hill.

Sad relics, Old Ben, are we of the past,
Last leaves on the tree, awaiting the blast
That shall bear us to earth, and hurry us on
To mingle with those who before us have gone.
He is passing us by—speak to him, you say?
No, no! not at present, but some other day;
Let me sit here alone, unknown, on this spot;
So long I've been gone, he remembers me not;
And perhaps there are none who knew me here then,
Would claim an acquaintance with OLD CRAZY BEN.

But who is that, walking along in such pain—
That crippled man hobbling along with a cane?
He looks at me now as if he would know
Whether he ever had seen me or no;
His face is familiar to me, and it seems
As one long departed, who comes back in dreams;
REUBEN HARRIS—oh, yes! I thought it might be;
But he, too, is changed; and yet it is he.

Dame Fortune has been unkind unto him,—
Enfeebled in body and crippled in limb,
He totters along, as you see that he does,
And seems but the shadow of what he once was.
I remember the first time I saw him, Old Ben,
And he was assessing the revenue then;
An officer true of the country was he,
For he ran against Watkins and beat him by three.
How great are life's changes,—how many since then!
He's a poor cripple now, and I'm CRAZY BEN.

I think of those things in the days long ago,
I'm thinking of friends in the grave lying low;
My memory runs, and it scarce ever lags—
I think of the Staytons, the Irvins, and Greggs,
Of Davis, and Lewis, and Anderson, too,
Of Majors, and Staples, and Parson, Fitzhugh,
The Powells, the Bakers, the Webbs, and the Kings—
A long list of names, and hundreds of things;
My mind so beclouded still backward is drawn,
I think of those things, but alas! they are gone.

Where do I live, is that what you ask?
To answer that question is no easy task;
I'm houseless, I'm homeless, no board and no bed,
And, like the great Master, no place for my head.
From place unto place I wandering go,
And where I shall sleep to-night, I don't know;
I think they're discussing that question in there—
The county court judges—I hear that they are;
And when 'tis decided, you'll know it, *Old Ben*,
And where I'm to go, and the *how* and the *when*.
The county, they say, has a farm somewhere,

And I hear they are talking of sending me there;
In plainer words yet—to the poor-house, Ben.
Oh! who would have thought of such a thing, when,
In the morning of life, with the garland of truth,
I came to this town in the bloom of my youth;
When here with Matilda I lived at my ease,
And contracted my habits of ill by degrees!

And now let me say but a word to the boys—
A word to the youth who are seeking for joys,

And seeking life's dangers and sorrows to shun:
Do not in the path of the sinful ones run;
Take heed, young man, take heed to your feet.
Beware of that house with the sign "RETREAT";
Retreat, retreat from the gay salooon,
Or the night may come before it is noon!

And now, Old Ben, let me say farewell
To the place where Matilda and I did dwell;
Farewell to the town, farewell to the place!
I soon will have run life's changing race,—
The doors of the poor-house soon will close
And shut me up with my griefs and woes;
And when from its gates I am borne again,
'Twill be the last of OLD CRAZY BEN!

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## *RUTH AND NAOMI.*

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"My daughters, Ruth and Orpah, list to Naomi now:
We stand on Moab's border, on Nebo's eastern brow;
*Your* country lies behind us, *my* country lies before;
I'm going there, dear daughters, and I'll return no more.
The Lord, I hear, has visited the nation that he led
Up from the land of Egypt, and given his people bread.
Ten years have passed, and bitterly the Lord hath dealt with me—
No longer now Naomi, but Marah let me be;
I came out full of good things, in Moab to sojourn,
But I have been afflicted, and empty I return.
My daughters, Ruth and Orpah, a sorrowful adieu!
Like me, you've borne affliction, and you are widowed too.
Return unto your country, to where your mothers dwell,
And in your mothers' dwelling, may God reward you well;
Requite you for your kindness to me and to the dead,
And give you other husbands in your Hebrew husbands' stead.

"Say not, my weeping daughters, that you will go with me
Unto my land and people; it ought not so to be.

Turn, turn again, my daughters; no other sons have I,
That you can take for husbands, either now or by and by;
And even should I have children, say, would you tarry then,
And wait for them as husbands, till they were grown to men?
Nay, nay, my loving daughters; for your sakes I'm grieving sore,
That the hand of God's against me, and may be evermore."

Then Orpah kissed Naomi, and sorrowing did go;
But what became of Orpah the world will never know.

To Ruth then spake Naomi: "Your sister-in-law has gone
Back to her gods and people, and the grave of Chilion.
Return thou after Orpah unto your native land;
I would not be a burden upon my daughter's hand."

But Ruth, the Moabitess, by faith divinely led,
Still clave unto Naomi, and thus to her she said:
"Entreat me not to leave thee, for that may never be;
I'll quit, although it grieve me, my native land with thee;
By the love that I have borne thee, the love I bore the dead,
By the vows that I have sworn thee, I'll do as I have said!
For the love I bore to Mahlon, and the love he bore to me,
Shouldst thou go to far Aijalon, there will I go with thee!
I may not, cannot tarry my kindred folks among;
Where e'er you go, you'll carry your daughter Ruth along;
Whatever be your country, that country shall be mine;
Whatever gods are worshiped, I'll worship only thine;
Wherever you may tarry, I'll lodge or tarry too;
Wherever you're sojourning, you'll find me there with you;
Wherever you are living, my home will be there too.
Naught, naught but death shall part us, or sever me from you;
Wherever death may find you, there too will I be found;
And there will I be buried, in the same burial-ground.

"Speak not to me of husbands that you cannot supply;
I'll live 'mongst Mahlon's kindred; I have no stronger tie.
There's something seems to whisper, as from the spirit land,
That my name will yet be famous in Israel's famous land;
That the house of Mahlon's kindred shall yet be builded fair;
Like Rachel and like Leah, I shall help to build it there.
It tells me, from my lineage shall come a royal king,
And from the Moabitess a race of princes spring;
That in the far-off future, from the Moabitish stem
Shall rise a star of glory—the Star of Bethlehem;
A prince shall reign in righteousness, his banner be unfurled;
He shall be known and worshiped as the Savior of the world;
That countries undiscovered and nations yet unborn
Shall sing Messiah's praises in eternity's bright morn.
Entreat me not to leave thee, for that may never be;
Naught, naught but death shall part us, or sever you and me."

So Naomi ceased to reason, so steadfast then was Ruth,
And she deemed those spirit whispers were an inspiration's truth;
And lovingly together those two, from day to day,
Across the Dead Sea desert, pursued their lonely way.
Although so lone and sorrowful, His eye was over them,
And at the barley harvest they came to Bethlehem;
And all the city wondered the spectacle to see,
And said, "Is this Naomi, so pleasant once, and free?"
But Naomi answered saying, "No longer pleasant now,
For bitterness and anguish are written on my brow;
With husband and with children I went out to sojourn,
But the Lord who gave has taken, and empty I return,
With none to share my sorrows but a Moabitish friend;
And though the Lord deals bitterly, I'll trust him to the end."

But the rest of this strange story of Naomi and of Ruth
You'll find in Hebrew scriptures, the eternal Word of truth;

How Ruth became the wife of a noble, great and grand,
And from them sprang the monarchs that reigned o'er
Judah's land.
And from the race of princes a mightier prince arose,
The Christ, the great Messiah, whose reign will never
close.

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## *THE CARRIER-BOY'S ADDRESS.*

*New Year*, 1881.

Kind patrons and friends, in this season of joys
You are looking, perhaps, for the carrier-boys
To appear with a New Year's Address;
You are saving your quarters, your nickels and dimes,
To pay the young chap for his doggerel rhymes,
And the papers he brings from the press.

Look out for me, then, I am coming with mine,
And I hope and I trust that its every line
A moral or truth will contain;
That my youthful effusions by all will be read,
That by every friend in the land 'twill be said,
"His effort has not been in vain."

A *Walker* I've been ever since I was born.
I walk through your town upon Saturday morn
To distribute the news of the week;
You've welcomed me often within the past year,
When bringing your paper, so full of good cheer,
And I know you'll permit me to speak.

The year eighteen hundred and eighty has gone;
To a close has the year and its doings been drawn,
And 'tis numbered with those of the past.
Another is taking its place, my dear friends,
But what it foreshadows, or what it portends,
Not one of us now can forecast.

We are certain of one thing: that sunshine and rain,
And joy and sorrow, and pleasure and pain,
Alternate will come and prevail;

The winter, the summer, the heat and the cold,
Will come and will leave us; but yet we are told
That seed-time and harvest ne'er fail.

'Tis not my intention to speak of the dead—
The year that's departed, the months that have fled—
Their lives or their deeds to condemn;
Whatever is wrong or amiss—let it go;
It might have been worse; and one thing we know
For much we are thankful to them.

Ah, yes! we are thankful for much that's been done,
And hopeful, quite hopeful, for some things begun,
That some future day may complete;
Though all is not roses, there's sometimes a flower;
Though days may be cloudy, there's sometimes an hour
Of sunshine and happiness sweet.

We've had disappointments and failures to mourn,
Bereavement of friends, and afflictions we've borne,
But that is the lot of mankind;
The past is behind us, the future before;
Let us hope and press forward, and hope evermore
Success in the end we may find.

Our country's improving, the town's building up,
And, thanks to kind Heaven, a bountiful crop
Is blessing the country at large;
And though I must tell you the truth with regret,
Though hundreds and thousands are burthened with debt,
There's a prospect those debts to discharge.

Though partial defeat at the polls we have met,
The whole is not lost; there is hope for us yet—
No note of despondence we lisp;
The world is still moving, the people will rule,
Though part of them lately have acted the fool—
You think now of *Allen* and *Crisp*.

But this is all over; some lessons we learn,
And now from political matters we turn,
And things of more moment discuss--

The topic of morals, and knowledge, and such
Educational themes as are dwelt upon much,
And are ever of moment to us.

But 'tis not becoming for one of my age
In lectures on topics like these to engage,
Of knowledge or morals to preach;
By men who are older and know so much more,
Who have travelled the road, and have gone on before,
I would rather be taught than to teach.

Presumption indeed it would be in a boy,
Who scarcely is weaned from his rattles and toy,
To tender advice to the old;
Much better 'twould be for a boy, I think,
To list to the counsels of age, from the brink
Of that river that's flowing so cold.

In place, then, of talking to teach you, I pray
Let me talk to you now in my plain, simple way,
Some lessons of wisdom to learn;
You once were a boy like me, I suppose;
Experience has taught you some lessons, and those
You can teach to a boy in turn.

Ah, yes! you old settlers can tell me of much,
And warn me 'gainst things that I never should touch,
Or tell me of Nature's great laws;
While standing together on hurricane deck,
You can point me to many, ah! many a wreck,
And tell me of what was the cause.

Perhaps you could tell me of many a boy,
The pride of his father, a mother's chief joy,
Who promised much fairer than I;
And point to the spot where his pathway was crossed,
And he took the wrong road, and went on and was lost;
And tell me the *how*, and the *why*.

There's nothing that pleases me more than to hear
The tales that are told by the old pioneer,
The last of the pioneer band—
The things that he saw, and things that he did,
His toilings, and sufferings, and struggles amid
The wilds of a wilderness land.

I love to hear now the old veteran tell
Of the time that he came to the county to dwell,
When the track of the Indian was here;
When his cabin was small, and the furniture rude,
And he roamed as a hunter the wild solitude,
And brought home the turkey and deer.

Ah, yes! it is pleasing, instructive as well,
To list to the tales of old time that they tell,
When the town in a forest was hid;
How settlements grew on the western frontier,
The town was laid out, and the Mormons came here,
And the reason they left as they did.

It is pleasing, old settlers, to listen to you,
Of the men who came here when the country was new,
Not of toil or of danger afraid;
You tell of the merchants of long time ago:
Sam Owens, McCoy, and others you know,
Who built up the *Santa Fé* trade.

You oftentimes speak of that Santa Fé trade,
And the fortunes some Mexican merchants then made;
But that trade is a thing of the past.
Those Santa Fé wagons, those Santa Fé teams,
That army of mule and ox drivers, it seems
By the Iron Horse now is displaced.

But some of those drivers of oxen still live,
And many a story to us they could give
Of their travels across the great plain;
And none more astonished would be than would they,
Could they visit those once desert regions to-day,
And see them, with fields growing grain.

The old folks will talk, and I listen the while,
Half amused at the homely and primitive style
When they settled their preëmption claim;
The ladies were wearing their homespun, you know,
And the ploughboy's pants were of cotton and tow,
And his shirt—well, his shirt was the same.

The pants of the hunter were linsey or jeans,
With the deer-skin foxed—you know what it means;
Independent he looked and he felt;

And there was his coat—we need not to sneer—
'Twas a hunting-shirt made from the skin of the deer,
With a butcher-knife stuck in the belt.

Another will tell of the primitive style
Of cooking and eating, and cause us to smile,
Who never have witnessed such things;
But the johnny-cake board and the venison ham
No longer are seen, hanging up in the jamb,
Nor the pot-rack in chimney-place swings.

There are ladies in town—I know there is one
Can tell us exactly how such things were done;
She has not forgotten; although
Independence has grown to be quite a place,
And she has grown with it in knowledge and grace,
She remembers the long time ago.

The old veteran lives in the county to-day
Who cut the first logs for a cabin, they say,
On the Temple Lot, west of the square;
How many the changes he's witnessed since then!
How many the changes in things and in men
Since cutting those cabin-logs there!

Though hid away now in the Sni-a-bar Hills,
He remembers it all, and his bosom yet thrills
As he tells us the stories of yore;
Fifty odd years since then has he passed,
And down the decline he is hurrying fast,
And soon he will tell them no more.

Another thing, too, I am pleased to hear told:
How social they were in the good days of old,
When all was not selfishness quite;
Log-rollings, house-raisings, and corn-huskings too,
When youngsters would labor the winter's day through,
And play "Sister Phebe" at night.

In fancy I sometimes am carried back there,
And I almost could wish, and I sometimes would dare,
To live as a pioneer too;
In fancy I oftentimes picture the men
I have heard of so often, who made their mark then,
Those worthies, so brave and so true.

Those old-fashioned preachers --ah! what was the name?
Yes, Savage, and Powell--I've oft heard of them—
  Quite different from some preachers now;
McKinny, and Ferrill, and Nelson, you know—
Stayton, and Warder, and Gabriel Fitzhugh—
  Plain preachers who followed the plow.

Those little school-houses they built in the wood—
You tell me of them, and where some of them stood;
  You remember those rough benches yet,
And you point me to some of our prominent men,
Who sat upon them—they were small shavers then—
  And learned lessons they'll never forget.

You tell me that teachers—professors they 're classed—
Now sneer at the old-fogy schools of the past,
  Where you and your children were taught;
And bless their good stars, that they live in those days
When the bright sun of knowledge is shedding its rays,
  And those rays are more easily caught.

Although you say little, I know by your wink
Some things you would say, or at least what you think,
  'Bout the old and the new fashioned schools;
You are thinking, perhaps, of what Æsop once said,
Which you in your spelling-books long ago read,
  That young folks think old ones are fools.

You say there are men, and you whisper the name
Of some, who professors in college could shame,
  In science and good solid lore,
Who attended no schools but the old-fogy ones,
In the little school-houses away from the towns,
  By teachers that we would style poor.

You point to the many improvements now made,
Of which we are boasting, and ask us who laid
  The foundation, and builded thereon;
You ask us, when fifty more years have been told,
And the boy who sneers at old fogies is old,
  If improvements like this will go on.

Will the next fifty years in the calendar tell
A tale of improvement, to those who may dwell
  In the country at that future day,

As strange and instructive as that which is told
By the last fifty years, in which pioneers old
Have acted their parts in life's play?

But I 've wearied you now with my gossip, I fear;
I'll return to my subject, the Happy New Year,
That is dawning upon us to-day;
Hope many returns of the day you 'll enjoy—
Full many you 've witnessed of them since, a boy,
You hailed it in lands far away.

And now to the patrons, still younger in years,
Whose life and whose prospect so rosy appears,
A word from the *Sentinel* boy:
A *Sentinel* place at the door of your heart,
That will speak of the danger and warnings impart
Of the lessons that tend to destroy.

Let the *Sentinel* also, by Walker and Payne,
Have a place on your table—pray take it again;
'Twill speak out, and will never be mum;
Change not an old friend for another untried,
Let *well enough* be—never cast it aside
For better that never may come.

Now thanking you kindly for favors to-day—
The morning is passing and I must away;
Long life may you each one enjoy—
May the voyage on which you are sailing be fair,
With a prosperous end, is the sincere prayer
Of Willie,

THE CARRIER-BOY.

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## *THE JEWISH PILGRIM; OR, AN AMERICAN JEW IN PALESTINE.*

Alone, on the hills of Judea I roam,
And my thoughts wander back to the past,
When these valleys and hills were the patriarchs' home,
And their lots among gentiles were cast.

From a far distant land, as a pilgrim I've come—
Many yearnings of heart I have felt,
To visit the land that was Israel's home,
The land where my forefathers dwelt;

Where Abram, and Isaac, and Jacob of old,
Among Canaanite strangers sojourned,
And to which the tribes, under Joshua bold,
From their bondage in Egypt returned.

O land of Judea! thy vales are as fair,
And thy mountains with cedars as green,
As in days when the home of our people was there,
Thou loved and thou lost Palestine!

In my home in the West, in a land far away,
Though oceans and seas intervene,
My dreamings by night and my musings by day
Were of glories Judea has seen.

Thy brooks and thy rivers are murmuring on,
As in days when the prophets were here;
But thy children are scattered, thy children are gone,
And gone are the prophets and seer.

I pass by the spots where the angels of old
Conversed with the patriarchs good,
And oft in the midst of a desert behold
The ruins where cities once stood.

The mountain of Lebanon still rears its head,
And the cedars are green on its side;
But the glory of Israel has long ago fled,
As the sages of old prophesied.

O land of Judea! thine, thine are the race
That wander, and wandering go,
Unblessed and unhonored, in every place—
No nation of theirs do they know.

The blood of thy children, in age after age,
Has watered the hot, burning sands;
Has blotted with crimson the historic page,
And crimsoned the snow-covered lands.

But still, as they roam, in the East or the West,
They'll turn from earth's every shrine
To the land of our fathers, by strangers possessed,
And yearn for the lost Palestine.

The ages have passed and the centuries flown
Since the plow of the gentile first marred
The City of Zion, and forests have grown
Where priest and the Levite kept guard.

The nations have fallen, and kingdoms have gone;
And the footsteps of Time have destroyed
The cities of old, and in lands then unknown
The wandering Jews are employed.

The eagles of Rome have long ceased to soar
Or be seen upon Moriah's hill;
Assyrian monarchs are heard of no more;
But Judah is wandering still.

The races and nations have blended, and name
And identity's lost, as it were;
But the children of Judah are ever the same,
And Jews are Jews everywhere.

And have they thus wandered as pilgrims in vain?
Their thoughts ever turned to the past;
Long time have they wandered, in hope to regain
And come to their home at the last.

O land of Judea, our ancestors' home!
Long time have we wandering been;
But when all is fulfilled, we will no longer roam,
But return unto Zion again.

Even now a prophetical warning I hear;
I hear it wherever I roam;
It cautions the nations: Build none of you here,
For Judah shall surely come home.

The time is fulfilling, though long it may be,
By prophets foreseen and foretold,
When Judah shall cease all her wandering from thee,
And come home as sheep to the fold.

## *AN OLD SETTLER'S TALK.*

Poem read by the author at the Old Settlers' meeting at Harrisonville, Cass County, Mo., September 30, 1880.

In the autumn of life, in the evening's decline,
As the shadows are lengthening fast,
We meet here together, old friends of lang syne,
To recall and to speak of the past.

'Tis forty odd years—near fifty, I trow
(No doubt you remember it well)—
Since some of the men that I see here now
First came to the county to dwell.

Pioneers of the West, in an untrodden wild,
A home and a resting-place sought;
In a wilderness land they labored and toiled,
And we see what their labors have wrought.

When we think of the wide-spreading prairies that lay
In silence and grandeur so lone—
The unbroken forest—we wonder where they,
The prairie and forest, have gone.

We see them not now, as we saw them of yore;
The trees in the groves are cut down;
The green sward of grass and the flowerets no more
The vales and the sunny hills crown.

Where are those cabins, those rude dwellings, gone?
We look for them now all in vain;
The roof made of clapboards, with poles weighted down—
We never shall see them again.

We pass by the spot, but the cabin is not,
And solitude silently reigns;
A mound where the chimney stood points out the spot,
And that is all now that remains.

Perhaps it was there that our children had birth,
Or sported around us in glee;
Those children have wandered away from the hearth—
No cabin, no children we see.

The cabins so rude, that we builded here then,
Gave place unto dwellings more grand;
And some of those children are gray-headed men,
Away in a far distant land.

Ah, what are life's changes! How many since then
The old pioneer has passed through!
The country has undergone changes; and men,
And manners, and customs change, too.

But still we remember those things as they were,
And can vividly call up each scene;
A settlement here, and another one there,
With a stretch of prairie between.

In passing those prairies, the traveler found
His way by a trail through the grass;
But farm after farm now covers the ground,
And lane after lane he must pass.

Not only a change in the landscape appears;
The settlers are fast giving way;
But few, very few, of the old pioneers,
Can be found in the county to-day.

Where are those men, the brave sons of toil,
Who trod down the nettles and grass?
Where are the men who first turned the soil
Of the beautiful county of Cass?

A few of those gray-headed ones have to-day
Met together, once more to exchange
The greetings of friendship; and well may we say,
"Our surroundings are wondrously strange!"

And now that we are together once more,
Let us talk of the days that are past;
Let us speak of those friends and call their names o'er,
Whose fortune with ours was cast.

Let memory go back through the period of years
That has borne us on life's stormy wave,
And call to our mind those old pioneers
That long since have gone to the grave.

A host of those worthies, even now, while I speak,
Are passing the mind's eye before:
There's Butterfield, Dunnaway, Riddle, and Creek,
And Warden, and Butler, and Moore;

There's Wilson, and Williams, and Burriss, and Myers—
They pass as a will-o'-the-wisp;
There's Miller and Savage in homespun attires,
With Gibson, McCarty, and Crisp;

McClellan, and Blakely, the Dickeys, and Cooks,
The Bledsoes, with Adkins, and Briens,
Adams, and Harris, and Porter, and Brooks,
McKinny, and Tuggle, and Lyons;

Arnett, and Parsons, and Bewly, and Finch,
Holloway, Sharp, and Malone,
Campbell, and Story, and Burford, and Lynch,
And Jackson, and Farmer, and Sloane.

They're coming, still coming, and passing me by;
Is it fancy, or really all true?
Do I see them again, with the natural eye,
Those friends that I long ago knew?

Is it Davis, and Massey, and Griffin, and Wade?
Is it Baily, and Smith, and McCord?
Those friends who have passed through the portals of shade,
And gone to receive their reward.

Ah, no! it is fancy, all fancy, no doubt—
By fancy alone are they clad;
Let us talk of their virtues, and say naught about
Their failings, if failings they had.

We are old and gray-headed, old fogies, they say;
Young America's left us behind;
The world has grown wiser in this latter day,
And swifter the march of the mind.

'Tis true, very true, that the old pioneers
Didn't move like a railroad train,
But only as fast as a yoke of good steers
Could carry them over the plain.

Though slow was their progress, those bold, hardy men
Accomplished their purpose somehow;
They didn't burst boilers, and smash up things then,
As the fast ones are doing it now.

The great iron horse they hadn't yet known;
Knew little of steam or its power;
Nor dreamed that the work of a day could be done,
By machinery, in less than an hour.

To quick correspondence though some might aspire,
The methods to them were unknown;
We couldn't then write with the telegraph wire,
Nor talk on the wire telephone.

The reaper, the thresher, corn-planter, and drill,
And such labor-saving machines,
Were unknown; but their work, by the hand, with a will
Was performed, and by much safer means.

Ah, yes! my old friends, we will talk of those days,
And their plain, simple customs as well;
And the young men may smile at our old-fogy ways,
Or laugh at the stories we tell.

Perhaps they may pity the old pioneer,
When he tells of the hardships he bore,
The thousand discomforts experienced here,
The thousand vexations, or more.

Conveniences many were wanting, and when
We got them, we brought them from far;
Not even a friction match had we then,
With which we could light a cigar.

Cigar! did I say? myself I'll correct;
We did not such articles use;
And the few that would smoke, if I well recollect,
The cob-pipe, or the clay one, would use.

To the flint and the steel, or the sun-glass, you know,
We resorted when fires were out;
But those old-fogy ways, so tedious and slow,
Our boys know nothing about.

Another discomfort remember we still:
From week unto week did we dread
That task unavoidable—going to mill;
We could not well do without bread.

Those primitive mills—the boys, I'll be bound,
Would smile at the simple concern—
When the horses or oxen would pull the wheel round,
And we drove till we ground out the turn.

Our news and newspapers were then scarce enough,
Denied unto us, so to speak;
The nearest post-office was thirty miles off,
And the mail came but once in a week.

The Washington *Globe*—Democrat, by the way—
The doings of congressmen told;
But the speeches of Benton, and Webster, and Clay
Were twenty or thirty days old.

But that mattered not; it was news unto us,
Though a month on the road it had been;
And we formed an opinion of things, and could guess
Whether Clay or Van Buren would win.

And later on yet, I remember—don't you?
In the coon-skin and cider campaign,
When the songs of log cabin and Tippecanoe
Were sung from Missouri to Maine.

Backwoodsmen we were, plain farmers, and such
As moved without clatter or noise;
Of books and book knowledge didn't have half as much
As some of our fast modern boys.

As ignorant, though, as those pioneers were,
Of all that is taught in the schools,
Their minds were as strong and their heads were as clear
As those who now reason by rules.

Yes, some of those clod-hopping farmers, I trow,
Could calculate problems by head
That students in algebra cannot do now
On paper with pencils of lead.

There were other things also, I think, that they knew,
The youth of to-day doesn't know;
Necessity taught them to persevere through,
Where he would stop short in his row.

With the bar-share, or carey, we broke up the land,
A wooden moldboard to the plough,
And cut our wheat down with a sickle, by hand;
But nobody uses them now.

Our lumber we sawed with a whip-saw, you know,
Out of timber much harder than pine;
When one man above and another below
Kept the eye and the saw on the line.

The old-fashioned tools, that we handled so well,
Have gone out of use long ago;
And the modern young man their use couldn't tell,
And even their name would not know.

Young America now may smile at our ways,
Our slow-going methods condemn;
If they envy not us in our pioneer days,
We will certainly not envy them.

Although so much wiser the world has now grown,
So much faster 'tis rushing along,
We'd rather live over the race that we've run
Than join in the mad, rushing throng.

They may boast of their many improvements, and all
The inventions of these latter years;
Our thoughts will go back, and our minds will recall
The days of the old pioneers.

We had friendship and sociability then,
And neighbors were neighbors indeed;
And all of those qualities noble in men
Had not given place unto greed.

With homespun attire and plain, simple fare,
The men of that day were content;
And in hunting the deer and the turkeys that were
Many hours of leisure were spent.

And now to the ladies—God bless 'em! they're here;
And they have not forgotten, I know,
The lives that they lived on the western frontier,
In the years of the long time ago.

I am sure those matrons some truth could reveal
To the fine, dashing belles of to-day,
Of the old cotton-cards, and the old spinning-wheel,
And the loom, with its harness and sley.

They learned how to weave and to sew in their teens,
And they spun their own cord, be it said;
They hadn't yet heard about sewing machines,
And the Coats or the Clark patent thread.

In those days, you know, 'twas a housekeeper's pride
When her own counterpane she had wove;
And her skillet and pot by the fire-place wide
She used without ever a stove.

If to meetings on Sundays they went, you'd confess
Their apparel was simple and plain;
They didn't have twenty yards then in a dress,
And half as much more in the train.

Yes, yes; we had meetings and preaching here then,
But no churches with steeples above;
We met in the dwellings of pious, good men,
And the preaching was that of pure love.

No doubt you remember those preachers so plain—
Their dressing of deer-skin and jeans—
Who asked not for money, and preached not for gain,
Nor knew what "collegiate" means.

There was good Johnny Jackson—you all knew him well—
As plain as the plainest could be;
First preacher was he in the county to dwell,
And few ever better than he.

And then there was Savage, and Ferrill, well known;
And Powell, and Ousley, you knew;
With Farmer, and Williams, and Talbot, and Sloane,
And others as good and as true.

You remember the old-fashioned hymns that they sung,
From Wesley, and Watts, and Dupuy;
And the music that came from the heart by the tongue,
For no organ or choir had we.

Forgive me, old friends, if I cannot forbear,
In speaking of days past and gone,
The past with the present fast age to compare,
If comparisons truly are drawn.

My mind to the present I cannot confine;
Ever backward fond memory will turn;
To the scene of our youth the heart will incline,
So long as on earth we sojourn.

Though Mollie or Mamie the organ may thrum,
And its music may fill the whole room,
In fancy I hear the old wheel and its hum,
And the tune Polly played on the loom.

And oftentimes now to the church when I go,
My thoughts, so rebellious, are turned
Away from the service to times long ago,
And those pioneer preachers unlearned.

Though the sermon may be by the greatest D.D.,
And with eloquence truly sublime,
I cannot forbear the man to compare
With some in the good olden time.

And as oft as I visit your fast-growing town,
This city with prospect so bright,
The thought will arise, and I can't keep it down,
Of the first time I stood on its site.*

'Twas then in embryo the town lay concealed;
Its dimensions did not yet appear;
A squatter's† log cabin, a little corn-field,
And that was all then that was here.

*Alluding to the time when the author, as surveyor, laid out the first lots, May, 1837.

†James Lackey's.

Ah, yes! my old friends, gray-haired pioneers,
How many such changes we've seen!
How many the changes in forty odd years,
And how wondrous those changes have been!

Some changes were pleasing, and some have been sad;
We've passed through peace and war too;
Ah! many's the "ups" and the "downs" we have had,
In passing life's wilderness through.

And now let the few, in reunion to-day,
Give thanks to the Ruler on high,
That though he has taken our comrades away,
In his goodness he's spared you and I.

And when we reflect on the many that's gone,
The few pioneers that remain,
Let us pray that His goodness may still lead us on,
Till we meet our old comrades again.

Not long will it be until that time will come,
Our reason admonishes us;
Death's messenger soon will summon us home—
In nature 'tis evermore thus.

Another reunion we'll have, and we'll greet
The loved and the lost ones again;
Ah, yes! in a grander reunion we'll meet,
And no parting or sorrows have then.

We've had many meetings and partings, old friends,
But soon will those partings be o'er;
Perhaps when this social reunion shall end
And we part, we will meet here no more.

When another twelve months, brother BROWN,* shall elapse,
And you meet in reunion again,
The friend who addresses you now will, perhaps,
Be numbered no more with you then.

*Robert Brown, president of the Old Settlers' Society.

## *DE GOOD OLE TIMES IN NORF CARLINER.*

See heah, Miss Sindy, ef you got thru wid your music lesson, an your drawin' lesson, an your lesson on what-you-call-it—calisthenix an fizzyology, jes set down here a little while, an lissen to ole Aunt Rachel tell about de good ole times in Norf Carliner, fifty years ago, when me an your granmammy was gals togedder; when your great-grandaddy lived on ole massa's plantation, and de children went to school to de ole log school-house wid de dirt floor, an I didn't; for you know dey didn't 'low black folks to go to skule in dem times, for fear we might larn to read an rite, an den rite our own passes, you know, an run away.

Well, its bin a long time, and things is mity different now from what dey was den. I was a-thinkin' about it a while ago, when I heerd you a thumpin' away at dat peanner in dar, an I thought what a different sort o' music your granmammy was larnt to play, an how well she played it too, on de loom an de ole spinnin' wheel. De gals way back dar maby didn't know as much 'bout grammah an rithmetick an 'jebra an de ollagys as you do, an mighty few of 'em ever seed a peanner, or heerd it screamin' away as I did a while ago; an maby dey nevah heerd tell of it in dem piny woods; I know I didn't. An den dar is so many odder things dat you know so much about, dat your granmamy an de odder gals never heerd of; but you needn't get ashamed, an go to blushin' on 'count of your granmudder's ignorance, for she an de udder gals way back dar knowed how to do a hundred things dat you is ignorant about as I is of fizzyology, or any odder ology.

De gals in ole Norf Carliner, whar dis nigger was born, an in Tennysee, whar ole massa moved to, all larnt to card an spin de cotton as soon as dey was big enuff to reach to de spindle of de wheel, an some of em sooner. I 'member your granmudder larnt to spin when she was so little dat dey had to cut off de legs of de wheel bench, so she could reach up to turn de wheel. I 'm speakin' now of de gals whose daddys didn't have too menny niggers to do de work; for when dat was de case, de gals

sumtimes got stuck up, jes like Mandy Twigs, de kurnel's daurter, is now, an like sum udder gals whose daddys has lots o' munny. Yes, I was talkin' about de common folks, like your daddy an mammy, an your uncle Ben, an Joshua and de rest of de nabors. De gals den didn't larn only to spin de cotton an de wool, on de big wheel; but dey larnt to spin de flax and de tow on de little one. An dey didn't only larn how to spin it, but dey soon larnt to weave it into cloff and sew it up, and make dar own close and de bed close. I seed dis mornin' de ole blue spotted kiverlid dat your granmammy wove ('fore you was bornd) on de ole-fashioned loom dat your great-grandaddy made, and I was thinkin' whedder enny of de gals who may live fifty years from now will ever sleep under de kiverlids dat dar granmammys wove. Mity few, I reckon. How long, Miss Sindy, does you think it would take you to card an spin a dozen o' cotton on de big wheel? I b'leve you has larnt to spin wool a little, jes enuff to make stockins for you an de boys; but did you ever see a pair o' cotton cards, an larn to use 'em? I reckon not; an I'd bet a fo' pens-hapenny* you couldn't card a dozen rolls in an hour. An den de flax an de flax-wheel—did you ever see 'em? It's bin a long while sence I seed one at work. I think I seed a part of one in de smoke-house tudder day, which mayby your mudder spun on when she was a gal. An den de flax—oh, yes, you've seed dat a growin' in de field. Dey raise it now for de seed, to make oil of; an dey throw away all de good part dat dey yuse to make close of, or else feed it to de cows. In de ole times dey planted or sowed only a small patch, jes enuff to make spinnin' truck; an dey got seed enuff off of dat to sow a patch de next year, an maby a little to sell. An dey didn't cut de flax den wid a masheen, as dey do now. Oh, no, hunny; dey pulled it out of de ground by de roots, wid dar hands. Did you ever hear your granmammy tell about a flax-pullin'? I've bin to menny a pullin' in my young days; when de boys an de gals would meet togedder, an run races a pullin' an spredden de flax, and have a jolly good time.

De gals an de wimmin folks ginerally dun de most of

*Six and a quarter cents.

de pullin', cause de men folks was mity offen bizzy in de harvest field, a-cuttin de wheat 'bout dat time.

Oh, yes; you ax me how dey managed to git spinnin' truck outen de flax straws, ruff an coarse as it is. Well, you see, we would pull up de flax straws, an spred 'em out to cure; an' when it was cured enuff, would tie it up in bundles, like dey do de wheat or oats, an put it in de dry till cold wedder, an' den spread it out agin to rot; an when it wus rotted enuff, take it up an put it away in de dry agin. An in de leisure times de men would brake it on de flax brake, an beat de straw all into little pieces; an de bark, or de lint, as dey call it, would hang togedder, you see. An den de gals would swingle it on a swinglin' board, wid a swinglin' knife, an skutch all de shoaves out; an den dey would hackel it, an git de tow out, an twiss up de clean flax in twists, reddy to spin. But I reckon you nebber seed a swinglin' board, or a swinglin' knife, or a flax hackel; an dis nigger would like to see you try to use one, so I could laff at your awkward licks. Dar is mity few gals of your age in dis country dat could spin a spool o' flax a day; an I guess dar is nun of de young mudders now dat can

"Rock de cradle wid de foot,
An spin a pound o' tow,"
As de ole songs yuse to say,
A long time ago,

an as your great-granmammy could do.

But dat, you say, was not in dis country, or in dis age of progress, an masheens, an railroads. Oh, yes; I know it was away back in Carliner, an Tennysee, an Kentucky, in de old-fogy times; but forty years ago sum of dese ole fashions was kep up here in Mizzury an Elinoy. I has seed your mammy an your granmammy a-spinnin' de flax, an de tow, and de cotton, an a-makin' an a-weavin' dar homespun an home-made dresses, here in dis country. And as fine as you dress yourself now, I reckon you needn't be 'shamed of what dey did.

Maby you think you is much more 'complished dan dey wus, an maby you is. I know dar is hundreds of gals now who can make de awgan an de peanner humit all de day, who nebber heard de hum of de little wheel,

an who couldn't spin a poun' of soin' thread, or a poun' of shoe thread, ef der lives 'pended on it. And de shoemakers have to buy all dar shoe thread out'n de stores, an dat thread, I reckon, wus spun on masheens in de ole country whar dey raise flax fur sumthin' 'sides de seed. I haint seed a flax brake, or a swinglin' board, or a hank o' homespun soin' thread, or a tow sheet in a coon's age—not since the wah, I b'leve; an what de world is a-goin' to cum to I don't know. When I wus a gal, tow cloff, or tow linen, ef you please, was de black folks' principal dressin', an it was one of de articles of trade. De wimmin would make it, an sell it to de peddlers or de storekeepers, an buy dar needles, an pins, an ribbins, an hankerchers, an sumtimes a calico dress, wid it.

De wimmin den, specially de married ones, was not 'shamed to go to meetin' wid dar homespun dresses, striped wid de red, an de white, an de blue. An dey knowed how to dye de blue an de red, de green an de yaller. De men wore de blue jeans for Sunday, an de wimmin tried to see who could make her husban' de nicest coat an jacket.

In place of goin' to meetin' in de buggy, wid de canterin' hosses, de gals den rid on hossback, or went on foot; mos' ginerally dey walked. Ise knowed your granmammy an de udder gals to walk as much as four miles of a Sunday to meetin', across de river, and de river hills, too. Yes, an I've known 'em to walk barfooted an tote dar shoes an stockins in dar hands till near de meetin' house, and den dey would set down on a log an put 'em on. Sometimes in winter dey would wear dar ole coarse shoes till dey got near enuff, and den set 'em down behind a log or stump, an put on dar Sunday ones, an wear 'em till dey got back dar.

Oh, yes, Sindy; things is mity changed in de last fifty years. Mity few of de young ladies now would walk dat fur to hear de best preacher in de whole country, an maby it was not to hear de sarmon dat dey yuse to walk so fur across de rivers an de hills den. It's not ole Rachel's place to say what dey went for; I only know dey went.

And den de meetin' houses an everything else seems so different now. Den dey had de log meetin' house,

wid no stove in it, an no seats but de ruff benches, made by puttin' de legs in de auger-holes of a slab or punchin, or a log split open an hewed. An de preachers didn't dress up so fine as sum of 'em duz now An dey didn't have de big awgan an de note books to help 'em sing. De brudders an de sisters an de boys an de gals didn't have to wait for de awgan an de quire to go ahead an lead 'em, an sing for 'em; but each one as wanted to pitcht right in an sung for hisself, as loud an as fast as he pleased; an de words of de song wasn't drownded to death by de loud swellin' tones of de awgan. An den de preacher preached as long as he pleased, or as long as it pleased de Lord to give him sumthin' to say; an he didn't have to stop at the eend of forty-five minnits, jest 'cause it's de fashion to do so.

I could tell you, Miss Sindy, a great deal more 'bout de ole fashions in de ole time, an what de young men an de boys done, as well as what de gals did; but I reckon you has heerd your ole grandaddy talk 'bout it, an he knowed a great deal mor'n most folks, an a heap more dan I duz, and if he had 'pended, as a great menny youngsters duz now, on de skules an de colleges, an his daddy's pocket-book, he never would a knowed as much as he did. I knowed your grandaddy, as well as your granmammy, 'fore dey was married. Yes, when he was a little boy; an he wasn't thought to be a very smart boy nudder; not as smart as my brudder Bob, for he couldn't play de fiddle, nor de banjer nudder; and he was de poorest singer you ever heerd try to sing; but for all dat, he made his mark 'fore he died; an you know he was talked of pretty strong for Congress. Dat was your grandaddy, Sindy, who followed de shuvel-plow when a boy, dressed in his tow linen shirt, an his tow linen britches; and who went to skule, when a little shaver, with nuthin at all on but a long tow linen shirt dat his mammy spun an wove for him. An I hope you aint ashamed dat you is his grandaurter, 'cause he didn't go dressed as fine as boys duz now.

But I reckin I'se talked long enuff now about de ole times an de ole fashions, specially as I see de young feller wid de slick hat, an de fine coat, an de sandy mustash a-comin, an I reckon I'll soon hear dat peanner a-screamin'

agin. I duz wish you'd burn it up an learn to play de fiddle like my brudder Bob yuse to play it; dar would be some sense in lissenin' to sich music as dat.

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## *THE OLD MINISTER'S REMINISCENCES.*

I'm thinking of times in the long, long ago,
When the Savior of sinners appeared,
Relieved my distresses, and bade me to go
And tell the good news I had heard.

I think of the time, in the long time ago,
When with Christians in brotherly love,
I joined in the church of the Lord here below—
The earnest of that one above.

I think of those fathers in Israel true,
Who admonished and counseled me then.
I think of those mothers in Israel, too,
Who prayed for me time and again.

I think of those brothers and sisters that's gone,
Who worshiped with me in the past;
I think of them oft as I'm following on,
And I trust I shall meet them at last.

I think of the preachers of long, long ago
Those preachers, old-fashioned and plain,
Who labored with sinners the Savior to show,
And not for applause or for gain.

I think of them still as they preached long ago,
Devoid of all fashion or pride,
Resolved nothing else but the Savior to know,
Christ Jesus, the Lord, crucified.

I think of the time in the long, long ago,
When my mind was so strongly impressed
With the theme of salvation; my brethren said, "Go
And preach the great Name you've confessed."

I'm thinking of times in the long, long ago,
In my native land, now far away,
When I called upon sinners, the high and the low,
To prepare for the great coming day.

I think of those hearers of long, long ago,
Who heard, and so gladly obeyed,
Confessed the good Master where still waters flow,
And made good the confession then made.

Ah, yes! I oft think of those hearers of mine,
Who turned to the Lord then and there;
And sometimes I wonder if they will e'er shine,
As stars in the crown I shall wear.

I'm thinking of some, in the long, long ago,
Who professed and ran well for awhile;
But they stopped and turned back, and their works go to show
That the heart was not cleansed from its guile.

My thoughts will oft turn from the long, long ago
To the scenes of my still later years;
And the river of life is more swift in its flow
As the ocean it silently nears.

I think of the hundreds of places I've been,
The gospel of peace to proclaim;
I think of the hundreds of changes I've seen
In some who Christianity claim.

I think how the worship of long, long ago,
So simple, so plain and sincere,
Is fast giving place to one of more show,
More formal—less earnest, I fear.

I think how I preached, in the good days of yore,
In the little school-house, or the grove;
The simple attire that the worshipers wore,
Which the women had spun and had wove.

I think of the hymns that we sang long ago,
With no organ or choir to lead:
"A stranger I am in the world here below,"
Or, "Alas! did my kind Savior bleed."

I think of the tunes, with their musical flow,
And those tunes I can never forget;
I think of the singers who sang them so slow,
And their faces I seem to see yet.

I think of a church in the long time ago,
That meeting-house down in the dell,
Overhung by the branches that swayed to and fro,
In place of a costly church-bell.

I think of the tears of repentance that flowed
From the eyes of the weeping ones there;
And the ecstatic joy the countenance showed
When Jehovah had answered their prayer.

I think of the times in the long, long ago,
When infidel scoffers were rare;
And to question the truth of the Bible, you know,
No man in his senses would dare.

And when I think now of the long, long ago,
And hear skeptics deriding God's laws,
I ask myself this: Is not fashion and show,
And the walk of professors, the cause?"

The fashions, like seasons, may come and may go,
And each a new grandeur may claim;
But now, as it was in the long time ago,
The word of the Lord is the same.

The word of the Lord and His statutes, I know,
Will stand, though the nations may fall;
And the kingdom of Christ that we preached long ago
Will come and prevail over all.

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## *THE OLD CAPTAIN OF* 1838 *AND THE ROLL-CALL AT PLEASANT HILL, MO., IN* 1881.

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### A DREAM.

Methought in that old town I stood,
The town of Pleasant Hill,
And thinking of the old times good,
Forgot the present ill.

I thought the small log house was there,
Where Wright his goods was selling,
And customers and idlers were
Their jokes and stories telling.

When suddenly to me appeared,
Upon the door-sill standing,
A man with gray and grisly beard,
But with a mien commanding.

His dress was of the olden style,
Like men of old were wearing,
And in his belt a sword the while
I saw the man was bearing.

He wore a hat with narrow shade,
One that we called a "Roram,"
And on that hat was a cockade,
As officers once wore 'em.

He nothing said to us, although
He quickly drew attention,
And that we asked his name to know
I scarcely need to mention.

When, making a polite salaam,
And flourishing his saber,
He said: "I'll tell you what I am,
And what I was—your neighbor.

"A captain of the olden time,
When men were wont to muster;
And they would stake their bottom dime
On Captain Bill Gallbuster.

"Some of the men of long ago
Can Captain Bill remember;
That was the May of life, you know,
But now 'tis chill December.

"I'm now a wreck, a wreck you see,
A vessel well nigh stranded;
I'm here to-day, but where—ah me!
The men that I commanded?

"I look in vain for carbineer,
I look in vain for lancer;
I'll call the roll—I've got it here—
And see just who will answer."

And taking from his bosom then
A paper worn and faded,
He said: "This is the roll of men
Who once with me paraded;

"I fain would know how many's here,
Or where the Fates have thrown 'em."
He called the names, distinct and clear,
And thus commented on 'em:

"Anthony Bledsoe, Nathan Creek,
Speak, if attention giving;
William Warden—do I seek
The dead amongst the living?

"William A. Butler, Jesse too,
John S., and Joab Brothers—
Dead! or gone to Texas; true
Of them and many others.

"Hiram Savage, Milton Creek,
And Hezekiah Warden;
They answer not, they do not speak—
And silent Andrew Gordon.

"Allen Yocham, Watson Lynch
Silent as the grave are;
Andrew Wilson, Charley Myers—
Gone! ah, gone the brave are!

"John Phillips, T. and Mordecai,
John Gibson, Bill, and Thomas,
And William Burgin—gone! they say,
By death all taken from us.

"Peter Welch and James Bledsoe,
Thomas, James, and Joel Riddle;
William Moore and J. Hinshaw—
All gone, with John A. Weddle.

"Alfred G.* and Jerry Sloane*—"
'*Here, here*,' they feebly answer;
'Old and frail, and feeble grown,
We fain would march, but can't, sir.'

*Since dead.

"James Gibson—no response I hear;
James Lawrence—dead and buried!
James Reynolds—been for many a year
Beyond the river ferried.

"Sam McAninch—*here*, did he say?
How few, how faint the answers!
James and Isaac Dunnaway;
Gone, gone, courageous lancers.

"Samuel Burgin—where is he?
And where his brother Thomas?
Joined that larger company,
That Death has taken from us.

"Moses Bailey answers, *here;*
Wiley Bailey also, *present;*
But no responsive voice I hear
From their good brother Pleasant.

"Jacob Miller, John, and James—
Silence deep and solemn;
No more they'll answer to their names,
From out the muster-column.

"John Golding* faintly answers, *here;*
His merry laugh has left him;
Though Death has spared his life, I hear
He's oftentimes bereft him.

"Noah Williams—where is he?
And where is T. J. Carey?
They'll drill no more; they're muster free,
And resting with the weary.

"Jerry Farmer* answers, *here;*
Glad to see you, very;
Beneath another Captain's care
You're marching homeward, Jerry.

"Green E. Story—answer none;
Hosea Williams, Henry Farmer—
Silent all; their marching's done,
They've laid aside their armor.

*Since dead.

"John Burriss next, then Bailey Cook;
  James Williams, John McCarty—
I hear them not; in vain I look;
  They'll no more join our party.

"John Robinson and James H. May,
  Josiah Keeran also,
Luke Williams—all, all far away;
  Then why, why need I call so?

" Henry, and McClain, Corlew,
  Morgan, Wash., and William Briants,
Martin Langston, Samson too—
  Tall as modern giants.

" Zorobabel Langston, tall
  Solomon, and Larkin,
Jesse Langston, though I call,
  Not one of them will hearken.

" Mastin Burriss* answers, *here;*
  Indeed, and is it Mastin?
Almost the first old pioneer,
  And may be, too, the last one.

" William H. Myers answers, *here;*
  So answers Caswell Estes;*
'We're tottering on life's journey drear,
  And years with weight have pressed us.'

" Wesley Lynch and James Malone—
  No answer, none whatever;
Far, far away, in Oregon,
  They crossed Death's icy river.

" Martin Rice and Allen James*—
  '*Here, here,*' they faintly falter;
Once more they answer to their names,
  But, oh, how features alter!

" Isaac Smith and Austin Smith—
  No answer comes from either;
Gone to the grave, their kindred with,
  And soon we, too, will be there.

*Since dead.

"James Smith*—I hear, or seem to hear,
A faint and faltering answer:
'Excuse me, Cap, I can't be there—
Confined at home with cancer.'

"Silas Williams, Charley Whig;*
Their rosy cheeks have faded;
They'll come no more, with martial rig,
To where we once paraded.

"Wyatt Adkins—where is he?
Ben C., and James, and Carroll,
Thomas Carter—gone, ah me!
And gone is William Ferrill.

"Andrew Farmer, Moses too,
Frederic, bold, and Thomas—
They've passed the river Jordan through,
Into the land of promise.

"William H. Duncan—answer none;
Walter Taylor—deep the silence;
James B. Porter—he is gone,
Fell by the hand of violence.

"Edley Hooper—silent too;
J., K., and Wesley Underwood—
They answer not; or, if they do,
The answer is not understood.

"William Wright, the merchant—ho!
David Rice, his salesman—
Gone, they're gone long time ago,
With Death, the cruel pale-man.

"Abram Bledsoe, Sampson too,
John, and Fields, and Willis—
They answer not amongst the few;
All dead! or gone, they tell us

"Isaac Bledsoe—where is he?
John and William Stephens?
Where is Burney (William P.),
And where is Dennis Evans?

*Charles Williams.

"Where is good John Colburn, brave?
Where is David Ousley?
Filling now a soldier's grave;
'Tis there the laureled brows lie.

"James Wilson answers, '*I am here;*'
But where is Will, and Henderson?
They answer not, those brothers dear—
And silent Gideon Henderson.

"A. C. Tidwell—where is he?
Where is Presly Bryant?
Where is Bowling Savage, he
Of disposition pliant?

"Francis Prine, the colonel—ho!
The fluent tongue now still is—
James L. Duncan lying low,
Beneath the drooping lilies.

"Hezekiah Smith—not here;
Still the bounding pulse is,
Gone to the grave within the year;
And there, too, Johnson Stults is.

"William Jones, the wheelwright—gone!
And almost gone his calling;
Elliott Wilbourne, Moreton (John)—
Both numbered 'mongst the fallen.

"Charles English, Patrick Talbot—ho!
No answer from them coming;
The Doctor's gone long time ago,
And silent Charley's drumming.

"Henry Ousley, Anthony too—
They answer not my calling;
Of all my men, how few, how few!
And they are yearly falling.

"Gone are the men of thirty-eight,
And eighteen thirty-seven;
To call my roll is now too late;
That roll's been called in heaven.

"On earth no more I'll call the roll
Of men that answer never;
I'll fold it up, the ancient scroll,
And call no more forever.

"'Tis sad to say, 'tis sad to tell:
The company's disbanded;
And Captain Bill now bids farewell
To those he once commanded."

Then clarion-like, I thought he blew
An ancient bugle, seeming;
But 'twas, perhaps, the cock that crew,
And waked me from my dreaming.

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## *SMALL CAUSES AND LARGE RESULTS.*

DIALOGUE.—UNCLE BEN, JOHN, AND CHARLEY.

*Uncle Ben.*—Well, Charley, you heard Dr. Langley's lecture last night; did you pay attention, and can you remember any of the points of his discourse?

*Charley.*—Yes, I heard it; and I tried to pay attention, and I can remember some things that he said. One thing I remember he tried to impress upon our minds was that very small and trivial incidents or circumstances, in our youth, are sometimes productive of great results; and that a very trivial and apparently unimportant incident, in boyhood, sometimes influences the whole future course of the man; and he said there were but few old men who could not look back to their boyhood and recall some small circumstance, or some apparently unimportant step then, that has influenced their whole after course, for good or bad.

*Uncle Ben.*—Yes, boys, that is all very true; and I hope you will remember to be careful in small matters, as well as those of more apparent magnitude. A very short step in a certain direction now, may send you a long way in that direction, before you arrive at my age.

I remember many years ago a temperance lecturer dwelling upon the same subject, in an address to the young men of a certain town in Missouri; and he illus-

trated the thought in this way: "You notice," said he, "this school building stands on the summit of the ridge that divides the waters of the Missouri River from those of the Osage. A school-boy may throw a snow-ball upon the top of that building, and he may think it matters not whether it falls upon the north or the south side of the roof; but sooner or later the warm sun or the south wind will cause it to melt, and in the form of a liquid it will fall to the ground, either on the north or the south side of the building, and will be carried by the force of gravity, with other waters, down the declining slope, north or south, till it mingles either with the clear waters of the Osage or the turbid ones of the mad Missouri. So it is, young man, with you. You may think it matters but little, if anything at all, how you spend your leisure hours, or whether you are seen upon the north side or the south side, the inside or the outside, of certain buildings. But beware of the consequences attendant upon small and trifling circumstances. In the far-off future it makes all the difference in the world whether in your youth you were seen on the inside or the outside of the church on the Sabbath, or on the inside or the outside of the grog shop on week days. Place yourselves, then, young men, upon the safe and the proper incline, if you would have the natural flow of circumstances to carry you forward on the road of honor and respectability."

*Charley.*—I think I shall remember the Doctor's lecture, and I hope I may profit by it. But can you, Uncle Ben, now in your old age, look back to your boyhood, and call to mind any of those very trivial incidents or circumstances that have had an influence, either for good or for bad, in your after life; any of those short steps that placed you on the incline that has brought you to where you are now?

*Uncle Ben.*—Yes; I very frequently look back, and in my memory can call up several little things, that, had they been different, my whole after course might have been different from what it has been; possibly better and may be worse.

*John.*—I would be pleased, Uncle Ben, if you would, this winter's evening, tell me and Charley a story of one or more of those little things, and its consequences; and

perhaps that little story may be one of the little incidents in our lives from which great results may flow in coming years.

*Uncle Ben.*—If by telling such a story I could implant in your minds a resolution, firm and steadfast, to walk in the right path, and to take heed to your every step, with a fixed determination to obtain an honorable position in society by deserving that position, I would willingly do so; though you know I am not much in the habit of talking about myself, or my own doings; and to the end that each one of you may be induced to place your mark high, and with diligence press toward it, I will select one of the incidents that in my youth led me to indulge in the hope that at some day I might make a mark in the world, and arrive at some degree of eminence; and though I have not succeeded in all I hoped for, it may have had, and I think did have, an influence in enabling me to succeed as well as I have done. You know already that I never went to school as much as you boys have, and at your age didn't know as much as you do now; but I had learned to read and write, and knew something of arithmetic.

When I was between sixteen and seventeen years old, I attended a general election of the county, at a time when it was customary for the boys and girls to attend and enjoy themselves in the picnic style, eating apples and ginger-cakes, drinking cider, etc. You may perhaps say this was not a proper place for girls, or boys either, to go to, as neither had a vote to give. That may be so, but I didn't think so then; I expected to be a man some day, and wished to be learning something about politics, as that was in Clay and Jackson's time. As I have told you before, I was an awkward boy, and not at all sprightly in conversation, but bashful and reserved, and not calculated to attract the favorable notice of strangers.

Upon this occasion the young folks assembled, and organized early in the day a ball or dance, in a vacant house near by. Either because I was too young or too awkward to dance, or because I had gone to the election to see how that was managed, or from some other cause, I staid near the barn where the polls were to be opened on the threshing-floor.

When the judges of election, preparatory to opening the polls, came to select the clerks, it was found that there were but few men competent to the task on the ground.

My old school-master was one of the judges, and had fixed upon a sprightly young man of twenty-one years, who had also been one of his scholars, and the best scribe amongst them; but he had learned to play the fiddle, and was off at the dance. Others were suggested, but they too were there. At length the school-master judge said that may be Ben, with a little watching and instruction, might answer the purpose, and said that he would give the needed oversight; so I was sworn in, the first oath that I ever took. My fellow-clerk was deputy-sheriff of the county, and a brother to the high sheriff, with self-importance enough for a congressman.

My friend, the school-master, made me a good goose-quill pen (we had no steel ones then), and I was set to work. It was soon discovered, and remarked, that Ben was the best clerk of the two. I wrote a plainer and better hand, and with more speed; and it was noticed by the voters that I was not at the same loss to spell their names that the other clerk was; and at the close of the election, which held two days, I was pleased to see that my book was selected by the judges as the one to send to the county clerk's office.

The little circumstance, then, that I was at the barn while other young men, better qualified, were at the dance, brought the awkward, bashful boy, that I was, to the notice of the voters of the whole precinct, and gave me more confidence in myself, and kindled an ambition and a resolve to push forward in self-culture. Nor did the consequences of this little incident stop there. A few months later, there was an administrator's sale, continuing from day to day, in that part of the county, and one of the judges of election was the administrator. He, having seen how I behaved at the election, employed me to clerk his sales for him; and the bashful boy was again brought into notice. Nor did it stop there; Colonel D., from the adjoining county, whose wife was one of the heirs of the estate, was present, and took notice of the young clerk; and a short time after, sent for me to come

and teach their district school, which I did; and gave satisfaction, though I was not yet eighteen years old.

Another little incident in this chain of circumstances I will mention here: When the Colonel sent word for me to come and teach their school, the messenger, a relative of his, stopped, as he was passing, to deliver the message; and he afterwards told me that when he entered the little shop where my father was making horseshoes, and I was blowing the bellows and assisting in the work, that he was much surprised to learn that I was the person to whom the message was sent; and his mental exclamation was: "If that tow-headed boy is to be the teacher, may God help the scholars!"

That man left for the far west before the school was out; and when I arrived here the next year I found that my name and fame, as the boy school-master, had preceded me; and owing to his representations and his influence, I was soon teaching in this State.

So you see, boys, that a trifling incident will often pave the way and lead to something more important; and that again to something else, and so on, a never-ending chain.

And now if this little story shall be an incident, or a link in the chain of incidents, that will raise you from your present state of youthful insignificance to something grand and noble, and make you honored and useful citizens after I am dead and gone, it will not have been told in vain.

*Charley.*—I am much pleased with the story, and I think I will not soon forget it. But another remark of the Doctor's last night induces me to ask another question relative to your experience. Do you remember any little disappointment, some little circumstance that went contrary to your wishes, that turned out for your good, and changed the whole after course of your life into a different channel from what it would have been if you had had your wish?

*Uncle Ben.*—I remember many disappointments like you speak of, that carried me in a different direction from that in which my own wishes would have carried me; but whether for better or worse, I can only conjecture. We know what the consequence of taking the right-hand

road has been, and where that road has led us; but if we had taken the left, we do not know where we would have been; it is all conjecture.

One little disappointment in my youth I will mention: I was very anxious to learn the printing business, and came very near being put to that trade, a very trifle preventing it. Had I gone into that printing office, on the *Holston*, I might have been there yet; but no human eye can see, and none can know now whether it would have been better or worse for me; I am, however, not sorry now that I was disappointed then.

But tell me, Johnny, as you were at the lecture last night, what part of the Doctor's remarks made the greatest impression on your mind?

*John.*—Well, I believe that part of the Doctor's talk about the literature that boys read, and what they ought to read, was about the best part of the lecture. He told us to beware of the yellow-backed ten-cent novels and sensational stories with which the country is flooded from one end to the other, creating a vicious taste, and unfitting the mind for anything of a solid character. I remember he said, amongst other things, that he had no doubt but that there were men now in the penitentiary, or awaiting death on the gallows, who can now look back and trace the chain of circumstances that brought them there to the early reading of such literature, especially such as makes heroes of highway robbers. And again, he said there might be, and he had no doubt there were, men eminent in their country's history who received their first noble impulses from literature of a more substantial and moral character; and I would like for you to tell us your experience in that respect—what book or reading-matter exerted or had the greatest influence, for good or bad, in forming the character which you now have?

*Uncle Ben.*—The Doctor was no doubt right in warning you against such light and trashy literature; and as to my own experience, I must own to having read more of this light literature than was good for me, though in my boyhood it was not so common and widespread as it is now; and I never had much taste for those novels of the Dick Turpin and Claude Duval type, and do not know that they influenced me much any way; but I con-

sider the time lost, or thrown away, that was spent in reading them—time that might have been profitably spent in reading and studying better books.

As to the literature that I read when a boy, I had but little to read, except the Bible and what I borrowed from the neighbors; and next to the Bible, I think the book that influenced me most for good was the Life of Franklin, written by himself. That is a book that every boy and every young man should read and study, and try to imitate the Doctor's industry and perseverance, and shun those errors that he acknowledges to having committed; and if you boys have never read it, I hope you will do so by all means. There are a great many books from which you can obtain more of useful knowledge than you can from that, but I suppose you were referring again to those small things from which great results are obtained; and amongst those small publications, the Life of Franklin is one. Another very small publication that I read when I was a boy, had something to do, I think, in shaping my after course; the title of the pamphlet I have forgotten, but the contents of it I have not forgotten, though it has been more than fifty years since I saw it, and then only for a few days. It was a poem upon the evils of whisky-drinking; my younger brothers brought it home with them from school, and in less than a week returned it to the owner, and I have not seen it since. During the few days it remained, I read it over several times, and was surprised, a few days after it was gone, to find I could repeat it stanza after stanza, from first to last, though I had never read it with the view of committing it to memory. It was a good long poem of several pages, and often since, while following the plow, I have repeated it from beginning to end; and I think I could do so yet. That little pamphlet may have been one cause, if not the principal one, of my being what I am to-day, and what I have been for more than forty years—a total abstainer.

*Charley*—It must have been a very interesting poem; and if I could get hold of it, I think I would try to memorize it also, and see if I could retain it in memory as you have done; and possibly profit by it, too, in this age of whisky-drinking.

*John*—See here, Charley, Uncle Ben says he thinks he could repeat the poem yet; let us persuade him to do so for our benefit; I almost know he will. Will you not, Uncle?

*Uncle Ben.*—Yes, if you desire it; and if you think you can memorize it, and will earnestly endeavor to do so, I will write it out for you, and then you can read it yourselves; and also lend it to some other boy, as it was lent to me; some of your associates who are in the habit of dram-drinking, as I once was; and it may save them, as it probably saved me, from being a drunkard; and if so, the unknown author of the poem may have all the credit of it. As I said, I have forgotten the title of the poem, but I think it might with propriety be called—

*LIQUID STUFF AND ITS DOINGS.*

There is a kind of *liquid stuff*,
Of which, when you have drunk enough,
I caution you to quit;
For if you drink, and drink again,
'Twill soon intoxicate the brain,
And endless evils bring in train,
By thus abusing it.

'Twill cause the passions high to rage,
And force you headlong on the stage,
Devoid of reason's rule;
And as you run the random route,
Twill whirl you round and round about,
And turn the sober senses out,
And make you—what a fool!

Still if the sottish path you tread,
'Twill down on your distracted head
The floods of sorrow pour;
Each home-felt pleasure 'twill annoy,
Embitter every social joy,
And health and wealth and life destroy
And ruin evermore.

Oh! if I did not courage lack
The hardy drunkard to attack,
Or had I wit and fire,

I'd straight with indignation rise,
As if commissioned from the skies
To shame and turn the foolish wise,
  Reformed by keen satire.

Oh! could I pierce him to the quick,
And make the pointed arrow stick
  Fast in his conscience sore,
I'd at a venture draw the bow,
And let the shaft in mercy go,
That he might see and mourn his woe,
  And give his follies o'er.

Nor would I spare the smiting hand,
Till all his cousins in the land
  Had each received his due;
For, lo! he has a host of kin,
Swift votaries to his deadly sin,
Who, if not checked, may soon begin
  To swell the sottish crew.

Though mean I am, and all obscure,
And weak, and ignorant, and poor,
  Yet if the Muse would yield
The service of her bow and string,
Her quiver, and her soaring wing,
I'd straight into the action spring,
  Upon the battle field.

When Sol assumes his morning race,
And sheds the glories of his face
  O'er all the smiling world,
And each industrious man anew
Begins his labors to pursue,
Rejoicing in the pleasing view
  Of business wide unfurled,

With hasty steps the drunkard will
Repair to tavern, store, or still,
  And spend his half a crown,
Until his head so giddy feels,
So much unbalanced with his heels,
That to and fro he reels and reels,
  And reeling tumbles down.

Mark now, ye wise, the shameful wretch;
Hear him groan, and see him stretch
And struggle for his breath;
He vomits like the brute, alas!
And belches forth offensive gas,
And seems as if about to pass
The solemn scene of death.

Is this the man which yesterday
I met upon the public way,
In garments neat and clean?
Ah, yes! 'tis he, and who'd have thought
To see him thus so lowly brought,
So quickly and so loosely caught
In actions all so mean?

In vain the partner of his life,
His prudent and industrious wife,
Would make his linen shine;
In spite of all her time and pains,
While brandy still his pocket drains,
And garments marked with dirty stains,
He mocks the filthy swine.

At home, perhaps, his family
Are waiting his return to see;
But, ah, they wait in vain!
Stretched out he lies where first he lay;
And still the hours pass away,
And evening closes up the day,
Ere he returns again.

At length, when all should be asleep,
Homeward the wretch begins to creep,
Half conscious of his deeds;
When rakes and robbers skulk about,
'Tis then he takes his blundering route,
As staggering in and staggering out
The path that homeward leads.

And when, at last, his journey ends,
The peaceful slumbers of his friends
Are broken by his noise,

And those who ought to love him best
Bewail him as a woeful guest;
In sad and dire distraction dressed,
  Their comfort he destroys.

Nor could you hear his curses loud—
As though he were of Satan's crowd—
  In all directions flung;
Your very flesh would seem to creep,
Your eyes perhaps in tears would weep,
Till, rudely staggering off to sleep,
  He deigns to hold his tongue.

When morning shines around his pate,
He rises from his bed, though late,
  And sits down, sad and sour;
If frugal wife her finger crooks,
Full soon he gathers, from her looks,
His conduct she but little brooks;
  But, ah, she's in his power!

He who, but for this hateful sin,
The best of husbands might have been,
  Of fathers, brothers, friends,
Become the tyrant of his wife,
A source of misery and strife;
Nor with the period of his life
  This baleful mischief ends.

But now his conscience keenly smarts,
And, lo! again for grog he starts,
  As if to find relief;
Mistaken soul! can drinking drown
The troubles that assail the crown?
'Twill only pull ten thousand down,
  To swell thy stores of grief.

And now he moves with lithesome hope,
Again he greets the brandy-shop,
  And gives himself abuse;
His master passion, bearing sway,
Impels him on the beaten way,
Till he at length begins to play
  The tiger or the goose.

For drink he calls, and drinks again,
Although to every one 'tis plain
'Twill be his ruin soon;
And graciously he condescends
To treat his boon-companion friends,
And drinks with them until he spends
His last, last picayune.*

And as, amid his flowing cups,
The strange bewildering tea he sups,
He sings and chatters long;
He all the living world defies,
Than Solomon himself more wise,
And Samson, ere he lost his eyes,
Was never half so strong.

But as he seems to sail so fair—
Three sheets are fluttering in the air;
And now the rising blast
Increases loudly, on his rear,
While he, in fact, can hardly steer,
Yet rocks and shoals he does not fear.
Till topsy-turvy cast.

Still craving what he most adores,
See how the *liquid stuff* he pours
Adown his gaping throat!
And still the raging fumes aspire
To set his tuneful top on fire;
Again he tumbles in the mire,
Again he soils his coat.

Poor fellow! now he stranded lies;
In doleful plight he lifts his eyes,
As round his luckless bark
A raging ocean seems to roar—
Without a bottom or a shore;
While all the world is turning o'er,
Amid the billows dark.

Ye laugh; but make him not a joke—
His canvass lowered, his cable broke;
With all your deep disgust,

*Six and a fourth cents.

Some pity on his worthless name
The graceless one appears to claim;
O spare his misery and shame,
Ye children of the dust!

Time was when he was sober, true;
Time was when he walked firm as you
Before the dram-shop doors;
We cannot read our future state;
It may be at some future date
This drunkard's lot may be the fate—
The fate of you or yours.

But leaving now the fallen sot
To puke and snore upon the spot
Where all so drunk he lies,
I fain would turn some other way,
For many things have I to say,
And short and evil is the day
That mortal man supplies.

Hark! all the ranks of human race,
In every state, in every place,
Throughout this earthly ball:
Long as the vital air you snuff,
Be cautious of this *liquid stuff*,
And quit when you have drunk enough,
*Or taste it not at all!*

Let all the drunkard's cousins dread
The thing that so distracts his head,
And covers him with woe;
Oh, let them fly, before too late,
Intoxication's every bait,
And press to yonder smiling gate,
Where gospel blessings flow.

But yonder is a sight, indeed,
That makes my very heart to bleed;
O tell it not in Gath!
But through the streets of Askelon
Already has the rumor gone,
And proud Philistines, every son,
Laughs loud, or mutters wrath.

'Tis Israel's wretchedness I view;
Oh, that it never had been true
The spacious earth around!
For while the heathen takes a sup,
The Israelite must have his cup,
And, lo! the *liquid* turns him up,
All prostrate on the ground.

Is this the man which late I saw
Nigh to the sacred altar draw,
And pour his pious breath?
Alas, 'tis he! returned again
To wallow like the sow, 'tis plain,
We thought was washed from every stain;
O madness, scandal, death!

The love of God forsakes him now;
Shorn of his locks, is he, I trow,
As weak as other men;
And out of those who thus away
From virtue's paths depart and stray,
How many are reclaimed, I say?
Look round—not one in ten!

Then, Israelite, be on your guard;
Dare not suppose the task too hard,
But open keep your eyes;
Lest, like the silly candle fly,
That plays around the danger nigh,
You fall by acting heedlessly,
And fall, no more to rise.

Strange that the sons of Adam's race
Can swallow thus their own disgrace,
And publish loud their shame!
Strange that a man of common sense,
When once beset with this offense,
Can be incited to commence
Another of the same!

Strange that a man, when bitten once,
Will act the idiotic dunce,
And seek the *snake* again!

Strange that experience will not teach
The maxim common sense would preach:
When bitten once, keep out of reach
Of that which gave you pain.

But if you be advanced in years,
And long have tried to drown your cares
In the full flowing bowl,
To you, perhaps, I speak in vain;
I fear you will get drunk again,
And end your mortal days in pain,
And lose, perhaps, your soul.

But if you be a lovely youth,
Whose mind would fain embrace the truth,
*Mark well, my son, this page;*
To YOU I dedicate my song;
Your habits yet cannot be strong,
Because you have not erred so long
As those of riper age:

Feed not this appetite at first,
For fear this sly, deceitful thirst
Should strengthen with your strength;
Should force you from your peaceful home
With idle company to roam;
And what is worse by far—become
Unquenchable at length.

A shameful sot, then, if you please,
Made and accomplished by degrees,
Alas, my son, you'd be!
And from that sin you once abhorred,
Forbid by heaven's Almighty Lord,
No threat, no counsel, no reward,
Perhaps, could set you free.

The tears of your relations then,
The sympathies of other men,
Would be of no avail;
In love with sottish pleasures, you
Would hug your chains, and still pursue
Old Bacchus and his motley crew,
'Till life itself would fail.

Escape for life, my son, escape!
The evil one has taken shape,
And stands behind the bar;
Heed not the tempter's winning smiles,
Beware, beware the serpent's wiles,
And flee before you're in his coils—
Put him behind you far.

But still, my son, attention lend,
For still the Muse her bow would bend,
And often twang the string,
Or let the pointed arrow go
To lay the looks of sinners low,
As o'er his vast expanse of woe
She sails on venturous wing.

There's some the *liquid stuff* abuse,
And strangely, still themselves excuse,
Because they drink at home;
Although the public's gazing eye
Sees not their tippling, all so sly,
The God of all, who rules on high,
Knows, and will seal their doom.

What ill examples do they place
Before the young and rising race,
In many a drunken song;
What real misery attends
The fortunes of their nearest friends,
While God so kindly condescends
To bear their crimes so long!

Great GOD! have pity on the sire
Who tutors for eternal fire
His own dear children still;
Oh! save them from the cruel snare,
According to the mother's prayer,
And bring them all in mercy where
Examples cannot kill!

Some others yet themselves acquit,
Because they don't the crime commit
In its most filthy show;

These are the drunkard's cousins, kin,
Who love to drink the whisky in,
And oft approach his deadly sin,
As near as they dare go.

But while they still can keep the road,
And still support the fumy load—
Though one more dram would do
To stop them on the public way—
It would be slanderous to say
That they were drunk on such a day—
The charge would be untrue.

How far these gentry are to blame,
How great their wickedness and shame,
GOD only can declare;
And since His boundless grace is such,
Still hoping they may never touch
That other little sip, *too much*,
I leave them in His care.

O whisky! whisky! dreadful bane!
What millions hast thou rudely slain,
And clothed with rags indeed!
And pinched with hunger, thirst, and cold;
But now the world is growing old,
Say, wilt thou be, as ever bold
To make the nations bleed?

In every age, in every state,
Thy mischiefs who can calculate,
Since Noah's flood was high?
But, ah! the paths are not thy own;
If men would but let thee alone,
Thou wouldst not make such numbers groan,
And suffer, bleed, and die.

Their noses red thou wouldst not turn,
Nor bloat their cheeks, nor livers burn,
Nor swell their watery eyes;
Nor wouldst thou make the widow's wail
To move distressful on the gale,
And round the world in sorrow sail,
Mixed with orphans' cries.

Nor wouldst thou make the suicide
Pour from his heart the purple tide,
  Life's miseries to drown;
Nor wouldst thou aim the duel's lead,
To strike an angry brother dead,
And send him where he well may dread
  To meet his Maker's frown.

Let those who sell the *poison*, too,
Be careful what they say and do,
  Though money much they crave;
Lest, with the whisky bands, at last
They be condemned, when life is past,
And bound in chains of darkness fast,
  Beyond the solemn grave.

Let those of guileless worth beware
To shun the *bottle's* cruel snare,
  Whatever they may love;
And sweetly cleave, with all their might,
To paths of permanent delight,
Until they make their mystic flight
  To better worlds above.

But, ah! the drunkards' dreadful throats!
One swallows horses, cows, and goats,
  Another tables, knives, and saws;
Another beds, and rocking chairs;
Another carts, and yokes of steers,
While yet another never fears,
  As down a farm he draws.

Some gulp down madly cards and reels,
Some boots and shoes, and spinning-wheels,
  Some anvils, tongs, and pots;
While others yet, of greater power,
Fine houses, lands, and slaves devour;
And, lo! from that disgraceful hour,
  They sneak detested sots.

That men are blamed for all 'tis true;
But, oh! when *women* tipple, too,
  What language can declare,

What poet would not blush to trace
The infamy and dark disgrace
That straight becloud the female face,
And blast their beauties fair?

Oh! could the tippling ladies know
What shocking sights they are below,—
Unfit to live or die!—
Surely, their credit to restore,
They never would be tipsy more,
But to the men this vice give o'er
Without a single sigh.

Now all around, with spacious view,
Behold the stronger sex anew;
What capers they do take!
Soon as a drop is in the eye,
How glib the tongue begins to fly,
What foolish jokes and banters high
In constant volleys break!

But whether they have taken in
Rum, brandy, whisky, wine, or gin,
It still is *liquid stuff;*
And still amid the raging flame,
Their manners are the very same—
O'erspread with vice, and fraught with shame,
Disgusting, wild, and rough.

What various causes made them learn
Their little fingers up to turn—
All evil in some way;
What numerous evils thus begin
From this prolific mother sin,
That thousand souls may never win
The bliss of endless day.

Now if you wish the snare to shun,
Do not with gangs of sinners run,
Where tippling is in vogue;
Your backs upon the practice turn—
O can you not the snare discern?
Why should you, to your damage, learn
To love the smell of *grog?*

If needful business calls away,
To such a place, on such a day,
  You hither may repair,
With prudent and with cautious face;
But, oh! if this be not the case,
You should not run the needless race,
  For you've no business there.

Full many a man you've seen, I trow,
Who stood as firm as you stand now,
  Who since has fallen low;
And if you ask me for the cause:
'Twas violating Nature's laws
With *liquid stuff!* But here I pause—
  His end I cannot show.

Why does that skillful doctor seem
To lose his practice, like a dream?
  Why fails yon preacher so?
What makes the world yon lawyer quit,
Who once in Congress hall did sit,
A drone—for business now unfit?
  O *whisky*, thou dost know!

With thee, behold! the silly crowd
Can raise the roar of laughter loud;
  And, strange it is to think,
The beverage boiling in their throats
Can make them shout with noisy notes,
And basely give their very votes
  To him who pays the drink.

Oh, what a danger's lurking there!
"God save us from it!" is the prayer
  Of every patriot heart.
Oh, never, never be it told
That our elections are controlled
By drunken voters, bought and sold
  Like cattle in the mart!

O fair Columbia! while the sword
Of Britain's high, imperious lord
  In vain would slay thy pride,

Shall LIQUID STUFF, more powerful
Than all the horns of Johnny Bull,
The fruits of all our freedom pull
And scatter far and wide?

Forbid it, thou Almighty Lord,
Who swayest the nation with Thy word!
This evil far disperse,
And let the tree of Freedom rise,
To all mankind a glorious prize,
Until its branches reach the skies
And shade the universe!

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## *DAVID'S FLIGHT FROM JERUSALEM AND THE DEATH OF ABSALOM.*

A monarch of the olden time,
One famed in ancient story,
Reigned in a far-off eastern clime
Till he was aged and hoary.

Long time in regal state he reigned,
And builded many a tower;
And mighty men the king sustained
In all his regal power.

At length there came an evil day;
The king was troubled sorely.
A son, ambitious, stole away
His people's heart, most surely.

Great numbers of the mighty men,
Ambitious as their leader,
Flocked to the rebel standard then,
And joined the vain seceder.

Still daily, hourly, gathering strength,
Sedition's ranks were swelling,
Until the king resolved at length
To flee his royal dwelling.

The mountain city, where he reigned,
He left with heavy burden,
And with the faithful that remained,
He fled toward the Jordan.

With Cherethite and Pelethite,
The true and tried six hundred,
He saved himself and them by flight;
But many a tie was sundered.

The city of the Jebusite,
Which he in war had taken,
Jerusalem, on mountain height,
Was in his grief forsaken.

Across the mount of Olivet,
Beyond the flowing Kedron,
They fled, while Absalom was yet
Mustering his force at Hebron.

His royal robes aside were cast,
Barefooted, onward keeping,
While rocks and mountains, as he passed,
Echoed the voice of weeping.

Not only by ungrateful son
And loss of kingdom haunted,
Some of his subjects, following on,
The fleeing monarch taunted.

"Go up, thou bloody man," they said,
"Thou man of false Belial!
Thy deeds of blood upon thy head
Return in times of trial."

Thus Shimei cursed him as he went—
Cursed David, in his trouble;
Even Shimei, the sycophant,
With face and actions double.

The weeping king replied to them
Who would have slain the railer:
"Nay, nay; no notice take of him!"
(And here his face grew paler.)

"Heed not the man; one of my own
Proud sons my life is seeking;
Then let this Benjamite alone,
Nor heed his cruel speaking.

"Perhaps the Lord hath bidden him
Curse me, in this my anguish;
And though he slay me, I will hymn
God's praises while I languish.

"The *Lord*, perhaps, will me requite,
If well I bear my sorrow;
Though dark and cheerless be the night,
The sun may shine to-morrow.

"While moving on the desert tract,
O'er rocks and mountains barren,
He sent the *Ark* of covenant back,
By trusty sons of Aaron.

"Go, take it to the city then,
And in its place restore it;
Perhaps I may return again,
And worship God before it.

"There I again may sacrifice—
I hope again to see it—
But if the *Lord* will otherwise,
His will be done; so be it.

"You, too, go back, my Archite friend,
Go back into the city;
You better there may serve my end,
If you on me have pity.

"Go back, and stand before my son,
From whom I'm now retreating;
Find out the thing that's said and done,
His counselor defeating.

"You have the son of Zadok there,
The son of Abiathar;
You'll send by them the words you hear,
And, mind you, that you stay there.

"Beyond the mountains, on the plain
Of Jordan, will I tarry;
Ahimaaz and Jonathan
To me will tidings carry."

The stricken king, oppressed with care,
Came to the plain of Jordan;
'Twas there he made the famous prayer,
The Psalm of David—third one.

Night came, and darkness reigned around;
While some a watch were keeping,
The wearied king relief had found
From grief, in quiet sleeping.

The midnight came, and still he slept;
But soon there came a waking—
Two messengers, that lightly stepped,
Toward him their course were taking.

"Ho! who be ye?" the sentry cries,
"And what is now your mission?
Come you as friends, or come as spies
To note our sad condition?"

"We come as friends, and not as spies;
No enemy or stranger;
We come from Hushai to apprise
Our monarch of his danger.

The messengers unto the king
In haste were then conducted,
And they reported everything,
As they had been instructed.

"We left at setting of the sun,
Nor have thy servants tarried;
'Tis far and fast that we have run,
And safely tidings carried.

"The word that Hushai sent us, then:
King Absalom's in the city,
And with him are twelve thousand men,
All, all, devoid of pity.

"He seeks your crown—your life, I mean;
No truth than this is truer;
Make haste, and put the Jordan 'tween
Yourself and your pursuer.

"Arise, across the Jordan flee
Before the next sun-rising;
Cross o'er the waters, lest you see
The mischief he's devising.

"Ahithophel, the Gilonite,
Has cruel counsel given—
To hurry the pursuit to-night,
And slay the shepherd even.

"Cross o'er the Jordan, though the air
And though the night be stormy;
Adherents sure will join you there—
And Joab, with the army."

Uprising to his worn, bare feet,
The king, with grief distressing,
Sounded the bugle note, *retreat*—
Still toward the Jordan pressing.

Now slowly moves the cavalcade;
With fear and cold they shiver,
And deeply, deeply on they wade
Across the rapid river.

And when the early dawning came,
Even at the early morning,
All, all had passed the Jordan stream,
Thanks to the timely warning.

And when upon the other side,
His subjects, true and loyal,
Came from the regions far and wide,
To meet their monarch royal.

And valiant warriors, day by day,
Came in and joined his standard,
As farther north they made their way,
And 'mongst the hills meandered.

To Old Mahanaim they post;
There Jacob met his brother;
'Twas there that Joab, with his host,
Was joined unto the other.

And it was told to David then:
"Your son has massed his forces,
Perhaps a hundred thousand men,
With chariots and with horses.

"And he has left Jerusalem, too,
And onward here is posting;
Go forth, and let your servants true
Check his ambitious boasting."

He called to him Abishai,
The captain, Joab hoary;
He called the younger Ittai,
In the morning of his glory.

Dividing then his force in three,
A third to each assigning,
He said: "I, too, will go with thee,
Our counsels all combining."

But thus replied those worthy braves:
"Thou shalt not run in danger;
Thy death is all that Absalom craves;
He cares not for the stranger.

"Thy life is all that stands between
Him and the throne he's seeking;
He cares not for such soldiers mean
As those to whom thou'rt speaking.

"Here, at Mahanaim, abide,
Thy cause to God commended;
The God of battle's on our side,
The strife will soon be ended."

Then spake the old, gray-headed king:
"Be it as ye are saying;
Whilst you are there all battling,
To *God* will I be praying.

"Lead on, lead on, my captains bold,
My chieftains, bold and lusty!
Ye have been tried in days of old,
And proved yourselves all trusty.

"But there's a charge I fain would give
To each before departing;
Not else in peace can I e'er live—
You see my tears are starting.

"Deal gently with my erring son,
Deal gently with the erring;
I know a grievous wrong he's done,
And bloody deeds I'm fearing.

"But still he is my son; my son
To whom I have been partial;
Deal gently, for my sake, with one
So noble, fair, and martial.

"He may reform in days to come,
And smooth my years declining;
Deal gently, then with Absalom,
Who round my heart is twining."

And thus he spake to all that day,
As filing by and cheering:
"Deal gently, for my sake, I pray,
With *Absalom*, the erring."

And now the troops had marched away;
The distance intervening
Shut them from sight, and all the day,
Upon Jehovah leaning,

He prayed that psalm, the forty-third;
He prayed for restoration
Unto the temple of the Lord,
The God of all salvation.

And as he sat between the gates,
The day away was wearing;
He thought upon life's varied fates,
The good and ill comparing.

His youthful days—he thought of them,
When, but a gentle shepherd,
He ranged the fields of Bethlehem,
As active as the leopard;

When Samuel, the prophet, came,
To sacrifice appointed,
And from the sons selected him,
And him as king anointed.

He thought when, on another day,
Of fame the first beginning,
He took Goliath's head away,
A famous victory winning.

And then again he thought of all
His weary, weary wandering,
While fleeing from the face of Saul—
And later scenes still pondering.

But still away to Ephraim's wood
The monarch's mind would wander;
Ah, well he knew a scene of blood
Was then enacting yonder!

His friends, his soldiers, 'gainst his son
In battle fierce contending.
Ah! who has lost and who has won?
There's much on that depending.

"O God, give victory to my arms!
My kingdom still maintaining;
But, oh! preserve my son from harm,
His wayward will restraining.

"Go, watchman, go above the gate;
Stand on the loftiest tower,
And see who comes; I'll know my fate,
Perhaps, within the hour."

The hours pass; 'tis growing late;
A psalm the king is humming;
"Ho!" cries the watchman 'bove the gate,
"A runner lone is coming."

"Comes he alone, alone from thence?
Then tidings he is bringing.
Oh! can I bear the wild suspense
That now my heart is wringing?

Look, watchman, from that lofty place,
That place you well can see from;
Say, is there naught of rout or chase
Toward the wood of Ephraim?"

Nay, naught toward the setting sun,
Naught but the runner only—
Yes, now I see another one;
He, too, is running lonely."

"Then, if alone, he tidings brings;
A messenger he's coming.
Oh, how suspense my bosom wrings,
My weary sense benumbing!"

"The foremost comes!" the watchman cries,
"The moats and ditches shunning;
'Tis Zadok's son, Ahimaaz,
I take it, from his running."

"Then, if 'tis he," replies the king,
"A good and true man, surely,
And tidings good no doubt will bring—
I'm feeling more securely."

Ahimaaz drew near and fell
Upon his face and shouted:
"Peace be to thee! for all is well;
Thine enemies are routed.

"Blessed be the Lord of all the land!
He's done as he appointed
To them who lifted up the hand
Against the Lord's anointed."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the hoary chief
"Thank GOD for victory giving!
But is the young man Absalom safe?
Is Absalom safe and living?"

The messenger then answering said,
With something like evasion:
"I cannot say that Absalom's dead
Or safe, on this occasion.

"When Joab sent your servants here,
The chiefs were then convening;
I saw a mighty tumult there,
But could not tell its meaning.

"Cushi, the swift, will soon be here,
And he may have the summing."
"Then turn aside," the king replied;
"We'll wait for Cushi's coming."

Then Cushi comes, and bowing, says:
"Tidings! for God has surely
Avenged you of your enemies,
And punished them full sorely."

But David checked his message brief—
"There's one thing I would say thee:
Is Absalom, the young man, safe,
Is Absalom safe, I pray thee?"

Then Cushi, like Ahimaaz,
Faltered, with some misgiving,
But intimating plain, he is
No longer 'mongst the living.

"May all thy foes, thy enemies,
Who fain would mischief do thee,
Be where the young man Absalom is,
No longer to pursue thee."

Then, weeping sorely, David went
And to his chamber hasted,
And gave the tears of sorrow vent,
Like one whom grief has wasted.

"O Absalom, my son, my son!
The son of my desiring!
Thou wast my son, my cherished one,
Though 'gainst thy sire conspiring.

"O Absalom, my son, my son!
Would God thy father's dying
Had saved thy life, my son, my son!
Before this hour so trying.

"They say there's none disputes my power,
My kingdom's still remaining;
But *Absalom* my son's no more,
To bless me in my reigning!

"My royalty's preserved to me,
With none my power defying;
But, O my son! I'll think of thee,
Deep in thy cold grave lying!

"And though the harp, like music's dream,
With men and women singing,
May strive to cheer, they'll only seem
Like funeral dirges ringing."

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## *WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.*

When, at a distant future day,
You cast your eye upon this page,
The writer may be far away,
Or may have left life's busy stage.

Though ocean's waves should roll between
These lines of mine, my friends, and me,
Yet think of me and what I've been,
When these few lines you chance to see.

And should I lie low in the ground,
And dark oblivion's waves roll o'er,
This simple page will then be found
A monument on memory's shore.

'Twill point your thoughts from present things
To things that long have passed away,
And long-forgotten scenes 'twill bring
To your awakened memory.

Then view this page as you would view
A friend's cold monumental stone;
And, oh! may we again renew
Our friendship near the jasper throne.

And when we meet beyond the stars,
Within that radiant world of bliss,
Our friendship will be purer far
Than that which we have known in this.

---

## *A WORLD OF CHANGE IS THIS.*

This is a changing world of ours,
A world of change is this;
All fading are its fairest flowers,
And transient every bliss.

Yes, change is written on the face
Of all beneath the sun;
And short and devious is the race
That we poor mortals run.

The friends who prize us most to-day
May be the first to leave;
And those we prize the dearest may
Our fondest hopes deceive.

Or Death, perhaps, uncalled may come,
And snatch those friends from us;
Ah! do we not remember some
Who have been taken thus?

Where, where are those we held so dear,
The friends of early youth!
The Grave replies, "I have them here;"
And 'tis a mournful truth.

Then let the years revolving roll
With Time's incessant flow;
We soon shall reach a brighter goal,
No further change to know.

## *DEATH OF A FRIEND IN* 1856.

I stood beside a dying friend,
And watched his parting breath,
And when I saw his struggles end,
I asked, "Can this be death?"

Full well I know 'tis temporal death—
The rending of the screen
That hides from mortals here beneath
The world we have not seen.

But there's another death than this,
A death that never dies;
And there's a life of joy and bliss,
A life beyond the skies.

For "'Tis not all of life to live,
Nor all of death to die;"
The fleeting joys this earth can give
Are naught to those on high.

Then let us try, while here on earth,
In this lone vale of sighs,
To shun that ever-dying death,
Which never, never dies;

And seek that life, that living life,
That's only known above—
Where joys, perpetual joys are rife,
And God is served in love.

There may I meet that friend again,
Whose sufferings here are o'er,
And range with him the heavenly plain,
Where sufferings are no more.

Then let me bid thee welcome, Death,
When thou shalt rend the screen
That hides from mortals here beneath
The world we have not seen.

## *TO A FRIEND.*

Written in an Album.

The time may shortly come when we
By distance may be parted;
Our joys may fade and hopes may flee,
And plans of life be thwarted.
Long years may pass ere we again
Shall see each other's faces;
And anxious care, with grief and pain,
May leave on us their traces.

But let me hope, what e'er may come,
What e'er may be life's changes,
Where e'er I be, where e'er I roam,
As Providence arranges,
That you will not forget the friend
Who pens these lines so simple;
But may your prayers for him ascend,
And reach the inner temple.

Perhaps in coming years you'll see
(In looking o'er these pages)
These lines of mine; then think of me,
And think of by-gone stages;
For life is like a traveling scene,
Where passengers are meeting;
They meet, they part—how oft, how soon,
Farewell succeeds to greeting!

## *THE SNOW-FLAKE.*

To a Friend.

A flake of snow, both large and light,
Was formed in upper air,
And passing o'er a mountain's height,
Slowly descended there.

But ere it fell upon the crest,
'Twas parted into two,
And, driven on the wintry blast,
In different currents flew.

One fell upon the western slope,
And one upon the east;
And there they both lay frozen up
For twenty weeks at least.

But when the sun again shone warm,
And shed his genial rays,
They melted to a liquid form,
And glided different ways.

Uniting now with other drops,
They form two tiny streams,
And trickle down the mountain slopes,
Where many a glacier gleams.

Adown the mountain's different sides,
Toward different points, they run,
And further from each other glides
Those flakes which once were one.

Now wider, and still wider grows
The space which lies between;
And faster, and still faster flows
The streams which they are in.

Still onward borne away, away,
To east and western main;
Alas! alas! will ever they
Be joined in one again?

Two kindred minds to them compare,
By friendship joined as one;
Parted by trifles light as air,
Two different paths to run.

The separation, small at first,
Grows wider by degrees;
Till, thoughts and actions all reversed,
They're merged in different seas.

Oh, may it never be our lot
To be divided thus!
But ever may the self-same spot
Be occupied by us.*

*Two thousand miles now separate the writer from the friend to whom these lines were addressed.

## *"VANITY OF VANITIES! ALL IS VANITY!"*

Hurrying on, and onward still,
Trifles light we all pursue;
Grasping after shadows till
Death's dark shade appears in view.
Vain are all things here on earth,
Well we know;
Bliss in vain on earth is sought,
For, with disappointments fraught,
All our schemes have come to naught,
Here below.

What is wealth, and what is fame,
After which we're toiling so?
Soon we go from whence we came;
Dust we are, to dust we go:
What are earthly pleasures then,
When compared?
Worse than vanity and dust!
And in them if we shall trust,
Death will call, and go we must,
Unprepared.

Early friendships—what are they?
Sunny spots within life's vale;
But, alas! they pass away
When the storms of grief prevail,
Leaving us in darkness then,
All alone.
But the friendship that will last
When our lives are overcast,
Leads us home and binds us fast
To the throne.

## *PASSING AWAY.*

**Lines to a Friend; written in an Album.**

When *days* have passed, and first you see
These hasty lines of mine,
Then, as a friend, pray think of me,
And count me one of thine.

When *weeks* have passed away, and you
Shall look this page upon,
In counting o'er your friends so true,
May I be numbered one.

When *months* have passed—and soon they must
And you shall read again,
Upon your list of friends, I trust,
My name will still remain.

When *years* have passed, and you again
Shall read these pages o'er,
In your esteem may I remain,
A friend if nothing more.

When *I* have passed from earth away—
And soon that time may be—
When you shall see these lines, you may
Perhaps remember me.

When *you* and *I* shall *both* have passed,
And bade the world adieu,
Then may our friendship ever last
Eternal ages through.

When *Earth* and *earthly things* have passed,
And Time shall be no more,
O that our lots may then be cast
Upon a friendly shore!

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## *WHY SHOULD VAIN MORTALS BE PROUD?*

Oh, why should vain mortals, while toiling on earth,
Be proud of their wealth or their fame?
Or why should man boast of his rank or his birth,
Or strive to emblazon his name?
How fleeting the moments to mortals allowed!
How quickly they come and pass on!
Like shadows that fall from a fast-flying cloud,
They come and they pass and are gone!

Man claims to be lord of creation below,
And boasts of his power of mind;
Can measure the wide-rolling planets, and know
The orbits in which they're confined;
In fancy can range o'er unlimited space,
Or travel from star unto star;
Can follow the flight of a comet, and trace
Its course as it wanders afar.

But let him not be of his knowledge so vain,
For others have had it before,
And long in the dust those others have lain,
And their names are remembered no more;
Forgotten the names of those men of renown
Who the pyramids builded of yore;
The sun of their glory has long since gone down,
And never will shine any more.

Ah! let him not boast of his power, although
He may sit as a king on a throne,
For others have sat there, and died long ago,
And kings and their subjects are one;
The conqueror's wreath may encircle his brow,
He may stand on the summit of fame,
To the sway of his sceptre a nation may bow,
And nations may quake at his name;

But what avails all? The river of Time
Is silently bearing him on;
And monarchs and conquerors, now in their prime,
In a few fleeting months will be gone;
Together they mingle, the high and the low—
The lord with the vassal is laid;
To the grave the conquered and conquerors go,
And there no distinctions are made.

The prince and the peasant together meet there,
And together are turning to dust;
They were toiling for fame, as we mortals are,
And left it, as we shortly must;
Then let not the spirit of mortals be proud!
'Tis confined in a body of clay;
And soon will that body in Death's sable shroud,
Like everything mortal, decay.

Oh, let us be humble while here we sojourn
In this land of probation and strife,
That our spirits, made perfect, to God may return,
And dwell there forever in life!
Those spirits were born in a heavenly clime,
They were given to us from above;
And when they have triumphed o'er Sin, Death, and Time,
They'll return unto God, who is Love.

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## *TWENTY YEARS PAST.*

A Reminiscence written in 1854.

On Sabbath last past I to church did repair,
To the house of the Lord at Lone Jack;
But throughout the service of preaching and prayer,
My memory hurried me back,
Back twenty years, back to the time I first heard
The gospel proclaimed in the West;
'Tis the same gospel yet, 'tis the same written word,
Whilst other things widely contrast.

The face of the country has undergone change,
And manners and customs change too;
And numbers of faces I see that are strange,
And gone are the friends I then knew;
I remember the time, I remember the place,
I remember the friends who were there—
Those years have sped round, and it seems a brief space,
But not one of those friends are now here.

I remember the preacher,* whose time-furrowed face
Was so often bedewed with a tear;
His doctrines were plain, and plain was his dress,
For 'twas made from the skin of the deer;
But he, too, has gone, and no more will I hear
A message of truth from his lips;
On earth he has finished his mortal career,
And far in the South he now sleeps.

*James Savage.

We assembled that day in a rude cabin small—
'Twas the home of a brave pioneer;*
The attendance was larger than usual, yet all
Who wished it obtained a seat there.
That cabin still stands, though years have rolled round,
And its builder has moved far away;
A spacious brick house on the farm now is found,
And the cabin goes fast to decay.

Then, radiant with hope, in life's morning so bright,
My brother and I did repair,
With hearts and with steps both elastic and light,
To the house of devotion and prayer;
But now all in vain I may look for the face
Of that brother, so sunny, so mild;
I will see him no more upon earth, for, alas!
He sleeps in the far western wild.

My father and mother were there on that day,
And their names in the church were enrolled;
But, ah! that dear father, by Death called away,
Now sleeps in the grave-yard so cold;
Oh, grief upon grief! for he sleeps not alone;
My kindred have followed apace—
Three brothers, a sister, a daughter, a son,
Lie low in the same resting-place.

And perhaps ere the earth shall again revolve round
The great source of light and of heat,
I, too, may rest with them beneath the cold ground,
And this laboring heart cease to beat.
When years have rolled round, and survivors meet here
To worship the God of all grace,
Perhaps I may meet, in a happier sphere,
Those friends who have ended their race.

*Thomas Hamlin.

## *I'M SITTING BY YOUR SIDE, MARY.*

Written in 1856, in imitation of "The Irish Emigrant."

I'm sitting by your side, Mary,
Upon your dying bed;
And busy thoughts are coursing through
My pained and aching head.

I'm thinking of the time, Mary,
When you and I first met;
And though our parting is at hand,
That meeting's present yet.

Long years have passed since then, Mary,
And changes have occurred;
But, oh! a sadder change than all
Cannot be long deferred.

Your bloodless lips, your pallid cheek,
Too plainly tell the tale,
That you are passing now, Mary,
Through Death's dark, gloomy vale.

I'm sitting by your side, Mary,
Although you see me not;
And when you're taken from my sight,
You will not be forgot.

I'll think of you, my Mary dear,
In days and years to come;
Who shared my joys and sorrows here,
In this, our humble home.

And, oh! I'm thinking now, Mary,
My true, my constant wife,
How lonely and how drearily
Will pass my future life.

Each scene will but remind me still
Of days and years gone by;
And cherished objects often will
Call forth the tearful sigh.

I'm gazing on this quilt, Mary,
This quilt of patchwork made;
'Twas wrought by your own hands before
Your beauty had decayed.

And though 'tis worn and faded now,
I prize it none the less;
For 'mongst its squares I recognize
Part of your wedding dress.

I'm thinking of our sons, Mary,
Our sons and daughters too;
When you have gone and left us here,
What will those children do?

They'll have no mother's kind advice,
No mother's watchful care,
To keep them from the paths of vice
And from the tempter's snare.

You're bidding me a last farewell,
My Mary, kind and true;
But soon I hope to reach the clime
That you are going to.

In that fair clime there's room for all,
And there's no parting there;
No death, no sorrow can be found
In all that region fair!

## *LIFE AND DEATH.*

Like leaflets in the autumn sere,
Our friends are round us falling,
And we, who still are lingering here,
But wait the Master's calling;
The chilling winds of death ere long
Will one by one pass o'er us,
And bear us to that buried throng
Of friends who've gone before us.

Like stars declining in the west,
One after one they're sinking
Within the silent tomb to rest,
From which we're vainly shrinking;

And we, like them, will sink ere long
(We too are fast declining);
And soon will cease to shine among
The stars that may be shining.

Like roses which in beauty bloom,
One after one they wither,
Their beauty buried in the tomb,
For death still bears them thither;
And we, who on the parent stem
A little while yet linger,
Will soon be snatched away, like them,
By Death's cold, icy finger.

Like streamlets from the mountain side,
Which haste to join the river,
One after one they onward glide,
With none returning ever;
And we are moving downward too,
Down to Death's river gliding;
Our days on earth at most are few—
There's nothing here abiding.

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## *IMMORTALITY; OR, ANSWER TO LIFE AND DEATH.*

The leaflets in autumn may wither and fade,
The forest be naked and bare—
The friends of our youth in the grave may be laid,
And we may be laid with them there;
But the winter will pass, and the spring will return,
And the forest again will be green,
And the faithful who sleep in Death's moldering urn
Will arise and in glory be seen.

The stars in the sky to the west may decline,
May be shrouded in darkness and gloom,
Our friends and our loved ones may languish and pine,
Or may die and be laid in the tomb;
But again the stars in the east will arise,
And bright and effulgent will shine,
And the faithful in Christ will again realize
A life that is truly divine.

The roses in beauty, which bloom for awhile,
May wither, may fade, and may die—
Our friends and companions in labor and toil
In graves all forgotten may lie;
But the season of roses again will return,
And brighter than ever they'll bloom,
And we, in the land of the blessed, shall discern
Our friends when they come from the tomb.

The stream from the mountain still downward may flow,
And our friends, like its waters, be borne
To the valley of death, and we in our woe
The lost and the loved ones may mourn;
But God in His power that stream can renew
From fountains by nature supplied—
Can raise from their graves the faithful and true,
To dwell with that Savior who died.

The rose and the leaflet may wither and fade,
The star and the streamlet may sink,
Our friends and companions may sleep in Death's shade,
And we of Grief's chalice may drink;
But let us not yield to despondence and dread—
The day-star will cheer us again,
And the lost and the loved ones who sleep with the dead
Will arise and eternally reign.

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## *I'M STANDING BY YOUR GRAVE, MARY.*

Written in the Church-yard.

I'm standing by your grave, Mary,
And 'tis a lonely place;
I look upon your lowly bed,
But ne'er shall see your face—
That dear familiar face.

Three years and more have passed, Mary,
Since here they laid you down;
And life is now a wintry day,
And dark is Fortune's frown;
How dark to me that frown!

Adown the stream of Time, Mary,
Alone I'm drifting now,
And Grief still writes its marks upon
Your husband's saddened brow—
My grief and care worn brow,

I think upon my comforts dead—
Those by-gone days of yore;
But with my Mary they have fled,
And they'll return no more;
No more, no more, no more!

Our son and daughter sleep, Mary,
Hard by this marble stone;
Our tears together flowed for them,
But now I weep alone;
Alone, alone, alone!

Alone, alone I seem to be,
In this dark vale of woe;
But though you may not come to me,
Soon, soon to you I'll go;
I'll go, I'll go, I'll go!

In faith and hope I'll rest, Mary,
Whatever may betide,
'Till death shall lay my body low,
And place it by your side—
To sleep here by your side.

With faith and hope in God, I'll trust
That when Death's reign is o'er,
Then numbered with the good and just,
We'll meet to part no more;
No more, no more, no more!

## *HOPE DEFERRED.*

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick: but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life.—*Prov.* xiii. 12.

The clause before the colon read
I feel and know is true;
My heart is sick, my joys are dead;
And hope is dying too.

I hoped against e'en hope itself,
But hope has been in vain;
Against despair I nerved myself,
And scorned e'en to complain.

Bowed down beneath the sick'ning weight
Of hope so long deferred,
I strove against my hapless fate
Without a murmuring word.

"Hope on, hope ever, still hope on,"
My motto once I made;
But now my last fond hope is gone,
On which my heart was stayed.

That latter clause—oh, say! shall I
Its truth e'er realize?
And if I may not, then say why
Live longer here in sighs?

What now is life when hope has fled?
A dreary, cheerless waste,
With clouds of sorrow overspread,
And by their storms defaced.

Oh, that those storms might but subside,
Those clouds of grief disperse!
And may I feel the truth implied
In closing of that verse.

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## *FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.*

To a Friend.

Once I thought that hope was dead—
'Twas when you saw me last—
Then Faith gave way to doubt and dread;
But Charity stood fast.

And still the hues of Hope will fade,
And Faith is faltering oft;
But Charity comes to my aid,
And bids me look aloft.

Hope faintly cheers us through life's vale,
Faith points us to the end;
But Charity will never fail
To comfort and befriend.

Both Faith and Hope must perish when
We to the end have come;
But Charity will flourish then
In an ever-blissful home.

The charity which here we have
May somewhat selfish be;
But charity beyond the grave
From selfishness is free.

Blessed Charity upbraideth not—
Is kind, and suffereth long—
Ne'er envieth another's lot,
Nor doeth another wrong.

Then give me charity, I pray,
Whatever else withheld;
So shall my tears be wiped away,
And all my fears be quelled.

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## *TO AN ABSENT SON.*

Written in 1858 for an aged mother to a youthful son who had wandered away to the Land of Gold. That mother yet lives (1877), but the son, who returned in compliance with her prayer, fell amongst the thousands who fell in the great War of 1861.*

My son, my son, my youngest one,
The source of many a joy!
Though far away from me you've gone,
I'll not forget my boy.

Though you may roam away from home,
Beneath another sky,
Or ride upon the ocean's foam,
Still, still for you I'll sigh.

*See "The Soldier from the Kansas Line."

Though valleys green may intervene,
And sandy deserts too—
Though lofty mountains rise between,
My thoughts revert to you.

I have not yet, nor can forget
When, with your presence blessed,
I passed the time, ere you had set
Your face to the far West.

Nor yet can I forbear to sigh,
When I your shadow see,
To think that it is here so nigh,
And you so far from me.

The dismal day you went away
Still haunts my memory too;
And in your letter last you say
My warning words were true.

Return, return, my son, return!
If not too great the task,
Do not my poor petition spurn—
The last I e'er may ask.

My daily prayer and wishes are,
Before I sink in death,
That God my youngest son may spare
To watch my parting breath.

But years may pass, and I, alas!
May sink into the grave,
Ere you can hurry home across
The briny ocean wave.

Once more I say, once more I pray
That you will home return;
But if you must or will say nay,
Still o'er my son I'll yearn.

And if it be that I shall see
Your face on earth no more,
I trust that in eternity
We'll meet and part no more.

## *WILLIE'S GRAVE.*

Within that consecrated ground,
The village church-yard, may be found
A little tear-besprinkled mound,
Where Willie sleeps in quietness.

In Death's cold vesture now arrayed,
Beneath that mound so lately made,
A father's pride is lowly laid,
And he is left in loneliness.

A mother's earthly joys have fled—
Her only son, her Willie's dead,
And lies within that lonely bed,
A floweret pale and withering.

They see no more his cheering smile,
His presence will no more beguile
Their labors through a world of toil,
Of sorrow and of suffering.

But, oh! there is a vacant place
Within that household, and a trace
Of tears is on the mother's face,
Who weeps almost despairingly.

Grief sits a guest, with visage pale;
But tears and sighs will ne'er avail
To bring the lost one from the vale
Where he is resting silently.

O Death! how poignant is thy sting!
O Grave! relentless, thou canst bring
The stoutest hearts to sorrowing,
And teach them all is vanity!

From out thy dark and silent urn
Dear Willie will no more return;
And we, who here awhile sojourn,
But haste to join him rapidly.

Father and mother, mourn him not,
Though lonely now may be your lot,
And dark and gloomy is the spot
Where he is sleeping dreamlessly.

Your Willie lives beyond the grave,
For He who died the lost to save
Has borne him o'er the troubled wave,
To dwell in bright eternity!

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## *THE SONG OF THE SEA-SHELL.*

I came from the ocean, the deep briny ocean,
From out of its caverns of mystery grand;
And when it was lashed into wildest commotion,
I rode on its billows and fell on the sand.

And there 'mongst my fellows, who fell there before me,
Not long did I lie in the sunlight to rest;
A lady passed by, and she carefully bore me
To grace a fair home in the far distant West.

And now in that home, far, far from the ocean,
From harp and piano flow music divine;
But the voice within me betrays my emotion—
The roar of the sea is the music that's mine.*

I pine for my home in the East whence she brought me;
I sigh for the depths of the ocean again;
And the song that I sing is the one which it taught me—
The roar of the deep and the wide-spreading main.

Mysterious links to the ocean have bound me;
Those links to the rolling salt waters will cling;
Whilst I, in the hearing of those who surround me,
The song of the billows incessantly sing.

The foam and the sea weed no longer enfold me;
To the deep coral groves I am longing to flee,
As I sing, in the hands of the fair ones who hold me,
The song that I learned in the depths of the sea.

And when the wild winds and the dark waves are stormy,
More sad is my song in the evening's gloom;
Oh! when will the winds and the waves come for me,
And carry me back to my old ocean home?

*Alluding to the roaring sound of the air in the conch-shell.

## *WHISKY, WHISKY—'TIS A CURSE*

O whisky, whisky—'tis a curse!
Both to the health and to the purse;
For nothing is or can be worse
Than whisky.

What makes yon man run giddy round?
What throws him prostrate on the ground?
'Tis tippling, tippling—I'll be bound—
With whisky.

And if he follows up the plan,
He soon will be a ruined man;
O quit it, quit it while you can;
Quit whisky!

What makes that man which once I knew—
Then sober, honest, just, and true—
What scourges him life's journey through?
'Tis whisky!

He now has left his sober ways,
And drinks, and drinks, for nights and days,
And at the gambling table plays,
For whisky.

What makes him leave his family
To visit shop and grocery,
And fool his precious time away
For whisky?

Oh, what makes poverty prevail,
The orphan weep, the widow wail?
What fills the poor-house and the jail?
'Tis whisky!

Look at yon lawyer, if you choose;
What makes him still his practice lose?
Because he does himself abuse
With whisky!

Yon preacher, too, please now behold,
Who preaches righteousness so bold;
Alas! he drinks—as I've been told—
Of whisky.

The love of God forsakes him now;
Shorn of his locks he is, I trow,
As weak as other men who bow
To whisky.

He's like the meddling candle fly,
Which plays around the danger nigh,
He burns his wings and drops to die —
Oh, whisky!

And yonder is a merchant, too,
Who once was richer than a Jew;
But he has gone to drinking, too,
Of whisky.

His riches now are wasting fast,
And will until his days are past;
For he will drink unto the last
Of whisky.

Young man, upon you now I call,
And if you do not wish to fall
Into a sin the worst of all,
Shun whisky!

And now I'm going to end my song—
And if your fortitude is strong,
Do not, I pray, your morals wrong
With whisky!

And when I've wound my subject up,
Do not so much as take a sup
From out the vile, pernicious cup
Of whisky.

A thousand, thousand youths like you,
As sober, and as honest, too,
Have waded to their graves, all through
Bad *whisky*!

## *INTEMPERANCE.*

Throughout the whole country an evil we find,
A blighting and withering curse;
It weakens the body, it injures the mind,
And empties the heaviest purse.

In the form of a *liquid* this evil is found,
And it flows from the "worm" of the still;
We see its effects where e'er we look round,
And its victims, turn which way we will.

For years has this streamlet continued to flow,
From a fountain of sorrow and death;
And the longer we drink of this streamlet of woe
The more sorrows abound in life's path.

In every age, and in every state,
Through Christendom's spreading domain,
This stream leads us on, through a wide, open gate,
To regions of sorrow and pain.

'Tis used as a beverage by thousands of men,
In each and in every state,
Who drink of it now, and repent of it when,
Alack and alas! 'tis too late!

Then let me advise the young and the old
To touch not, nor handle the *stuff;*
Yes, touch not at all, for I will not be told
You'll quit when you swallow enough.

The longer you drink of the poisonous stream
The sweeter the draught will appear;
Till at length you awake, as if from a dream,
To find that your ruin is near.

And if you should then endeavor to break
The fetters with which you are bound,
You'll find that, like Samson, you only can shake
Yourself as you lie on the ground.

Oh, had I the courage and strength, I'd assail
The drunkard of every age;
And could I with language of truth but prevail
I would war against drunkenness wage.

Or if the kind Muses would lend me their aid,
The gauntlet at once should be hurled;
Nor would I give over until I had made
An end of this scourge of the world.

Just look at the multiplied thousands of men
Who have fallen the monster before!
Ah, look at the tears of the orphan, and then
At the monster still calling for more!

You hear the sad accent of that mournful wail
Which causes the tear-drop to start;
It comes on the breeze and is borne on the gale
From many a lone widow's heart.

Let me point to the felon; immersed in the gloom
Of a prison, shut out from the sun,
All rayless and dark, not a hope can illumine
The mind of that now guilty one.

Then go back with him to the days of his youth,
Ere drunkenness shed its sad blight,
When he walked in the pathway of justice and truth,
Nor dreamed of the fast-coming night.

I have marked the course of the drunkard full well;
Have witnessed his rapid descent;
And when at the shrine of dread Bacchus he fell,
Have wept at the mournful event.

I have looked on the evils of drink with concern;
Have viewed its effects with dismay;
And often have wondered that men do not spurn
This greatest of evils away.

When Sol in his glory has risen, and chased
The darkness and vapors away,
To the temple of Bacchus the drunkard will haste,
His daily devotion to pay.

The tavern, the grocery, the dram-shop, or still—
To one or the other he goes,
And drinks of the beverage of ruin until
The spirit exuberant flows.

As glass after glass of the *liquid* goes down,
His spirits rise higher and higher;
He boasts of his prowess, and swaggers through town,
And his tongue appears never to tire.

But shortly a giddiness over him steals,
And his balance he scarcely can keep,
But backward and forward he staggers and reels,
Or tumbles down, all in a heap.

Ye temperate dram-drinkers, now look at the wretch!
Learn wisdom at once and be wise;
See him struggle, and hiccup, and vomit, and stretch,
And look at his watery eyes!

But low as he lies, 'twas not always the case;
He once was as temperate as you;
But his love of the "creature" is on the increase,
And you see what it's bringing him to.

You have known him, perhaps, in days that are past,
When quite a respectable man;
But now, with the reckless inebriate classed,
He is sinking as fast as he can.

Yes, low he has sunk into shame and disgrace,
And he feels the sharp pang of remorse,
As he sees in the bottle the shadowy face
Of Death on the pale-colored horse.

Not long since the time when he was possessed
Of a character noted for good;
And those who then knew him considered him blest,
But they saw not the ground where he stood.

They saw not the gulf that was yawning so wide,
Nor the stream that was bearing him on;
They saw not the ebb nor the flow of the tide,
Nor the whirlpool to which he was drawn.

They little imagined the danger that lurked
Within the enlivening bowl;
Nor saw with what cunning the tempter had worked
To ruin a high-minded soul.

They saw not that habit was doubling her chain,
So slyly as not to be seen;
Nor knew that his custom had latterly been
With dram-drinking crowds to convene.

But time passed along, and a change was perceived
In his habits and business pursuits;
His friends were offended, his kindred were grieved,
And he was involved in disputes.

His wife and his children soon felt the sad change,
And begged him with tears to refrain;
But though he will promise, it seems passing strange
He cannot or will not abstain.

His property, too, but a short time ago,
Was ample enough to secure
A home and its comforts, with some to bestow
Upon the unfortunate poor.

But now it is wasting—indeed it is gone—
For scarcely a pittance remains;
His wife and his children are struggling on,
And he is still hugging his chains.

That beautiful homestead is not their home now—
A stranger possesses those lands;
'Tis gone, and forever, and if you ask how,
*'Twas to pay the dram-seller's demands.*

Misfortunes have crowded upon him apace;
Gone now reputation and friends—
Respect for himself, contentment and peace,
And all that on virtue attends.

He once passed along, independent and bold,
In garments both decent and clean;
But since by his appetite he is controlled,
He's often ashamed to be seen.

In vain may his wife use endeavors to keep
His linen in decent repair;
He's oft in the mud and the mire so deep,
No wonder she yields to despair.

The best and the kindest of husbands he's been;
The kindest of fathers and friends;
But low he has fallen by one baleful sin,
And lower and lower he tends.

A still lower deep, as great Milton has said,
Is waiting to swallow him up;
Soon will he be numbered amongst the pale dead,
A victim, alas! to the *cup*.

His family often await his return,
And look for his coming with dread;
Experience has taught them too well to discern
The storm ere it bursts overhead.

And when he returns, if you could be there
And see the abusive insults
Which he heaps upon them, you would surely forswear
The bottle, and shun its results.

His ravings and cursings, enough to induce
A person to think him insane,
Are but part of the fruits which drink will produce,
And others still follow in train.

His heart and his conduct appear to be changed,
And changed the whole course of his life;
His better affections have all been estranged,
And evil affections are rife.

But when he at length to drowsiness gives way,
And falls on a mattress to sleep,
Oh! pity the wife and the children, for they
O'er a husband and father now weep.

They weep o'er the ruin that whisky has wrought,
Look back on the past in despair;
They look to the future, but there they see naught
To brighten the prospect so drear.

When morning shines round him, he rises, though late,
Half wakened to reason again;
Accused by his conscience, he curses his fate,
And his head is now aching with pain.

A thirst on his vitals is preying, no doubt,
A strange and unnatural thirst,
Engendered by drinking, and all brought about
By not taking heed at the first.

His reason condemns him for what he has done;
Alas! he feels humbled enough;
And half way resolves hereafter to shun
The poisonous, detestable *stuff*.

But, ah! he has made the same promise before,
A hundred of thousand times told;
And once, I believe, although I'm not sure,
His name on the pledge was enrolled.

He pledges his word but to break it again—
A slave to the appetites now—
His purpose so weak he cannot abstain,
Though bound by the Nazarite's vow.

But the cause of his failure lies mostly in this:
He trusts in a strength of his own;
Like Samson, his locks have been shorn from his face,
And his strength has departed and gone.

Though shorn of his locks and deprived of his sight,
Would he suffer himself to be led,
And lean for support on omnipotent might,
He could conquer through heavenly aid.

'Tis heavenly aid alone that can save
The wretch from the drunkard's hard fate;
'Tis that which can free the inebriate slave,
And give hope to the now desolate.

Like one that lies down in the midst of the sea,
Or one on the top of a mast,
Destruction yawns round him, no port can he see,
And the storm-cloud is gathering fast.

On the wide, stormy sea of intemperance he
Is driven still further from shore;
And the storm seems to howl in his ear the decree
That he near shall return any more.

The comparison view, by King Solomon made—
How forcible 'tis, and how true!
And in this our day it is worse, I'm afraid,
Than it was in the days of the Jew.

The many strong drinks invented since then
Have deepened and widened the stream;
And spirits distilled are more poisonous to men
Than fermented drinks, it would seem.

Like one on the top of a mast, sound asleep,
While billows are rolling below,
Unconscious, he nears the abyss, dark and deep,
Where drunkards are destined to go.

Though smitten and stricken, he feels not the pain
That in kindness is given to heal;
He wakes not, or waking, he seeks yet again
In sleep his sad face to conceal.

Then leaving him thus in his perilous sleep,
As he drifts on the ocean so wide,
By his fate let us profit, and evermore keep
Far away from the treacherous tide.

Oh! let us not look on the wine when 'tis red,
When its color appears in the cup,
When it moveth itself like a serpent of dread,
For a fang will be found in each sup.

Its beginnings are smooth and deceitful, I know,
And promise us pleasure ahead;
But, oh! let me tell you, the further you go
The rougher the path you must tread.

There's a way, and that way to man seemeth right,
But Solomon says, and with truth,
That its end is the way of death and dark night;
Then shun it, oh, shun it in youth!

Wine, wine is a mocker! and what is strong drink?
'Tis raging and rages indeed;
And deceived ones are led to destruction's dark brink
But he who is wise will take heed.

If sinners entice thee, consent not, my son,
For their feet haste to evil and death;
Walk not in the pathway in which they may run,
But thy footsteps restrain from their path.

And now, in the end, let me say, once for all,
There's an evil abroad in the land;
And hundreds and thousands do stumble and fall
Who otherwise proudly might stand.

Forbid it, O Heavenly Father, forbid
That the streamlet shall ever increase;
But, oh! dry it up, and let us instead
See a river of plenty and peace!

# Poems, Descriptive and Humorous.

## *THE PROBLEM.*

A youth, when verging on nineteen—
One that by all was counted green,
  An awkward, gawky lad—
A lady's age once chanced to ask,
For which she gave him such a task
  As youngster never had.

"My age," said she, "I will not tell;
But if you're skilled in numbers well,
  As I suppose you are,
I'll give you data whence you may
Obtain my age unto a day;
  And that, you'll own, is fair.

"First let its cube be added to
Six times my age, and then add you
  Four times its square to that;
Then let the whole be multiplied
By once my age, and then you add
  Four times my age to that.

"Then, since you're nineteen years of age,
Add eight times that, and I'll engage
  The whole amount will be
Half a million, neither more nor less;
Now, if you tell my age, I guess
  You'll be the boy for me."

That green one studied night and day
In Fowler, Smiley, Smith, and Ray,
  But no such question found;
He strung out figures by the yard,
But still the problem was so hard
  He couldn't square it round.

But still resolved to persevere,
He worked for nearly half a year,
And made the answer plain;
And when he'd solved the problem true
(A problem which I give to you),
She heard from him again.

Said he: "My dear Miss W.,
You didn't know what I could do;
And now you're fairly caught;
I am the boy for you, although
From these here figures now I know
You're older than I thought.

"We both have been deceived for once;
You thought that you had met a dunce,—
One of the many Greens;
While I myself was wrong in this:
I took you for a bashful miss,
Not yet beyond the teens.

"But I'm the boy for you, I guess;
So hurry up your wedding dress,
We'll make an even trade;
You've got the 'boot' in age, but I
In height and weight; so let us tie
The bargain that you made."

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## *THE FISHERMAN'S LAWSUIT.*

'Mongst all the subjects of doubt and dispute,
Did you ever hear tell of the fisher's lawsuit—
Where John was the plaintiff, and Peter defended—
And how it began and how it was ended?

To tell the tale, then, as 'twas told unto me:
One Peter Boncure lived hard by the sea;
This Peter, 'tis said, was a fisher by trade,
And by plying that calling his living he made.

The catching of fish was all his employ;
Nothing else did he ever molest or destroy;
He was honest and friendly, and kind to the poor—
A very good name had this Peter Boncure.

One day, as he walked along the sea-side,
With hook and with line, and with bait well supplied,
He heard, as he thought, a cry of distress,
And quickening his steps, he ran to the place.

And when he had searched the place all around,
He saw a poor man, who, apparently drowned,
Deep down in the water, lay still as a stone,
Nor stirred hand or foot, nor uttered a groan.

That the man to the surface again might arise,
His hook and his line with a will Peter plies,
And soon to the margin the body he drew;
When who should it be, but his neighbor John Blue.

And while he was thinking how best to proceed
With this, his poor friend, in a time of great need,
He saw, to his sorrow, and to his surprise,
That his hook had hooked out one of his eyes.

However, persuaded that still he might live,
He proceeded still further assistance to give;
He bled him, and rubbed him, and rolled him about
Till he saw him recov'ring beyond any doubt.

To his cottage he took him, and put him to bed;
And in less than a week, if the truth must be said—
Except in the loss of his eye and the wound—
Friend John was as well as before he was drowned.

But when he was able to walk out again,
He felt the loss of his eye very plain,
And, forgetting past favors, as many still do,
Talked loud of his loss, and of damages, too.

'Twas Peter's fish-hook that made him half blind,
And to sue him for damage he made up his mind;
Went straight to a lawyer, and sued a writ out,
Which Peter was summoned to answer about.

Poor Peter felt vexed, as any one would,
But defended the matter as well as he could;
Said the damage was done, but without his intent—
In fact and in truth, 'twas a pure accident.

His conscience felt easy, he said, on that score;
Ill fortune alone was to blame, he felt sure;
And that John should be willing, when death was so nigh,
To purchase his life with the loss of an eye.

He admitted John's loss was great and severe,
But said he would always assert without fear
That a man who can show but one eye in his head
Is better, much better, than one that is dead.

In answer to this, the defendant's fine speech,
John said no authority within all his reach,
No law nor no custom on earth could be found
To put a man's eye out because he was drowned.

No emperor, king, or a senator sage,
No people or nation, in any dark age,
Had ever permitted, by force or surprise,
One neighbor to put out the next neighbor's eyes.

The damage to him was so very severe
As to equal at least a hundred a year;
'Twas that he demanded, and Pete should comply,
Or else give him back his identical eye.

The arguments brought the judge into a strait—
'Twas hard to decide which had the most weight;
The lawyers all, too, appeared at a stand
Which way to decide on the matter in hand,
Till a half-witted BOY, who was present by chance,
Asked leave of the court his thoughts to advance,
And said: "'Tis as plain as the nose on your face,
And I never would want a less difficult case.

"The case may be novel, although it is plain;
Be guided by me and you'll ne'er doubt again:
The plea of the plaintiff rests on this one fact,
That Peter proceeded with so little tact,
And handled his hook in so awkward a way
As to ruin John's looks, for which he claims pay.

"And now, please your honor, just listen to me:
Let the plaintiff once more be sunk in the sea,
And when he has lain there as long as before,
Then give him permission to come to the shore;
And if he succeeds, and gets out alone,
Safe, sound, and undamaged, why, then be it known
That Peter must pay all the damages claimed,
However so little by others he's blamed;
But if, after struggling and flouncing about,
John drowns in the water and never gets out,
Why, then it is justice, as all will admit,
That the court should at once the defendant acquit."

The judge thanked the boy for his logical view,
And was charging the jury in accordance to do,
When the plaintiff in action cut short the dispute
By saying: "Please, your honor, *I withdraw the suit!*"

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## *DORR MORRISON'S RIDE; OR, JOHN GILPIN THE SECOND.*

Tom Thompson was a soldier bold,
As bold as bold can be,
And in the famous Kansas wars,
A captain then was he.

He marched across Missouri's line,
To Kansas with his men,
But when he found old Sumner there,
He marched them back again,

Through fair Paola they returned,
With armor shining bright,
And when a little space beyond,
They halted for the night.

And there they fought their battles o'er,
Their merit to enhance,
And boasted what they would have done,
If they had had a chance.

Now Thompson's men were heroes all,
The bravest in the land;
To hear them talk, you would have thought
No foe could them withstand.

But there was one surpassing brave—
The world scarce ever saw
A braver than Dorr Morrison,
The captain's son-in-law.

He louder talked, and boasted more
Than any one beside—
Could he but meet the Yankees, sure,
The Yankee woe betide.

'Twas thus the hours passed away;
Each felt heroic flame—
And sank to sleep, perhaps to dream
Of military fame.

Next morn the captain called the roll
As soon as it was day,
And said: "I'll tell you what, my boys,
We'd better get away.

"For Reid has burned that Yankee town,
That Osso-what's-its-name,*
A few miles down the country here—
You saw the smoke and flame.

"And now the Yankee tribe will come
And be avenged on us,
Unless we get away from them,
And so escape the muss."

Then spoke Dorr Morrison, the brave:
"Just let the Yankees come!
We'll give 'em hail Columbia, sure,
And send 'em back to hum!

"Just let 'em come, the coward slaves,
From Abolition's den;
We'll whip 'em, though they're ten to one
'Gainst our pro-slavery men!"

*Osawatomie.

But Thompson couldn't see it so;
Said he, "The better plan
Is not to stay and risk a fight,
But march while march we can."

The baggage train, consisting of
A wagon drawn by mules,
Was hurried off in their advance,
For that was marching rules.

And hastily their horses now
Are caught and saddled all,
And they await the word to mount
And into column fall.

Their faces all are homeward turned,
And, willingly or not,
They mount their horses at the word,
And set off on a trot.

But there was Harry Whack McCrack,
And Hink I. Donowho,
Who lagged behind, and in the fog
Were hidden from the view.

And then these two mischievous boys,
To have a little fun,
Resolved to give their friends a scare
And see if they could run.

So Harry primed his arms afresh,
And Hinkley followed suit;
They fired their guns and pistols off,
As fast as they could shoot.

They couldn't see from out the fog
The effect on those before;
But the clattering of their horses' feet
Was like the thunder's roar.

Upon the morning's balmy air
The thundering echoes broke;
While Hinkley screamed and called aloud:
"Stop! stop! 'tis all a *joke*."

They heard him not, they heeded not,
But hurried on apace,
While Hink and Harry hurried too,
Like men who rode a race.

'Twas "helter-skelter," man and horse,
O'er hill and over plain,
As fast, and faster moving still
They whipped and spurred amain.

They soon o'ertook the baggage-train—
The driver whipping too,
For he had heard the din behind,
And knew not what to do.

"Save, save yourself!" Dorr Morris cried,
For he was now before;
"A thousand Yankees just behind!
A thousand, if no more."

The driver took him at his word;
He cut the hame-string square,
And mounting on the nearest mule,
He left the other there.

Thus on they rode to Dashman's farm,
Where dwelt a widowed squaw,
For they were on the Indian lands,
The lands of the Wea.*

But some were falling now behind—
Their horses were in fault;
So Thompson raised his voice aloud
And called his men to halt.

Said he, "We'll stop and fortify;
And if they come—why then
We'll fight and do the best we can;
We'll fight, my boys, like men.

"See here, this smoke-house, good and strong;
Of that we'll make a fort,
And if the Yankees should attack,
We'll give a good report."

*We-aw.

Into the meat-house then they crowd—
'Twas full from roof to floor
Of living flesh—not salted down;
But in a pickle, sure.

For when the doors were closed and barred,
And fastened round about,
They found themselves within the fort,
And all their guns without.*

But where are Hink and Harry now?
They're bringing up the rear;
Slow following upon the track,
And soon they will be there.

At first they rode with all their speed,
Their horses on the strain,
To overtake the flying host—
But, ah, 'twas all in vain!

Yet still they kept pursuing on,
And followed the retreat,
But every moment fainter grew
The sound of horses' feet.

"Where will they stop?" said Hink, at last;
"D'ye think they ever will?"
"I think, perhaps," said Whack McCrack,
"They'll stop at Pleasant Hill.

"For they are now like Gilpin's horse—
They'll run till they reach town."
Said Hink, "Perhaps, like Yankee clocks,
They'll stop when they've run down."

Thus riding on, they came at length
To where the baggage-train
Had been abandoned on the road,
And then they drew the rein.

Said Harry, "Here is trouble, now;
I fear we've played the fool—
We've got Van Higgin's wagon here,
And Duncomb's favorite mule.

*That part some of them deny.

"And though they're on the road toward home,
They're on it like to stay—
And though they hold their tongues, they speak,
And plainly seem to say,

"'That we must cover the retreat,
And take the baggage through;
Or else, perhaps, we'll have to pay
For mule and wagon too."

Dismounting then, they harnessed up
Hink's horse behind the mule,
And traveled leisurely along,
To let their horses cool.

And now the fog had cleared away—
And when they came in view,
The men within the smoke-house saw
And recognized the two.

"'Tis Hink and Harry, safe and sound—
The baggage-wagon, too!
Why, boys, we thought you both were killed;
Come, tell us how you do."

But when the boys began to laugh,
And said 'twas all a *joke*,
Oh, what a mighty storm of wrath
Forth from the captain broke!

He made for Harry with his gun,
And vowed, in angry strain,
That he who laughed at such a joke
Should never laugh again.

But soon, this hurly-burly o'er,
They took a calm survey,
And counted up the loss and gain
Of that eventful day.

Of killed and wounded on the field
They found that there were none,
And of the missing it appeared
That there was only one.

The brave Dorr Morris answered not—
The reason why was clear:
When Thompson gave the word to halt,
Dorr Morris failed to hear.

But on, and onward still he rode,
With unabated speed;
And still he plied the whip and spurs
Upon his panting steed.

He rode as for a mighty stake—
The issue life or death—
Until he crossed Missouri's line,
And then he stopped for breath.

He paused, and looked behind to see
Who followed in his rear;
Well pleased he was to find that all
The coast around was clear.

Not long he tarried there to breathe;
He bounded forward still—
For though 'twas thirty miles away,
His goal was Pleasant Hill.

At every farmer's house he passed,
He raised his voice and said:
"The Yankee's come! the Yankee's come!
And half our men are dead!

"And all the rest surrounded are,
Back at the Dashman farm;
And I *alone* escaped to give
And spread the dread alarm!

"Call every brave pro-slavery man,
And go to their rescue;
I'm riding now with an express,
Or I'd go back with you.

"Arise, ye brave Missourians!
The war has just begun;
And when the call for soldiers comes,
Then count me in for one!"

Through Morristown and Harrisville
The flying hero rode—
The trump of war had sounded sure,
And loud that trump he blowed.

And every time he told the tale
More wild and strange it grew;
So wild and strange that some, at least,
Could scarce believe it true.

But Morris had an evidence—
A fight there sure had been—
He showed the hat upon his head,
A bullet-hole therein.

But still they wondered how it came
That leaden ball had sped
Right through the middle of his hat
And yet had missed his head!

Perhaps his hair had raised the hat
So high from off his pate
That there was left a passage for
That messenger of fate.

Dorr Morris had no time to waste;
He hurried onward still,
And long before the noon of day,
He got to Pleasant Hill.

Meanwhile the fearful tidings flew,
And spread from side to side,
And men and boys were hurrying
To check the coming tide.

They hurried toward the Indian Land,
In squads of two or more,
And such a reinforcing time
We never saw before.

Tom Thompson and his heroes brave,
Upon their journey home,
Met reinforcements every mile,
And still, and still they come!

But Morrison had rode so far,
And rode so fast to town,
His horse, at least, if not himself,
Was run completely down.

So, like a Yankee clock, he stopped
And would no longer run;
And I, like him, will stop, for now
My yarn I've fully spun.



# Acrostics and Other Short Poems.

## *DOUBLE ACROSTIC.*

Written for a Young Friend. In which the name is found by reading the first letters, either from top or bottom to the centre.

Just what I am, or what I'll be,
  Appears a mystery to me—
My mind so often changes;
  Even while I plan for future weal,
Some turn of fickle Fortune's wheel
  My plan of life deranges;
Sometimes I feel myself a blank,
  The semblance of some broken plank,
Upon an ocean driven;
  Like vessel tossed and floating on,
Till driven finally upon
  Sahara's desert even.

Sahara's burning sands the while
  To fairy lands will change, and smile
Like fields of fair Elysian,
  Until, like Selkirk, I can say,
The monarch of a grand survey,
  So fair to Fancy's vision;
Monarch like, I think my name
  Shall stand upon the scroll of fame,
Enrolled in letters gleaming—
  May stand, perhaps, almost as high
As Washington's—Oh, Jemmy, fie!
  Just wake, for you are dreaming.

## *ACROSTIC.*

Written for Mary Burton.

My thoughts are soaring as a dove
  Away to worlds on-high;
Rising, they mount and soar above
  Yon azure vaulted sky.

But though my thoughts, on Fancy's wings,
  Up to the highest star ascends,
Reality as often brings
Those thoughts to earth and earthly things;
Or warm affection fondly clings
  Near to my earthly home and friends.

## *ACROSTIC.*

To Mary E. J. Burton.

May I govern my passions and keep them subdued,
And never be vicious, intemperate, or rude;
Resolving, whatever on earth may betide,
Youth or age shall not tempt me from justice aside.

Encompassed by snares in the journey of life,
Just grant me, kind Providence, freedom from strife;
By the rivers of peace may I journey along,
United to friends and beguiled by their song;
Renouncing the world, with its fashions and pride,
To the home of the blessed may I cross o'er the tide—
O'er the Jordan of Death may I peacefully go—
No fears to disturb, though the banks overflow.

## *ACROSTIC.*

Written as an Autograph in the Album of Mollie Johnson.

Misfortunes dark may gather round
Our fragile bark, now homeward bound—
Let not their winds detain us;
Life's stormy sea will soon be past—
In earthly ports, when anchored fast,
Earth's conflicts will not pain us.

Jerusalem, thy mansions bright—
Our home above in realms of light—
Home of the blessed forever;
Not all the storms that darken day
Should cause our footsteps to delay,
Or turn our feet from out the way;
No, never, never, never!

## *ACROSTIC.*

Written in the Album of Miss J. Franklin.

Just think, when e'er these lines you see,
Upon what great uncertainty
Depends our comfort here;
In all of life's vicissitudes,
Through crowded streets and solitudes,
How great are our disquietudes—
Forever filled with fear.
Renounce the world and worldly bliss,
And seek a higher sphere than this,
Nor seek beneath the sky;
Know that beyond this vale of tears,
Lit up by joy, a home appears,
In which the good, through endless years,
No longer fear to die.

## *ACROSTIC—DOUBLE.*

Many a tide may ebb and flow,
All my friends may me forsake;
Rolling waves may come and go,
Tempest-tossed my vessel break;
If the captain by me stand,
Naught I'll fear, naught I'll fear;
Resting on his promise sure,
I, amid the tempest's roar,
Calmly view the distant shore—
Ever clear, ever clear.
Evening shades around may close,
Cold and dark the night come on—
I shall calmly then repose,
Resting till the day shall dawn;
Numbered with my buried friends,
I shall rest, sweetly rest,
Till the night of death is o'er;
Rising then aloft I'll soar,
And find a home on yonder shore,
'Mongst the blest, 'mongst the blest.

## *PARODY ON A WELL-KNOWN HYMN.*

Could I but see my pathway clear
From out this land of sighs,
I fain would quit this sorrowing sphere,
And seek a heavenly prize.

Though sinful men their wars may wage,
With banners wide unfurled,
I'll smile at their impotent rage,
And seek a better world.

Should Death in all his terrors come,
It would not me appall;
'Twould take me to a better home,
Where God is all in all.

There shall my weary, way-worn soul
Bask in eternal rest,
And waves of sorrow no more roll
Across an aching breast.

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## *THE MOON.*

Written for a Prize at a School Examination.

To write, when I consented to,
I had no subject in my view,
On which to try my hand;
And for a subject, when I sought,
I found myself in trouble caught,
For not an idea or a thought
Would come at my command.

Imagination's pleasures wild,
Then Nature's works, my thoughts beguiled,
And Education, too;
Knowledge and Truth, with aspect bold,
And Eloquence, their claims unrolled;
But all of these were worn and old;
I wanted something new.

While pondering these things at night,
And sitting in the pale moonlight,
I felt my bosom thrill;
I saw the moon in splendor ride
Through fleecy clouds in stately pride,
And thought that nothing else beside
Would suit me half so well.

The Moon my subject, then, will be—
The Moon, which, over earth and sea,
Has ever ruled the night;
The Moon, which regulates the tides,
And into months the year divides;
Which, ever changing, still abides,
Fixed in its orbit bright.

Since first creation's work was done,
It has the self-same journey run,
And shown the self-same face;
It shines on us as first it shone
On Adam, when he stood alone,
Ere he had sinned, or death was known,
To mar his happiness.

Its pale, its mild, its pitying face
Has looked on all of Adam's race
For near six thousand years;
Far in the East, beyond the wave,
It shone on Abel's new-made grave,
And looked from out the blue concave,
Just as it now appears.

And when the waters overflowed
The ancient world, and Noah rode
Upon a deluge wild,
The Moon, still in its monthly race,
Looked down upon that watery waste,
And saw reflected there the face
Which so serenely smiled.

On Sodom and Gomorrah, too,
It shone, as it is wont to do,
With mild and placid face;
But when its monthly round was run,
And on the plain again it shone,
Those crowded cities both were gone,
And a sea was in their place.

Three thousand years have passed away,
But still, until the present day,
The Moon yet shines as bright
Upon the dark and sluggish sea
As when the land was proud and free,
And will till earth has ceased to be,
And Time shall take its flight.

It shines upon the pyramid,
As thousand years ago it did,
With pale and silv'ry light;

It looked upon those structures then,
And saw them builded by the men
Whose names for centuries have been
Lost and forgotten quite.

It shone on Thebes and Memphis too,
Before to wealth those cities grew;
It saw them rise and fall;
And now it shines on arid plains,
Where naught of wealth or pride remains,
But desolation ever reigns,
Amid those ruins all.

It shone on Babylon the fair,
Upon the hanging garden there
Beside the willow-trees;
It shone on Nineveh the great,
When Jonah preached the awful fate,
The coming doom, which did await
On its iniquities.

But Ruin's hand has passed them o'er;
Long since they sank to rise no more—
Their sights we scarce can know;
But yet the Moon has ne'er forgot
To shine upon each lonely spot,
To desolation rudely brought,
As prophets did foreshow.

Long did the Grecian temples gleam,
Touched by the pale, unwarming beam
Which did their spires illume;
It shone upon the Roman world,
Their conquering banners then unfurled,
And paled when Nero's torch was hurled,
The city to consume.

While rolling ages passed away,
The Moon shone on America,
Unknown to all the East;
It shone upon those goodly lands
From eastern shore to western strands,
Upon the roving Indian bands,
And on the savage beast.

And when the hardy Genoese
Adventured over unknown seas,
In quest of India's shore,
The Moon then shone, in silver pale,
Upon the vessel's wide-spread sail,
And saw it wafted by the gale
The wide Atlantic o'er.

It shone upon that little flock
Of pilgrims, who, on Plymouth Rock,
Debarked from off the waves;
Three hundred years and more have fled;
Those pilgrims now are with the dead,
But still the Moon her light will shed
Upon their unknown graves.

Like to the cloud Elijah saw,
That little flock did larger grow,
And larger still increased,
Till now it spreads from shore to shore,
And numbers millions o'er and o'er;
And still the Moon shines, as of yore,
On *all*, from West to East.

When Washington did nobly dare
To cross the raging Delaware,
The Moon was shining then;
It shone upon the hero's brow,
It shone on Trenton then as now,
And saw the British lion bow
To freedom-loving men.

Once, only once, since time began,
That orb has harkened unto man,
To stay its daily race;
When Joshua, the son of Nun,
Commanded, both the Moon and Sun
Stood still, until his work was done,
Nor hastened to their place.

One consolation here I know:
When I am called by death to go,
And leave a world of care,

Though friends may shun the spot where I
Am doomed in the cold ground to lie,
The Moon majestic from on high
Will shine in pity there.

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## *THE ORPHAN'S LOT.*

Recited at a School Exhibition, February, 1872.

Permit me, friends and teacher kind,
To-night to speak my woes:
The sorrows of an orphan's mind
No favored mortal knows.

I had a father once, who died—
I well remember how;*
An orphan, drifting on life's tide,
I have no father now.

He fell amongst the thousands who
In the great war were slain;
And we who loved a father true
Will see him ne'er again.

He sleeps within an humble grave,
Where roses sometimes bloom.
Those flowers cheer me as they wave,
But leave my heart in gloom.

He left me to a mother's care,
A mother kind and true;
We were the objects of her prayer,
Her toils and watchings, too.

She led me on the thorny road,
The thorny road of life;
She told me of a bright abode
Beyond this vale of strife.

*See "The Exodus of '63; or, Order No. 11."

And she has reached that bright abode
Beyond the shores of time;
And we, upon life's rugged road,
Press on toward that clime.

Her hand no longer points the way,
No longer smooths my brow;
Sad orphan 'mongst my schoolmates gay,
I have no mother now.

I'm fatherless, I'm motherless;
No parent's guiding hand
To lead me through life's wilderness,
Where dangers thickly stand.

But brother John and I, alas!
With sister Rosalie,
Sad orphans through the word must pass,
For orphans sad are we.

Ye who by fortune have been blessed,
Upbraid and blame me not;
You little know what woes are pressed
On the poor orphan's lot.

You have not been compelled, as I,
To give your dearest treasures up;
You ne'er have seen your mother die,
Nor drank the orphan's bitter cup.

But I must not with envy look
On those more favored far than I;
'Twas God who gave, 'twas He who took,
And to His will I bow, or try.

May you, my schoolmates, never know
The griefs and sorrows I have known,
Ne'er be bereft of friends below
And left as orphans, sad and lone.

## *THE CHILD'S DREAM.*

Oh, why did you wake me up, mamma?
I would have slept all day,
For I had a pleasant dream, mamma,
Of our home so far away.

I thought that we were there again,
My brother John and me,
And we wandered up and down the lane,
And played by the cherry-tree.

And there was little George, mamma,
With the hat he used to wear;
And I saw his little brother too,
And Jake and Lizzie there.

We climbed the orchard fence, mamma,
And ranged the orchard through;
And picked the large red apples up,
Just like we used to do.

And then we went to grandma's house—
The big white house, you know;
And my grandma took me in her arms,
And would not let me go.

And then I thought my grandma cried,
And called me orphan child;
But then I kissed my grandma till
She wiped her eyes and smiled.

And then we went back home, mamma,
To that small house of ours;
And went into the garden there,
Amongst the pretty flowers.

And who do you think I saw, mamma?
It was my own dear pa;
And I felt so happy then, although
'Twas but a dream I saw.

For I know that he is dead, mamma—
For him you weep and grieve;
For he was killed, you know, mamma,
The day we had to leave.*

But I thought that he was there, mamma,
And he took me on his knee,
And kissed us as he used to do,
My little sis and me.

And I thought he sang to us, mamma,
The song he used to sing;
And then I went with you and him
Down to the willow spring.

But you have waked me up, mamma,
And we are far away;
Oh, shall we not go back again
To that dear home some day?

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## *THE EXILE'S LAMENT.*

Written in the latter part of 1863, and published in the Lexington *Union*.

Alone I've returned to the home whence expelled
By "Order Eleven," from Kansas;
And here, in this home, by my feelings impelled,
I sigh as I'm penning these stanzas.

In the home which I builded I sit alone quite,
Or walk through its rooms in sad silence;
And I think of the time when my skies were all bright,
Ere the land had been covered with violence.

I look on my hearth-stone, so cheerless and cold,
And my eyes as I look become tearful,
As I think of the past, and the happy household
Who once met around it, so cheerful.

*See poem "Order No. 11."

In vain I may look for that household to-day,
In vain search the orchard or wildwood;
My motherless children are now far away
From the scenes of their earliest childhood.

I look on the landscape, so changed and defaced,
And the farms, all to ruin fast hasting;
The fruits of my labors, abandoned in haste,
I find are now wasted or wasting.

I look through my windows on farms lying waste,
The homes of my once happy neighbors,
Whose houses and orchards are torn and defaced,
And spoiled are the fruits of their labors.

But some of those neighbors I'll see here no more—
I laid them in beds dark and gory*—
But when I have quitted this blood-crimsoned shore,
I hope I shall meet them in glory.

Hard, hard is the fate of an exile from home,
And hard is our lot among strangers;
Wherever we wander, wherever we roam,
We're looked on as Quantrell's bush-rangers.

What though we have suffered at bushwhackers' hands,
Or bled in the cause of the Union,
Because from the haunt of those bushwhackers' bands,
We're counted as if in communion.

But I must away now, and leave here with pain—
This wreck of my earthly Elysian;
And when I have left it, perhaps ne'er again
Will this home greet my organs of vision.

*See poem "Order No. 11."

## *YOU'VE SUNG OF GREENLAND'S MOUNTAINS.*

Written in June, 1861.

You've sung of Greenland's mountains,
  You've sung it many a time;
Of Afric's sunny fountains,
  And India's sultry clime;
And of the night of error
  That reigns o'er heathen lands,
And called on many a hearer
  To lend them helping hands.

You've sung the lavish kindness
  Of heaven, bestowed in vain
Where superstitious blindness
  Supreme appeared to reign;
And thought that men enlightened,
  In favored lands like this,
Should send to men benighted
  The lamp of gospel peace.

Alas! alas! what better
  Is our condition now?
We're bound as with a fetter,
  And to an idol bow;
That lamp of Christian kindness,
  Which we would send afar,
Has, by our foolish blindness,
  Been quenched in civil war.

Now we, instead of bowing
  To wood and stone as they,
To bloody Mars are vowing,
  And vows to him we pay;
O that some Christian herald
  Would come to us from far,
And save a land imperilled
  By this intestine war!

No Juggernaut more bloody,
Nor worship more absurd,
Than that whose votaries study
To conquer by the sword—
A brother's hand imbruing
Deep in a brother's blood;
Not worse are heathens doing
Beyond the ocean's flood.

Waft not, ye winds, the story,
Nor bear the news abroad
To nations aged and hoary,
That we've forsaken GOD—
That this, our favored nation,
A land of Christians called,
Can rush on desolation,
And meet it unappalled.

O that the Lord in kindness
Would visit us again,
Would heal a nation's blindness,
And o'er the nations reign;
That, war and tumult ceasing,
The North and South might meet,
With peace and love increasing,
And bow at Jesus' feet!

# Poems, Descriptive and Scriptural.

## *ABRAHAM'S LAMENT.*

And Abraham came to mourn for Sarah, and to weep for her.—*Genesis.*

My fair princess is no more!
  Tranquilly she sleeps in death,
And her loss I now deplore,
  While amongst the sons of Heth,
    Far from all my kindred friends,
      I sojourn.
In and through a stranger's land
We have wandered hand in hand,
But by her lifeless form I stand
      Now to mourn.

Wanderer from the land of Ur,
  Far beyond Euphrates' flood,
I am but a pilgrim here,
  With no permanent abode—
    The graves of all my kindred race
      Far away.
Where shall Sarah's dust repose?
Where shall mine, when at the close
I seek relief from all life's woes
      In the clay?

God forbid that I should lay
  Sarah in a stranger's tomb!
At my death that stranger may
  Refuse to give my body room;
    But to buy a resting-place
      I propose.

O for a cave or sepulcher!
Where I can lay my princess dear,
And know that I shall rest with her
At life's close.

It was at Jehovah's call,
That we left our native land;
He who sees and governs all—
He it was who gave command,
Promising to give to us,
And our seed,
The land which he would bring us to;
And, as God is ever true,
I have faith that he will do
As he said.

Though the days may tarry long,
Though my sons may be oppressed,
Though the chain of bondage strong
On their aching limbs be pressed,
Yet the time will surely come
(For I learn
Three generations must decay,
Four hundred years must pass away)
When God will visit them, and they
Will return;

Return unto this goodly land,
The land o'er which I roam,
And all the region I have scanned
Shall be their future home;
Numerous as the stars of heaven
They shall be;
Throughout the land, from east to west,
The sons of Abraham shall rest,
And all the nations shall be blessed
Then in me.

## *JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.*

PART I.

'Twas long ago, in Egypt's land—
Of travelers there came a band,
Ten brothers all they were;
Before the ruler of the land
Those travelers approach and stand,
And make obeisance there.

The ruler knew those brothers then,
For *he* was brother to the ten,
Although they knew him not;
For they had sold him long ago,
When he was but a youth, and, lo!
He was to Egypt brought.

They thought that he was yet a slave,
Or else that he was in the grave,
Or drowned within the sea;
He made himself to them so strange,
Besides so great had been the change,
They little thought 'twas he.

"From what far country have ye sped,
And wherefore have ye come?" he said,
"I fain would understand;
Ye look as if ye might be spies—
Perhaps ye come to realize
How naked is the land?"

"We came from Canaan's land," they said,
"And we have come to purchase bread,
Our families to feed;
True men, we all thy servants are—
The sons of one man living there;
We are no spies, indeed."

"Nay, nay," the ruler then replied;
"Your answers prove that ye have lied,
For ye are surely spies;

I know ye are a Syrian band,
And ye have come to spy the land,
And come in this disguise."

"Indeed, my lord, we spake the truth;
We've dwelt in Canaan from our youth,
And hard has been our lot.
Twelve sons our aged father had—
The youngest now a little lad,
And one of them is not."

"If that be so, ye'll make it clear
By bringing that young brother here,
Your company to grace;
For, by the life of Pharaoh, king,
Ye shall not buy of me a thing
Until I see his face.

"In prison ye shall here remain
Until ye send back home again
And bring your brother hence;
For, by the life of Pharaoh, ye
Are spies, and buying bread of me
Is nothing but pretense."

He placed them in the prison then,
And there he kept those brothers ten
Three days and nights in pain;
And then he said, "Do this and live—
Your lives to you I freely give
Upon conditions plain:

"Let one in prison here remain,
The nine may then return again
With food for your supplies;
But when my face again ye seek,
Bring down the lad of whom ye speak,
Or surely ye are spies.

"And if the lad ye bring with you,
I then will know that ye are true,
And that ye spake the truth;

But Simeon shall wear the chain
Of bondage till ye come again
And bring with you the youth."

PART II.

In the land of the Canaanite Jacob now dwelt,
And worshiped on altars his fathers had built;
For thirty long years in that land he'd sojourned
Since he from the land of the East had returned;
A man of affliction, and sorrowing now,
Careworn were his features and saddened his brow.
Twelve sons and a daughter in time he had had,
And all were now gone but the youngest, a lad;
A favorite son he had long mourned as dead,
And ten were now gone into Egypt for bread.
In his tent, on the plain of fair Mamre, sat he,
With his face to the south, that perchance he might see
The return of his sons; and his gaze was steadfast,
For the time of their looked-for return was now past.
Too long have they tarried—perhaps they are slain;
But a caravan now is in sight on the plain—
Toward the tent of old Jacob they come, nor delay;
But he sees only nine—one, sure, is away.
They come to their father—a sad interview—
They tell of their journey, its incidents too;
For Reuben, the eldest, recounted it thus:
"The lord of the country spake roughly to us;
He said we were spies, that to Egypt we came
To spy out the land and report of the same.
But when we had told him that we were men true,
The sons of one father—an honored one, too—
That our brother, a lad, was at home with you still,
He fain would have kept us in prison until
A messenger came and returned with the youth,
To convince the stern ruler that we spake the truth.
At length he consented that we might return
With food and supplies, and your welfare to learn.
That Simeon there as a hostage remain
Till we shall go down into Egypt again,
And take along with us our brother, the youth,
And prove to him surely that we spake the truth.

But as we came home—the strangest thing yet—
As we opened a sack some provisions to get,
In the mouth of the sack, there, lo and behold!
Was the money we paid for it—silver and gold;
We know not its meaning, but fear that the man
Intends to deal hardly with us, if he can."

And now, as they emptied the stores which they brought,
They found all the money with which it was bought;
The silver and gold, in full weight, had come back,
And there it was then, in the mouth of each sack.
Sore afraid now was Jacob—the patriarch good—
Sore afraid were his sons, as around him they stood;
He said: "There is little of comfort now left,
For I of my children am sadly bereft;
My favorite, Joseph, to wild beasts a prey,
And Simeon now is in Egypt away;
And ye would take Benjamin far from me now—
'Tis against my consent, and I cannot allow."
Said Reuben, the eldest, "Trust me with thy son—
Keep Hanoch and Phallu, my two, for the one;
If Benjamin come not in peace back again,
Let Hanoch and Phallu, my two sons, be slain."
"Alas!" said the father, "'Twould bring no relief;
The death of my grandsons would augment my grief;
Ye know that his brother was lost long ago,
And I will not consent that the lad shall now go;
If mischief befall him—this son of my age—
There's nothing on earth that my grief could assuage,
But down to the grave my gray hairs would go,
Brought down by afflictions, by sorrow and woe."

PART III.

The famine in the land was sore,
And long had it prevailed;
Though Israel husbanded his store,
That store at length had failed.
He spake unto his waiting sons,
With voice and mien subdued:
"To save your wives and little ones,
Go buy a little food."

Then Judah spake and answered thus:
"My father, be it so—
Send Benjamin along with us,
And willingly we'll go.
Let not the lad remain through fear
That mischief him befall,
For, if he go not with us there,
We need not go at all;
For he, the ruler of the store,
Did swear in Pharaoh's name
That we should see his face no more,
Unless our brother came."

"Ah! what is this that ye have done?"
The troubled father said;
Why told ye that another son
Your aged father had?"
"Because," his sons did answer then,
"The man did straight inquire:
'Have ye another brother, men,
Or have ye yet a sire?'
He questioned us of all our state,
And of our kindred too,
But chief his questions did relate
To Benjamin and you.
We answered him as we have said,
According to the truth:
'One of our brothers now is dead,
And one at home a youth.'
Could we suppose that he would say:
'Go, bring that brother down?'
We cannot, dare not disobey,
And meet that ruler's frown."
Then Judah *further* spake: "My sire,
Entrust the lad with me,
And at my hand thy son require
When I return to thee;
If I return him not in peace,
Let me then bear the blame,
And let a father's curse ne'er cease
To rest on Judah's name;

For, if we had not tarried thus,
We might have twice returned,
And brought up Simeon with us,
For whom our hearts have yearned."
Then Jacob spake again and said:
"My grief is sore indeed;
Go, get ye down and buy us food;
Since fate has so decreed—
Hard fate has said it must be so—
Take Benjamin with you;
Arise, make haste, to Egypt go,
And prove that ye are true.
Go, take a present in your hand—
'Tis little we can send
Unto the ruler of the land—
And may our God befriend;
Go, take the money back with you—
The money which ye brought—
An oversight, perhaps, in you,
Or him from whom ye bought;
Take other money, too, along—
Take double money there—
Let naught be found within you wrong,
But prove yourselves sincere,
And may the God of Abraham—
He whom I daily serve—
Go with you to the Land of Ham,
And all your lives preserve;
May give you favor in the sight
Of that great ruler stern,
And guide your erring footsteps right,
And hasten your return.
O may that doubting ruler be
Convinced that ye are true,
And send the lad again to me—
Your other brother too.
Ah! little hope to me is left,
And I am sadly grieved;
If of my sons I am bereft,
How sad am I bereaved!

Then go, my sons, to Egypt go;
My prayers shall heavenward rise—
If Benjamin should fall, ye know
With grief his father dies."

PART IV.

'Twas morning in Egypt; the sun, mounting high,
Illumined the small and the great;
A caravan small, with their asses, drew nigh
And stood by the governor's gate.
The ten sons of Jacob—from Canaan they came,
Away from a famishing land;
The governor saw them—he knew it was them,
And their faces he eagerly scanned.
He saw there a youth—a small, ruddy youth—
Complexion and features agreed
With those of his own, and he knew of a truth
That this was his brother indeed;
The son of his mother, he knew him, although
He never had seen him before—
For he had been sold from his home long ago,
Ere his mother that brother had bore.
He turned from the men, and he spake to his steward:
"Make ready a feast, very soon,
A feast for the strangers, for be you assured
That they shall dine with me at noon."
And now are the brethren astonished, for, lo!
To the governor's house they are brought;
They said: "'Tis because of the money, we know,
And occasions against us are sought;
This ruler will keep us for bondmen, we fear—
The asses also will be his;
We felt and we feared that evil was near,
And, oh, what an evil it is!"
They came to the steward, and communed with him thus:
"Oh, sir, we came down here indeed,
Compelled by the famine which preyed upon us,
To purchase the bread which we need;
And as we returned on the road, at an inn
We opened our sacks, and behold!

The money of each we there found within,
The full weight of silver and gold;
Indeed, we know not how the money came there—
We have brought it again in our hand;
We also have brought other money with care,
To buy for our famishing land."
The steward made reply: "Fear nothing; for God,
The God of your fathers, I ween,
Has given you treasures; your money I had,
And nothing amiss have I seen;
Dismiss your forebodings and be ye at peace,
Since ye have the ruler obeyed—
He commands it, and I now your brother release;
So be ye no longer afraid."
Then into the palace he brought them, and said:
"Here tarry, nor go hence away,
For I am commanded a table to spread—
Ye dine with the ruler to-day."
The governor came when the morning was spent,
And there the eleven he found;
They brought him the present their father had sent,
And bowed themselves down to the ground.
He asked of their welfare, and how they had sped—
What them on their journey befell;
He asked of their father, the old man, and said:
"Is your father alive? Is he well?"
They answered: "Thy servant, our father, is well,
And may he in health long remain—
Long time may he live in the land where we dwell;"
And they bowed to the ruler again.
But why does the governor's countenance change,
As his eyes upon Benjamin rest?
To the son of his mother he made himself strange,
And his feelings with pain he repressed.
"Is this the young brother ye spake of?" he said;
"His features all prove it is he;
They tell me, my son, that your mother is dead—
May God now be gracious to thee."
Why falters his voice, and why does he haste
To go to his chamber alone?
Impelled by his feelings, he would have embraced
That brother, till now never known.

He wept in his chamber, and then washed his face
And returned to his brethren again;
Then ordered the bread to be be set in its place,
While his tears he could hardly restrain.
And now the men marvel. Three tables are set;
One alone by the ruler is graced,
One by the Egyptians—another one yet,
At which the eleven are placed;
But stranger than all, they saw themselves ranged
In the order of birthright in line;
From oldest to youngest, the ruler arranged
And placed them as if by design.
The men marveled much that a stranger could know
Their ages, or order of birth—
Diviner of secrets, magician also,
Or prophet of God upon earth.
And now unto each of these brothers he sent
Choice messes—the fruits of the Nile;
But Benjamin's mess was large in extent—
And they drank and were merry the while.

PART V.

The ruler spake unto his steward:
"These men are true, I feel assured,
Let them no longer tarry;
Go fill their every sack with grain,
And as before, so do again;
Give them as much as all the train
To Canaan's land can carry.

"And in the mouth of every sack
Put each man's purchase money back;
You saw the lad, most surely—
Then take my cup, the silver cup,
The one from which I rarely sup,
And then be sure you bind it up
Within his sack securely."

As thus commanded, so he did;
The sacks were filled, the cup was hid,
And Jacob's sons departed;

At early morn they went away;
Their mission thus accomplished, they
Considered this a happy day,
And each was lithesome-hearted.

But soon their joys are at an end;
And now may God their lives defend—
A troop is following after;
They come, they overtake them now;
The steward is there—to him they bow,
While fear is written on each brow,
And grief succeeds to laughter.

"Why have ye made such base amends?
My lord has treated you as friends—
He gave you quite a revel;
But not content with him to sup,
Ye steal away his silver cup;
False treasures are ye laying up,
Requiting good with evil."

They answered him: "Our God forbid
That we should steal! we never did
According to thy saying;
The cup is not with us, be sure,
And naught we've taken from thy store;
Why then, my lord, we ask—wherefore
Against us thus inveighing?

"The money found within the sack—
You know we brought that money back,
At this, our second coming;
And thou didst tell thy servants this,
That we had nothing done amiss;
Then from thy mind the thought dismiss,
A thought so unbecoming.

"Search every sack and all our stuff,
And if the cup you find—enough—
We're bondmen to your master;

And he with whom the cup is found
Shall die the death, and let resound
Through Egypt, to its utmost bound,
The tale of our disaster."

The steward to them did make reply:
"Then be it so; yet none shall die
And be forever nameless;
But he with whom the cup I see
A servant to my lord shall be,
And serve him ever; but for ye—
All others shall be blameless."

Then speedily their sacks were laid
Upon the ground, and there displayed
Until the search was ended;
Each thought himself from danger free,
Nor thought the stolen cup could be
Within his sack; but subtlety
Had done the work intended.

And then to search the steward began—
Searched Reuben's sack, while every man
In silence stood around it;
'Twas Simeon's next, and then Levi,
Then Judah, Dan, and Naphtali;
The brothers' hopes were rising high,
For yet he had not found it.

But still the search more eager grew;
The sack of Gad and Asher too
He searched, nor yet retreated;
Next Issachar and Zebulun,
Then Benjamin, the youngest one,
And then the eager search was done—
The cup was there secreted.

And now amazement seizes all;
They rend their clothes, both great and small,
And lade in haste their asses;

Then to the city they return,
With shame, and grief, and deep concern,
The fate of Benjamin to learn,
Whose grief all grief surpasses.

To Joseph's house in haste they came—
For Joseph was the ruler's name—
And fell upon their faces;
He said: "What deed is this ye've done;
Did not ye know that such a one
As I sees all beneath the sun,
Even in the darkest places?"

"Ye know that I can well divine—
Did not I place you all in line,
According to your ages?
I saw your theft—a crime quite small
Compared with *one*—I know it *all;*
I saw your other brother fall
When you received your wages."

Then Judah said: "What can we say?
Our sins have found us out to-day,
For God could only show thee;
And now thy servant, lord, is he
With whom the cup was found, and we
Will serve with him and honor thee,
As all must do who know thee."

The ruler said: "My God forbid
To punish you for what he did—
The youth shall suffer only;
My servant he shall here remain,
But ye shall get back home again,
Your aged father to sustain,
And cheer his life now lonely."

PART VI.

Then Judah, approaching the ruler, thus spake:
"Let thy servant now speak but a word,
In behalf of a father whose heart will sure break
When the news of to-day he has heard,—
We are murmuring not at thy sentence; indeed,
It is less than our actions deserve;
But, oh! for the life of my father I plead—
A life I would die to preserve.

"We remember the words that we spake unto thee,
Thy questions, and what we replied:
You said to your servants, "A father have ye,
Or have ye a brother beside?"

"We told you a father in Canaan we had,
That a brother we also had there,
The son of his age, a youth—quite a lad—
The object of all his fond care;
And you did then swear by the life of your king
That your servants should see you no more,
Unless we from Canaan our brother should bring,
And set him our lord's face before.

"But when to our father thy servants returned,
And reported thy words to him there—
When the words of my lord our father had learned,
His heart sank in grief and despair;
'Twas then that our father long time did refuse,
While his tears in a torrent did flow;
For he said, 'Peradventure my son I shall lose,
As his brother was lost long ago.

" 'Ye know that the lad had a brother before—
My joy, and that joy has fled;
He went from my presence, I saw him no more,
And long have I mourned him as dead;
And Benjamin, now, is the only son left
Of Rachel, my favorite wife,
And if of that son I shall now be bereft,
In grief I would end my sad life.'

"'Twas thus that our words and our arguments failed,
Our father would listen to none;
But famine, at length, sore famine prevailed,
And he parted in grief with his son.
Then how can I go to my father again,
If Benjamin be not with me?
And how can I witness his anguish and pain,
Or his death, for his death it would be?
His life is bound up in the life of the lad;
If deprived of his son, he will die;
Then how shall I meet him with tidings so sad?
O never, no, never can I!

"Perhaps you, my lord, have a father; if so,
You can feel for my anguish and pain.
For the sake of a father, then, let the lad go
With his brethren to Canaan again;
O let him return to his father in peace,
To comfort him now in his age!
I pray thee in pity the lad to release,
And to serve in his stead I'll engage;
For I became surety my father unto—
The lad has been placed in my care;
For the life of the lad, and my father's, I sue,
And I trust you will grant me my prayer.
I then as a bondman to thee will remain,
My days whether many or few,
For I cannot return to my father again,
If Benjamin go not up too."

'Twas thus Judah pleaded; for him it behooved
The ruler's compassion to claim;
But why does the ruler appear so much moved,
And why so convulsed is his frame?
At length he exclaimed, "Let all men depart;
I would be with these brethren alone!"
His nerves were unstrung, and it seemed that his heart
Was bursting with feelings unknown.

And now all alone with his brethren, he wept;
No longer could he now refrain;
That secret which long in his heart he had kept
That heart would no longer retain.

He wept long and loud, and his weeping was heard
  In the household of Pharaoh afar;
Surprised were his brethren, emotion appeared
  His language, his speech, to debar.

"I am Joseph, your brother!" at length he exclaimed;
  "O say, does my father yet live?"
But they were so troubled, amazed, and ashamed,
  No answer to him could they give.
"Come near unto me, my dear brethren," he said,
  "I fain would embrace one and all;
You sold me to Egypt, and thought I was dead,
  But God has prevented my fall.

"Then be ye not angry or troubled that ye
  Did sell me in bondage, for know
That God sent me here, a kind savior to be
  To you and your children also;
Two years has the famine been sore in the land,
  With five years of famine to come;
Though ye were the instruments, God gave command,
  And sent me away from my home."

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## *DAVID AND GOLIATH.*

I lately had a vision strange,—
I stood upon a mountain range;
Another range hard by was seen,
And there a valley lay between.
I saw upon each mountain height
A host of men in armor bright,
Who looked like men of foreign clime,
Or warriors of the olden time.
Their armor was not such as we
In this our land and time can see:
For cannon large, and smaller gun,
I looked, but could discover none;
But they were armed with bows and slings,
And many other simple things—

For there, upon that warlike field,
Were spear and helmet, sword and shield;
And there, upon each mount arrayed,
A mighty host its arms displayed;
And it was plain to see that they
Were ranged in battle's dread array.

As there I stood with paling face
And beating heart, there came apace
A ruddy youth with features fair,
A flashing eye and flowing hair;
He came and quickly hurried by,
But as he passed I caught his eye;
He cast on me a look askance,
And there was something in that glance,
A something in that flashing eye,
Attracted me, I knew not why.
I felt as if I fain would know
From whence he came, and where he'd go;
And by that feeling strange impelled,
By caution nor by fear withheld,
I followed him, as on he sped,
Without reflecting where he led;
For, with a speed which few could boast,
Straight went he to the smaller host;
And as we passed along the line,
By many a warrior's strange ensign,
I looked in vain for stripes and stars;
I saw no flag with crossing bars,
No eagle and no lion there,
No unicorn or northern bear,
No shamrock and no thistle green,
No crown or crescent could be seen;
But everything was strange to me,
And naught familiar could I see.
At length he stopped a flag before,
And this was the device it bore:
A golden rod with budding stem,
On which was written "BETHLEHEM."
He spake and said to one, "How goes
The battle 'gainst our country's foes?"

But as he spake he turned to see
The now approaching enemy.
I saw upon his face surprise,
A glance of ire shot from his eyes;
I turned myself to see, and, lo!
Down in the valley there below,
Advancing, came a giant's form,
With countenance like an angry storm;
And he was clad from head to feet
In armor of defense complete;
So large was he—full ten feet high—
And clothed in martial panoply,
An object sure was he of dread;
A brazen helmet on his head,
A plate of brass upon his breast,
And one between his shoulders pressed—
In coat of mail, which must have weighed
Three hundred pounds, was he arrayed.
His legs in bands of brass were bound,
And stood as pillars on the ground;
A spear with iron head he bore—
It weighed full thirty pounds, or more—
The staff of which to me did seem
As large as any weaver's beam;
And this he brandished in the air,
And seemed to bid defiance there;
While one a ponderous shield upbore,
And marched the mighty man before;
And all the opposing host, I saw,
Of this great champion stood in awe.
Methought he raised his voice aloud,
Like thunder from a distant cloud;
With tone and words inspiring dread
He spake, and this is what he said:

"Ye men of Israel, to-day,
Why set yourselves in such array,
Or why your arms combine?
How dare ye madly to oppose
A host of warriors such as those
Ye see within our line?

"Our army far outnumbers yours,
And we have arms and warlike stores
Of which ye little know;
Then why engage in battle strife,
Or why endanger human life,
'Gainst such a powerful foe?

'Tis plain that Israel must bow
To great Philistia's sceptre now,
Our servants to abide,
Or else Philistia proud must yield;
And we have met upon the field
The question to decide.

"But why should ye contend with us,
Or why engage in battle thus,
Your freedom to regain?
For when the bloody fray is done,
And when the victory we have won,
Your thousands will be slain.

"Ye servants now of Saul, give ear,
And all ye men of Israel, hear:
If ye would end the strife,
It may be settled now, and done
Before the setting of the sun,
With little loss of life.

"Choose ye a man from out your host—
The strongest that the land can boast,
I care not who he be—
And let him, armed with coat of mail,
Come down and meet me in the vale,
And fight the fight with me.

"And should I then the victor be,
And should he yield his life to me,
Then ye shall tribute pay,
And be our servants, as of yore,
In Samson's days and years before,
As I have heard men say.

"But if this good right arm should fail,
And he, your champion, prevail—
A quite unlikely thing—
Then we will be your servants all,
And pay our tribute unto Saul,
Or him who may be king.

"Ye men of Israel, once again,
Before your warriors all are slain,
I challenge for the fight;
Choose ye a champion—one for all;
Though it should be the mighty Saul,
It will not me affright.

"Day after day for forty days,
My challenges, in various ways,
Ye have not dared to meet;
And now, this morn, again do I
The hosts of Israel defy,
Those challenges repeat.

"Set not your armies in array,
But choose a champion to-day
Whose valor has been tried;
For by my god, great Dagon, I
The hosts of Israel defy,
Whatever may betide."

Now, when this boasting speech was heard,
I saw the smaller host appeared
Oppressed with fear and seized with dread,
And many of their warriors fled.
Their broken ranks were scattered all,
And fear did many a heart appall;
But in the dire confusion then,
Amid the terror-stricken men,
That stripling's voice, distinct and loud,
Was heard amid the surging crowd.
I turned to look, but I could trace
No sign of fear upon his face.
His eye was towards the giant turned,
His ruddy cheek with ardor burned,

And on his beaming countenance
There sat a look of confidence,
Which seemed to banish fear and dread
From many who had turned and fled;
A single look upon them cast,
A single word, as on they passed,
I saw (and strange it was to see)
Attracted them, as it had me;
He halted and he called to them
Around the flag of Bethlehem.

"Stay, men of Israel, stay!" he cried,
"For who is this that has defied
The army of the living God,
Which oftentimes by faith has trod
The land of proud Philistia o'er,
And conquered it in days of yore?
Say, who's this boasting Philistine,
This mighty man of Anak's line;
And why should he, I ask you why,
The army of the LORD defy?
Is there no man in all the host
Can stop the mighty champion's boast?
Say, is there none who dares to go
And meet him in the vale below,
There fight with him, as he has said,
And lowly lay him with the dead?"

"Are you," said one, "a stranger here,
And have you never chanced to hear
Or see this mighty man before,
Whose words have troubled Israel sore?
This champion from the city Gath,
The famous giant, Goliath,
Who comes at eventide and morn
With words of pride and bitter scorn,
And boasting language, loud and high,
The host of Israel to defy;
While there is neither young nor old
Who dares to meet this warrior bold,
For there is none who ever yet
Encountered him but those who met

A bloody death—for who can stand
Before the giant's mighty hand?
The king would highly recompense
The hero who would take him hence;
Has promised wealth and power for life,
His daughter, too, to be his wife.
But there is none who dares to go
And meet him in the vale below,
Although it humbles all our pride
To hear our armies thus defied."

I saw, while looking on the scene,
A warrior of commanding mien,
Of stature tall, and robust frame,
'Twas Eliab, I heard his name;
He stood the stripling youth hard by,
And looked on him with envious eye;
He seemed to know the stripling well,
And thus he spake with haughty swell:

"Vain-hearted boy, why are you here?
Why have you left our father dear,
And who, I ask you, now will keep
And guard that little flock of sheep?
Full well I know your haughty heart;
You came not here to bear a part
Within the battle soon to be,
And which you only came to see."

The youth replied: "My brother dear,
The reason why you see me here
I can explain"—then made a pause:
"I came, and is there not a cause?—
A cause for everything that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun?
Though now we may not see it clear,
In after days 'twill plain appear,
So plain that we'll acknowledge then
God makes his instruments of men."

He turned himself and spake again:
"Ye men of Israel, here remain;
Flee not before this giant's face,
Although he comes of Anak's race;
Let no man's heart before him quail,
Let no man's spirits faint or fail,
Let no man yield to fell despair,
For there is one I know will dare
To meet this mighty champion,
Before the setting of the sun.
Yes, there is one who dares to go
And fight with this gigantic foe;
For who is this uncircumcised,
Who mischief 'gainst us has devised,
And who is he—let woe betide—
Who has the Lord of hosts defied?"

A murmur of applause arose,
As rank on rank began to close,
And it was said by one and all,
"Go bear the tidings unto Saul;
Go tell the king a youth is here,
Who, with a look and voice sincere,
Declares that there's a champion
Who dares to meet that mighty one—
Will meet the boasting giant now,
And strip the helmet from his brow."

A dozen messengers or more
At once the welcome tidings bore,
And one was ordered then to bring
The stripling in before the king.

He went; methought I followed, too,
Though strange it all may seem to you;
I followed wheresoe'er he went;
I followed to the royal tent,
And in and out I ventured free,
For no one seemed to notice me.
I've heard it said that men in sleep
Can walk the heights, can walk the deep,

Where waking feet would surely fall;
Even so walked I before King Saul.
I saw that proud, majestic mien
No living, waking eye has seen;
I listened to the royal word
No waking ear alive has heard,
And stood the royal tent within,
Where waking I'll ne'er stand again;
And when the stripling entered, he
The king accosted courteously.

"They tell me," then the king began,
"That you have found a valiant man
Who dares to meet the giant foe,
And lay Philistia's champion low;
I've sought from Beersheba to Dan,
But sought in vain, for such a man;
Now tell me where, my son, is he,
And who can that brave champion be?"

The youth replied: "My lord, O king!
The warrior which to you I bring
May not your expectations meet;
But let me now, O king, repeat:
Let no man's heart or courage fail
Before this giant, clothed in mail,
For I, before the setting sun,
Will meet and fight the champion;
And all the world will know full well
That there's a God in Israel;
For who is he who makes his boasts
Against the mighty God of hosts?"

As thus he spake before the king
The courtiers all stood wondering;
A mingled look—surprise and awe—
Upon each face methought I saw;
Surprise that one so very young
Could move such numbers with his tongue;
That he, a youth with face so fair,
To meet that mighty man should dare.

The king surveyed the youth, intent
With looks in which I saw were blent
His hopes and fears, and something more:
A feeling that in days before
He'd seen that youth who boldly stood
A champion for the multitude.

He spake to him in accents mild:
"Say, who are you, bold, daring child?
For you are but a child in years,
Compared with him whom Israel fears;
Nor should you dare, young man, to go
And fight the great Philistine foe;
Too young you are, by far too small,
To meet the giant, great and tall—
A man whom none has dared to face,
The mightiest man of Anak's race,
Whose name and fame are known afar,
And feared by all our men of war."

All eyes were on the stripling turned,
All hearts with expectation burned,
But on his radiant face there came
No look of fear, no blush of shame.
That look of hope and confidence,
Which seemed to scorn discouragements,
Still shone upon his features fair,
And spoke a firm reliance there;
While still that something in his eye
Attracted every passer-by.
He made a gesture with his hand—
The king for silence gave command—
And then the stripling bowed his head,
And thus unto the king he said:

"'Tis true that my days upon earth have been few,
And I know not how soon they must end,
But I am quite willing to dare and to do,
And with that great giant contend.
You ask me, O king: 'What bold, daring youth,
A child in comparison true,
Now dares to engage with a giant in truth,
The largest the world ever knew?'

"My father, an old man, is now far away,
And his name I wish not to reveal;
For if I should fail in the contest to-day,
From that father my death I'd conceal.
I'm the son of a shepherd, whose flocks I have kept
On the hills of Judea, alone,
And oft in the wilderness land I have slept,
Where the bear and the lion are known.

"But lately there came a lion, a bear,
And they carried off one of the flock;
I followed them then, and I followed them there
To a den in the cleft of a rock;
The lion against me arose in his might,
And his roaring was terrible then;
No sword I had there, but I slew him outright,
That terror of beasts and of men.

"The lion I slew then, and also the bear,
And this boasting Philistine shall be
As those, the fierce and savage beasts, were,
And his head will be given to me;
You'll say it was rash and imprudent for one
So small and so young as I am
To grapple a lion, when help there was none,
To avenge but the loss of a lamb.

"I knew it, I felt it, as onward I trod,
But something still whispering said:
'Go on, in the strength of Israel's God,
And trust in Jehovah for aid.'
I went, but went not in strength of my own;
I trusted in God, the Most High,
And He who delivered me then when alone
Will succor me still when I cry.

"I hear the same whispering voice even now;
It bids me undaunted go on,
And when I remember the lion, and how
I conquered, my fears are all gone;

I fear not to meet with that giant so tall,
I dread not his sword or his spear;
The God of high heaven is stronger than all,
And trusting in Him, I come here."

I saw that as he spake his word
A strong and deep emotion stirred
Within the breast of every one
Who chanced to hear, as I had done;
And even the king appeared to be
Convinced that friendly destiny
Had sent the youthful shepherd there,
To do what others did not dare,
And hope, unbidden, seemed to spring
Within the bosom of the king,
That he, that daring shepherd boy,
Might turn their fear and grief to joy.

"Go on," he said, "I give consent;
Go on, and be you confident,
To meet that champion so dread,
And fight the fight in our stead;
And may the God of Jacob go
With you against the boasting foe;
And that you may 'gainst him prevail,
I'll arm you with a coat of mail;
This breastplate, too, and helmet take,
And wear them for your country's sake."

The king's own armor then, forsooth,
Was given to the shepherd youth,
And he essayed with it to go
Against the great Philistine foe;
But soon returned that coat to doff,
And put the royal armor off.
"I cannot move," said he, "with ease;
I cannot go at all with these;
But I will go with weapons such
As I have used and handled much—
My trusty sling, my shepherd's crook,
With stones from out the pebbly brook;
These are the weapons which I choose
Against this mighty man to use."

With these, I saw from royal tent,
He toward the giant swiftly went,
While mighty warriors stood aghast,
As on and onward still he passed,
Descending to the vale below,
Where still was seen the threat'ning foe;
And there in expectation stood
An anxious, waiting multitude.

A tremor strange appeared to seize
The king, who trembled in his knees;
He spake to one and said: "O sir!
Pray tell me, Abner son of Ner,
Who is this strange, mysterious youth?
Speak now, and tell me all the truth;
Who can this strange young warrior be,
Pray tell me now, whose son is he?
For surely, surely I have seen
That youth before, and know his mien;
And surely, surely I have heard
That voice, which has so strangely stirred
Emotions in this breast of mine,
And bade me trust a power divine."

The captain of the host replied:
"From thee, O king, I would not hide
The name or station of the youth;
But, as thy soul shall live, in truth
I know him not, nor whence he came,
Nor do I know his father's name;
A stranger he appears, and yet,
Like you, I feel that I have met
That bright, attractive, beaming eye,
Admiring it, not knowing why."

"Go, Abner," said the king again;
"Inquire of all, till you obtain
A knowledge whence the stripling came,
Whose son he is, and what his name;
And when the fact you ascertain,
Then quickly bring me word again,

For fain would I that stripling know,
And whether he be friend or foe;
For there is something whispers me
That this strange youth, perchance, is he
Of whom the prophet Samuel spake,
Who, in the coming time, shall take
The sceptre from the house of Saul,
And reign a king o'er Israel all;
Else why should I so strangely feel
A fear that I cannot conceal?"

Meanwhile the stripling moved along,
And I, amid the wondering throng,
Still followed him, as I had done,
Till he approached the champion,
While he, the giant, came apace
To meet the stripling face to face;
And thus he spake in haughty tone
Unto that shepherd youth unknown:
"Come you," said he, "from Saul, the king?
And what's the message which you bring?
Has he, your king, selected yet
A man who dares, without regret,
To place his life in jeopardy,
And fight, for life or death, with me?"

"*He has*," the youth replied, "*and I*
*Have come to conquer, or to die!*"
"YOU? YOU?" the giant said; "indeed
You surely jest; I cannot heed
Such words from such a boy as you;
Send me a warrior, tried and true,
A warrior worthy of the name;
A man of power, a man of fame;
A champion bold, a champion tried;
A nation's choice, a nation's pride;
For I am not a dog, that I
From boys with sticks and stones should fly.
Return, whate'er your name may be,
And do not dare to encounter me;

Lest I be tempted to resent
Such base insult with base intent,
And give your flesh in very deed,
The fowls and beasts of prey to feed."

The youth replied in language meek:
"You may be strong, and I am weak;
Of giant size though you appear,
And though you're armed with sword and spear,
I do not heed your threat'ning boasts;
But, trusting in the God of hosts,
I come, the stripling that I am,
And God, the God of Abraham,
I trust, in this my trying hour,
Will nerve my feeble arm with power
To overcome a giant's strength,
That all the land, throughout its length,
Shall know that Israel's God is He
Who gives us strength and victory;
And you, proud man, will soon be slain
By him whom you so much disdain;
For ere the sun shall set to-day
I'll take that head of thine away,
And give your body, large indeed,
The vultures of the air to feed;
And all Philistia's host shall be
Appalled with fear, and they shall flee."

"By Dagon, then," the giant said,
"Come on, your blood be on your head!
Since you have dared a bloody fate,
No longer will I hesitate
To send you hence, from life and ease
To spirit land, the land Hades;
Your dainty form, so fair and frail,
Upon my spear will I impale,
And hold it up, that all may see
The end of youthful vanity."

"I come," the stripling said, "I come;
Now let your idol, deaf and dumb,
Assist you in the coming hour
Against Jehovah's mighty power."

As thus the giant he addressed,
Still on and forward yet he pressed,
And near and nearer yet he drew,
The giant moving forward too;
When suddenly the stripling took
A stone which came from out the brook,
And placing it the sling within,
He hurled it with a whizzing din;
Unerringly the missile sped,
And struck the giant on the head
With such a force that it was plain
The stone had sunk into his brain.

He fell at once upon his face;
The stripling hurried on apace,
Until I saw him victor stand
Beside the giant, sword in hand;
For with the sword the giant wore
I saw him stand the giant o'er,
And from the giant's body, dead,
I saw him cut the gory head,
And as a trophy bear it hence
In triumph, toward the royal tents.

But now, Philistia's champion dead,
Philistia's hosts in terror fled;
With dread, dismay, and fear imbued,
They fled, and fiercely were pursued
By all the hosts of Israel then,
And many were the foemen slain.

The stripling joined in that pursuit,
A warrior bold, beyond dispute;
And when the fierce pursuit was o'er
He came the conquering host before,
And there were plaudits loud and long,
The women joining in the song
Of triumph which the victors sang,
While instruments of music rang,
A loud acclaim of general joy,
To welcome that victorious boy.

Great Abner, then, the son of Ner,
Approached the youth and said: "Brave sir,
Receive a nation's welcoming;
Let me conduct you to the king,
Who waits to learn whose son you are,
And how you came such deeds to dare—
To thank you for the victory won,
And hail you Israel's champion."

Again he came before the king,
Whose welcome then was flattering:
"Brave youth," he said, "a warrior true,
Pray tell me now whose son are you?
Your name and residence pray tell,
And what your tribe in Israel?
Your father's house I fain would make
Illustrious for your valor's sake."
The youth, with modesty, replied:
"My name, O king, I've ne'er denied;
My father lives at Bethlehem;
He came of Judah's tribe or stem,
And I'm your servant Jesse's son,
Who kept the sheep—his youngest one;
And oftentimes, within your hall,
I played the harp before King Saul."

Though 'twas in sleep those things occurred,
And but a dream I saw and heard,
'Twas David, son of Jesse, sure—
His name I oft had heard before;
'Twas David, Israel's shepherd king,
Who long ago did sweetly sing
Those pious Psalms, which have come down
With radiance brighter than his crown,
And will a monument endure
Till things of time shall be no more,
Till bright eternity shall dawn,
And monuments of stone be gone.

## *DAVID'S THREE MIGHTY MEN.*

II. Samuel xxiii. 13.

Within Judea's rocky hold
  Judea's warrior chieftain lay,
And there his chosen soldiers bold
  Watched round him through the sultry day;
Upon his brow the fever burned,
  And raged like fire his breast within,
While backward still his thoughts were turned
  To where his early home had been;
Back to the place where, long ago,
  In boyhood's youthful, happy day,
He tuned his harp to music's flow,
  And sang the shepherd's evening lay.
Amid these scenes he seemed to dwell;
  His thoughts reverted back to them;
He longed for waters from the well—
  The famous well of Bethlehem.

The fever seemed to parch his brain;
  His burning thirst was raging sore,
And though he drank, and drank again,
  He thirsted still and longed for more.
"O that some one," the chieftain said,
  "Would bring me living water now,
With which to bathe my aching head,
  And cool my ever-burning brow.
I drink the waters of the hold,
  But small relief to me they bring;
I long for waters, pure and cold,
  That come from out the gushing spring;
I ask not power—that magic spell;
  I ask not gold nor costly gem;
But O for waters from the well,
  The famous well of Bethlehem!

"My fancy hurries me away,
  Amid my wild and feverish dreams,
To where the limpid waters play,
  Along the winding, pebbled streams;

I see each well-remembered rill
That e'er my happy boyhood knew,
As, hurrying from the vine-clad hill,
They passed the rolling meadow through.
I hear the bleating of the sheep,
Amid the pastures decked with green,
And when I wake, I wake to weep
At such a vain, illusive scene.
Oh! how I long no tongue can tell,
To be at home again with them,
To drink the waters of the well
Hard by the gate of Bethlehem.

"But I have wandered far away,
And years have passed me swiftly by;
I've mingled in the battle fray,
And seen the mighty foeman die;
I've sought the phantom light of fame
A royal camp and court within;
I've sought and gained a warrior's name—
Long time a warrior I have been.
Though royalty has decked my brow,
A kingly scepter though I sway,
I do not feel the pleasures now
I did in boyhood's youthful day;
And though I wear a crown of gold,
I'd give my glittering diadem
For water from that fountain cold—
That well, the well of Bethlehem.

"Though in this mountain fort confined
I lie, and pine from day to day,
My roving thoughts are unconfined,
And they are wandering far away.
Those truant thoughts still spurn control;
They come and go without my will;
Like to the restless waves, they roll,
And never, never will be still.
But all my longings are in vain,
And vain, alas! is my desire;
For enemies upon the plain
Are round me like a wall of fire;

My foes beleaguer me around—
They're spread abroad in Rephaim,
And all Philistia's host is found
Between this hold and Bethlehem."

Three youthful warriors, standing by,
O'erheard their chieftain's sad complaint,
And they resolved to do or die;
Despite of danger or restraint,
They took their course toward Bethlehem;
They left the hold at fall of night,
And through the vale of Rephaim
They passed in armor strong but light;
In vain Philistia's hosts oppose,
In vain those valorous men assail;
Those warriors three withstood their foes,
Against them fought and did prevail;
They fought, their lives determined to sell
Within that vale of Rephaim,
Or, conquering, gain the famous well
Hard by the gate of Bethlehem.

Then through the mighty host they break,
And on the dangerous way pursue;
Nor could their baffled foes o'ertake
Those youthful warriors, brave and true.
They passed the vale of Rephaim,
They passed o'er hill, through dale and glen,
Till at the gate of Bethlehem
They stood beside the famous well;
And water from that well they drew—
'Twas from a clear and living vein—
And then returning, breaking through
Philistia's mighty host again,
They to their chieftain come, and tell
The things that had befallen them—
"See, here is water from the well,
That well, the well of Bethlehem!"

"Oh, how intense I've longed for this!"
The suffering chieftain said. "Indeed,
It surely cannot come amiss
In this extremity of need.
Bring me a goblet; I will drink
And quench my burning thirst once more."
But hold! what makes the monarch shrink?
"'Tis red! 'tis tinged with blood and gore!
I cannot drink, for see, ah, see!
It sure is blood—the blood of those
Who put their lives in jeopardy
When passing through their countless foes;
The blood of those who vowed to sell
Their lives in bloody Rephaim,
Or bring me water from the well,
The famous well of Bethlehem.

"Go pour it out upon the ground,
A fit libation to the Lord;
And when prosperity is found,
Those men shall have a rich reward."
'Twas done. The king came to his own,
And peace and kingly power returned;
He sat upon King David's throne—
A mighty monarch, wise and learned—
And these three valiant men became
The chief of David's mighty band,
And stood upon the mount of fame,
The chief in all Judea's land.
Three thousand years have passed, and still
Historic pages speak of them,
Who brought that water from the well,
The famous well of Bethlehem.

## *DAVID'S LAMENTATION FOR SAUL AND JONATHAN.*

II. Samuel i. 17.

How are the mighty fallen now,
And, oh, how low the valiant lie!
Pale is the mighty monarch's brow,
And dim the warrior's eagle eye;
Let mournful notes of sorrow swell,
And tears bedim the weeping eye;
The beautiful in Israel
Is slain upon her places high!

Oh, tell it not within the street,
The street of Askelon the proud,
Nor yet the story sad repeat
In Gath, nor spread the news abroad-
Lest they, our enemies, rejoice,
And triumph o'er the bloody fall
Of him who was the nation's choice,
The valiant-hearted sovereign Saul.

Upon thy mount, O Gilboa!
Let there be neither dew nor rain,
For there the shield was cast away,
And there was the anointed slain;
Let sacrifices never more,
Nor fields of offering, be made
Upon that mountain stained with gore,
Where Israel's mighty chieftain bled.

Where now the conquering sword of Saul,
Which ne'er came bloodless back again?
The bow of Jonathan, withal,
So often bent, nor bent in vain?
Oh, perished are those weapons now!
They perished when the mighty fell
Upon the rugged mountain's brow,
Where sank the pride of Israel.

More swift than eagles in their flight—
Far swifter Jonathan and Saul;
As strong as lions in their might,
And pleasant were they yet withal;
Most lovely were they in their lives—
Nor severed in their dying day;
The memory of the brave survives,
And will while ages roll away.

O weep, ye Hebrew daughters, now,
For Saul, who clothed you with delight,
Put ornaments upon the brow,
Of gold and silver jewels bright;
Who clothed you in apparel gay,
With robes of scarlet fair and fine;
O weep, and chant a dirge to-day,
And join your notes of grief with mine.

How fallen are the mighty men!
The first and foremost in the fray,
O Jonathan! thou too wast slain
Upon the mount of Gilboa;
How fallen, on the mountain's brow,
Those men of war, those men of state!
How perished are the weapons now
Of Saul and Jonathan, the great!

O Jonathan, my brother dear!
For thee, alas! I am distressed;
How lovely and how pleasant were
Thy words to me when sore distressed!
Thy love was passing strange to me,
Surpassing woman's love to man;
O Jonathan! adieu to thee,
Adieu, my brother Jonathan!

## *PREACHING TO THE NINEVITES.*

'Twas in the flight of ages past,
And in a region far away,
There stood a city unsurpassed
By any in Assyria;
'Twas ruled and governed by a king,
As such large cities often were,
But there was many an evil thing,
And wickedness abounded there.

And as in wealth and power it grew,
It grew in wickedness and sin;
But there was One above who knew
And marked iniquity therein.
Exceeding great was Nineveh—
None greater in that eastern clime—
And as the years still rolled away,
It grew in wealth, it grew in crime.

At length there came at even-tide
A stranger from a foreign land,
Who, passing through the city, cried
The vengeance of the Lord at hand;
He heeded not the public gaze,
As through the streets he passed alone,
And cried aloud, "Yet forty days
And Nineveh shall be o'erthrown."

As thus in strange apparel clad
(A foreign accent on his tongue),
He passed, with countenance pale and sad,
And clarion-like his voice rung:
"Ho! Ninevites, beware the day!
Repent, and for your deeds atone;
Yet forty days and Nineveh,
Great Nineveh, shall be o'erthrown!"

At first his words unheeded fell,
And many mocked and jeered aloud,
But still in solemn tone they swell
Above and through the surging crowd;

Still louder and more earnest grew
His words, with awe-inspiring tone:
"Yet forty days—alas, how few!—
And Nineveh shall be o'erthrown."

The night had passed, the morning came,
That preacher strange again appeared,
The same strange message to proclaim;
And day by day his voice was heard,
From street to street he made his way,
And cried in that same solemn tone:
"Ere forty days have passed away
Great Nineveh shall be o'erthrown."

That message, like the knell of doom,
Fell heavily upon each ear;
Then mockery ceased, and in its room
There came a dread and solemn fear;
'Twas felt by all, both high and low;
It seized the king upon his throne;
Alas! alas! it must be so—
Great Nineveh will be o'erthrown!

The king proclaimed a solemn fast
Throughout the length of his domain:
"Until those forty days have passed,
Let man and beast from food abstain;
Cry mightily to God on high,
And make our deep contrition known;
Perhaps that God will hear our cry
That Nineveh be not o'erthrown."

When God, who sent that prophet there,
And bade him thus to prophesy,
Had heard their fervent, humble prayer,
He listened to the suppliant cry;
Though He had said that Nineveh
Should fall, and be to ruin brought,
When from their sins they turned away,
Repented Him, and did it not.

Yet some there be—that know the plan
Of Deity—pretend to say
That things decreed ere time began
Cannot be changed, howe'er we pray;
That those who were by God contemned
And passed, in his great first decree,
May pray in vain; they're still condemned,
And lost to all eternity.

It seems the prophet thought so, too,
And he was angry at the change;
That God had said that He would do,
And did it not, to him was strange;
The kind compassion of his Lord
Poor mortal man condemns outright,
And yet compassionates a gourd,
Which grows and withers in a night!

# Poems, Descriptive and Military.

## *THE HORRORS OF CIVIL WAR.*

### A DREAM.

This poem was written in April, 1861, and was intended as a kind of prophecy, or guess, at the events about to follow. How far the prediction was fulfilled, and how far it failed, those who lived through those years of war can answer.

A dream I have had, so wild and so strange—
It lasted the whole of the night;
Through days, weeks, and months my fancy did range,
Till waked by the bright morning light;
I stood, as I thought, on a wire-hung bridge
That spanned the Ohio's bold flood,
And the banks of the stream, the vale, and the ridge
Were stained—they were crimson with blood.

I saw that the waters which glided below
Were tinged with the blood of the slain
Whose bodies were borne by the stream in its flow
Away toward a far southern main.
Ah! dismal the scenes that arose to my view;
The demon of war had been there.
Sad and mournful the sight, and sick my heart grew,
For ruin was everywhere.

Hard by rose a city—'twas Wheeling, I thought;
Its streets were deserted and lone.
Civil war desolation and ruin had wrought,
And commerce and plenty had flown;
The gay, busy throng that once crowded its street
I looked in vain to behold;
Processions moved slow to the drum's muffled beat,
And the bells for a funeral tolled.

Far away to the south, far away to the west,
The ensigns of war were in view,
And the land by the foot of the spoiler was pressed,
By the conquered and conquerors too;
Far away to the north and to the northwest,
The war-sounding bugle was heard,
And brothers once borne on the same mother's breast
In hostile array now appeared.

But soon a change came o'er my dream,
And all its scenes were shifted,
And I adown life's troubled stream
For days and weeks had drifted;
And drifting down the stream of time,
It seemed a mighty river,
Which, flowing toward a southern clime,
Seemed rolling onward ever.

And drifting down that turbid stream—
So like the Mississippi—
These warning words disturbed my dream:
"I'll meet thee at Phillippi."
A city of the foremost rank
My floating bark seemed nearing;
'Twas built upon the western bank,
And Western men were cheering.

The shouts of victory loud were heard
Amid the notes of wailing,
And far away fair Freedom's bird,
With drooping wing, was sailing.
Well might it flee, since peace had fled—
The Greek had met the Greek there—
And brothers' blood, by brothers shed,
Had mingled in the streets there.

"O whence," I asked, "this dire mischief,
And what has caused this madness?
And why are some o'erwhelmed with grief,
And others wild with gladness?

Can men of feeling heart rejoice
O'er such a scene of slaughter,
Or answer with insulting voice
A brother's cry for quarter?"

Yet so it was, or seemed to be—
No mercy sure is due us—
Alas for man's perversity!
Alas for proud St. Louis!

But now the scene was changed again,
And, marshalled on a spacious plain,
Two armies were in motion;
Full twenty thousand fighting men
Were drawn together there and then,
And wave on wave they came, as when
The storm has lashed the ocean.

One army high a flag unfurled—
A flag respected o'er the world,
And known by every nation;
The other raised a banner too,
Its colors red and white to view—
A flag whose stars and stripes were few,
And 'twas of modern fashion.

And ranged beneath those flags were men
Who seemed determined to conquer, when
The battle-storm should lower;
Full soon it came, and oh, the shock!
Such scenes my powers of language mock;
I stood transfixed as any rock,
To stir without the power.

Then thrice the deadly onset came,
And thrice the issue seemed the same,
Each still on each encroaching;
But hark! what sound is that afar?
The bugle's note, the cannon's jar!
And see that flag with stripe and star
The scene of strife approaching!

A re-inforcement from the north,
In countless numbers, issued forth;
And soon, the conflict ending,
The smoke of battle rolled away,
And there in death the thousands lay,
Who met and fell in battle fray,
With brothers all contending.

An awful scene it was to view—
God grant my dream may ne'er prove true!
The mangled, dead, and dying
Were mixed and mingled here and there,
And pools of blood were everywhere;
And dying men, unused to prayer,
For mercy then were crying.

The shout of victory died away
As shades of evening closed the day,
And nature, hushed in silence,
Seemed mourning o'er her broken laws—
That man, for such a trivial cause,
Should madly rush into the jaws
Of war, and death, and violence.

Changes still my dream came o'er;
Rapidly those changes passed,
First, upon the ocean's shore,
Then upon the prairie vast;
But the theme was still the same
Everywhere—
Men were marching to and fro,
Causing blood and tears to flow,
Covering the land with woe—
Once so fair!

Far upon the briny deep,
Where I never went before,
Traveled I last night in sleep—
Sailing half the ocean o'er—
But to 'scape the scene was vain;
It was there—

There upon the ocean wide,
There upon the swelling tide —
Ships of war, with blood bedyed,
Sailing were.

Though the night was clear and mild,
And the moon and stars were bright,
Yet a tempest, fierce and wild,
Came before the morning light;
Not a tempest such as wakes
Ocean's foam,
But of angry, human strife—
Scenes of blood with carnage rife,
Brother seeking brother's life—
Far from home.

There I saw those banners raised—
Those I saw in fight before;
There the murdering cannon blazed
With a dread and deafening roar—
Cries of agony were heard
To resound;
And upon each bloody deck
Men were moving wild and quick,
While the slain were falling thick
All around.

Still the contest fiercer grew,
Fiercer yet the battle raged,
Whilst the red, the white and blue
'Gainst the modern flag engaged;
But to tell the closing scene
Tongue would fail.
Both those ships in air were blown,
Friend and foe aloft were thrown—
And the sea, with fragments strewn,
Told the tale.

Thus it was, throughout the night—
Ranging Fancy's wild domain—
Nothing met my sleeping sight
But such scenes as gave me pain;
"How long," I asked, "how long until
Strife shall cease?
Must this civil war still waste
Freedom's land, by science graced?
Haste the time, great Ruler, haste
Smiling peace!"

List the answer: "Time will prove;
From the time the war begun,
Mars, the god of war, shall move
His fiery chariot round the sun;
Then shall arms throughout the land
Cease to gleam."
Such the answering words, which fell
In thunder-tones that seemed to swell
Until they woke and broke the spell
Of my dream.

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## *THE BATTLE OF LONE JACK.*

Fought on the 16th of August, 1862.

'Twas August, and faintly the sunbeams were falling,
And gently the breezes of summer passed by,
But they bore to my ears a sound most appalling,
For death-dealing cannon were thundering nigh;
The roar of the cannon and small arms were blended,
The smoke of the battle to heaven ascended,
While friends of the Union 'gainst foeman contended,
And fought hand to hand at the town of Lone Jack.

The battle began at the early sun-rising;
The hours passed on, and the battle still raged;
I listened intent, and my thoughts were devising
Some means of escape for the friends there engaged;

I knew the Confed'rates by thousands were counted,
The soldiers in blue to eight hundred amounted,
The chances against them I fearfully counted,
And tremblingly thought of their fate at Lone Jack.

No word could I get from the conflict before me,
No messenger came from the harvest of Death;
Naught but the report which the musketry bore me—
That men were contending for victory's wreath,
And victory's wreath the Fates were withholding,
But the roar of the cannon a tale was unfolding—
The friends of the Union were still upholding
The stars and the stripes at the town of Lone Jack.

Four hours wore on, and the cannon ceased roaring,
The sound of the musketry, too, died away!
A prayer from the depth of my soul was outpouring—
"May God help the friends of the Union to-day!"
And now that the conflict of battle was ended,
My thought and my reason seemed lost and suspended—
I felt that the friends who so nobly defended
Our flag were all captured or killed at Lone Jack.

Not long did suspense and uncertainty hold me—
A cavalry force was approaching in view;
They came on apace, and my anxious eye told me
'Twas friends of the Union, the soldiers in blue;
They passed by me then in a hurried progression,
File following file in rapid succession—
Those heroes who fought 'gainst the host of secession,
And watered with blood the small town of Lone Jack.

But many were left on the dread field of action;
The dead, and the dying, and wounded were there,
Away from sweet home and its every attraction,
Away from their friends and their relatives dear;
And there now in silence those heroes are sleeping,
Though years have rolled by, and the voice of weeping
Is hushed in their homes, and we are now reaping
The fruits of their labors performed at Lone Jack.

## *SPOTTSYLVANIA'S WILDERNESS.*

'Twas when the great Rebellion raged,
'Twas in its darkest, saddest hours,
When Grant and Lee fierce conflict waged,
And marshalled their opposing powers;
When, madly surging, like the swell
Of ocean, deep and fathomless,
The tide of battle rose and fell
In Spottsylvania's wilderness.

'Twas then I saw Alonzo first;
I saw him in the Union line—
And where the storms of battle burst
He bore aloft the proud ensign—
He waved that banner overhead,
And shouted: "Comrades, onward press!
'Tis victory now, or gory bed
In Spottsylvania's wilderness."

I saw him next as, pale and wan,
Upon the field of strife he lay;
The struggling hosts were moving on,
And still contending, miles away;
Amongst the mangled and the dead,
He lay in anguish and distress,
All pale upon his gory bed,
In Spottsylvania's wilderness.

A night of darkness and of gloom
Had passed, and at the morning's dawn
He woke as waking from the tomb,
With countenance pale and woebegone;
No tender, nursing hand was there,
No surgeon came his wounds to dress,
But there was One who heard his prayer
From out that gory wilderness.

All helpless, mangled, pale, and weak,
With racking pain and anguish riven,
In whispers only he could speak—
Those whispers faint were heard in heaven,
And succor, timely succor, came.
It found him in his helplessness,
And bore his bleeding, mangled frame
From out that gory wilderness.

His banner, with a soldier's pride,
He begged might still with him be borne—
That banner which his blood had dyed,
And which the bursting shell had torn;
'Twas bound around his shattered arm—
That arm which bore it proudly—yes,
Amid the raging battle-storm
In Spottsylvania's wilderness.

Alonzo lives, and often since
I've met him in life's busy din;
His crutch and empty sleeve evince
In what a conflict he has been;
And, ah! how many wounded thus
We meet, and pass, and ne'er express
Our thanks that they have bled for us,
In passing war's dread wilderness!

O may the nation ne'er forget
The men who, in that hour of gloom,
Stood by its flag—the foemen met—
Nor quailed amid the cannon's boom;
May monuments be raised which will
A people's gratitude express
To those who 'neath that banner fell,
In passing through that wilderness.

And may the gallant soldier who,
Alonzo-like, has lost a limb,
Be cheered life's weary journey through,
To know the nation cares for him;

O may the many thousand such
Ne'er suffer from our thanklessness,
But may our sympathetic touch
Be felt through life's sad wilderness.

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## *THE HOMESICK SOLDIER.*

There is a spot, far, far away—
To that my thoughts will roam;
I think of it by night and day—
It is my home, my home.
When shall I see my home,
O when shall I get home?
Long time, alas! I've been away
From that, my peaceful home.

Amid the thunders of the war,
Amid its bloody foam,
I've borne aloft the stripe and star,
Far, far away from home;
I've wandered far from home,
Far, far away from home—
I think by day and dream at night
Of that once happy home.

I oft have met my country's foes,
And thought that Greece nor Rome
Ne'er boasted braver men than those
That marched with me from home;
But they are far from home—
They sigh for friends and home—
And many sleep in bloody graves,
Far, far away from home.

I had a brother dear, and we
Together ploughed the loam,
Together marched and fought; but he
Will never see our home;

He ne'er will see his home—
Our father's happy home;
He fell upon the battle-field,
Far, far away from home.

And I was then, by fate, compelled
To meet a prison's gloom—
A prisoner of war I'm held,
Away from friends and home;
O when shall I get home—
When shall I see my home?
Long time it seems I've been away
From that, my peaceful home.

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## *THE BANDIT'S DREAM; OR, THE HILLS OF SNI-A-BAR.*

The night was one of splendor,
The moon was riding high—
A horseman, tall and slender,
Rode by the winding Sni—
Past many a lonely dwelling,
And by deserted farms,*
Which silently were telling
Of war, and war's alarms;
He rode along all careless,
He noted not the scene,
For he was wild and fearless,
And wore a bandit's mien;
He, from his native villa,
Had wandered here afar,
And roamed, a stern guerrilla,
On the hills of Sni-a-bar.

But now the moon is sinking
Away into the west—
Of what can he be thinking,
And why so much depressed?

* The land was depopulated and desolated by "Order No. 11," in the winter of 1863.

He rides no longer fearless
Along the winding Sni,
But from a cabin cheerless
He looks with glaring eye;
'Tis something sure appalling
Has met the bandit's gaze—
Else why should he be falling
Into such dread amaze?
For he, a reckless ranger,
Has trampled stripe and star,
And courted crime and danger
On the hills of Sni-a-bar.

The night is past and over,
The morning comes anew—
He seeks a fellow-rover,
And bids him thus adieu:
"I can no longer stand it
To live the life we lead;
I've been a bloody bandit,
A bloody one, indeed,
But I have seen a vision,
A vision of the dead—
I see you look derision,
As doubting what I've said;
But 'tis not fear of danger
That takes me from you far,
To be no more a ranger
On the hills of Sni-a-bar.

"Now listen while I tell you
The fearful things I saw—
To see them would impel you
From Quantrell to withdraw.
Last night, while I was waking,
And watching all alone,
I saw a spectre taking
A seat hard by my own;

My father, who has slumbered
In death for many suns,
And who, I trust, is numbered
Amongst the happy ones—
'Twas he; I saw and knew him
By the light of moon and star—
My crimes it was that drew him
To the hills of Sni-a-bar.

"And as I sat in terror,
Unable to withdraw,
The spectre held a mirror,
In which I plainly saw
Myself as in my childhood,
In innocence and truth—
Our cottage home, the wildwood,
The happy scenes of youth;
I saw my school-mates playing
Upon the village green,
And I, with loud hurrahing,
In that gay crowd was seen;
But the pleasant sight was fading,
Those youths were sundered far,
And one through blood was wading
On the hills of Sni-a-bar.

"But then there came another
And yet a dearer scene—
I saw my doting mother,
My sister Josephine—
The faces of my brothers
Were in the mirror there;
And yet I saw another—
The fairest of the fair;
They looked, as last I saw them,
With pitying eyes on me,
When something seemed to draw them
To read my destiny;
That destiny unchanging,
Beneath an evil star,
Has sent me madly ranging
The hills of Sni-a-bar.

"As oft that mirror shifted
The scenes were shifted too,
As though a curtain lifted
Exposed them to my view.
I saw a man lie gasping—
His blood was flowing warm,
And a weeping wife was clasping
His mangled, bleeding form;
I saw his paling features,
And knew them all too well—
One of my fellow-creatures,
And by my hands he fell;
And in his grave, unheeding,
I thought he slept afar,
But sure I saw him bleeding
On the hills of Sni-a-bar.

"Another form all gory
Within that glass appears,
A man whose head was hoary
With the frosts of fifty years;
He too, I saw, was lying
And weltering in his gore—
I saw him bleeding, dying,
As I saw him once before,
When, all devoid of anguish,
With a heart as hard as stone,
I left him there to languish,
And bleed and die alone;
But now my fears had bound me
To Death's ensanguined car,
And victims crowded round me
On the hills of Sni-a-bar.

"Then came that victim youthful,
With eyes so mild and blue,
Who died for speaking truthful
Concerning me and you.
He looked as when he pleaded
For life at our hands,
And a mother interceded
With stern guerrilla bands;

But vain was all his pleading,
In vain the mother wept,
He sank to earth all bleeding,
And there in death he slept;
But though he sleeps with numbers,
With naught his peace to mar,
He haunts me in my slumbers
On the hills of Sni-a-bar.

"'Twas thus the scenes kept changing,
But each was full of dread,
And I, it seemed, was ranging
Amid a host of dead;
A burning town before me—
The flames were spreading free,
And fancy's vision bore me
To Lawrence massacre;
I saw our victims lying
Upon the bloody street,
While we in haste were flying
Back to our wild retreat.
A thousand scenes of terror
Arose my peace to mar,
Reflected in that mirror
On the hills of Sni-a-bar.

"I'll quit this life of pillage,
These scenes of blood and strife,
And in some quiet village,
Reform my wayward life;
No longer will I join you
In reckless, wild forays,
And may kind Heaven incline you
To leave these sinful ways.
Nay, nay, do not resist me,
My course is taken now;
And, oh, may God assist me
To keep my sacred vow!
I never more may greet you—
I'm going hence afar—
But spectres oft will meet you
On the hills of Sni-a-bar.

"And when within that mirror
You see, as I have seen,
Those scenes of blood and terror
Upon these hills so green,
You'll feel, as I am feeling,
A weight of guilty fears,
While conscience stands revealing
The deeds of by-gone years.
Ah! little did I ever
Expect so sad a sight,
And may I witness never
The scenes of the last night.
Oh! not for wealth uncounted,
Nor throne of king or czar,
Would I see my crimes recounted
On the hills of Sni-a-bar."

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## *THE DYING SOLDIER AT LONE JACK.*

A soldier of the Union lay
Sore wounded at Lone Jack,
And as his life-blood ebbed away,
His thoughts were wandering back—
Back to his childhood's early home,
Back to his native land,
And dreaming fancy seemed to roam
Amid a kindred band.

No wife or child beside him now,
Though wife and child he had;
No comrade bathed his bloody brow—
His comrades all had fled;
And there, upon that hard-fought field,
In that small village street,
He lay with those who scorned to yield—
Disdaining to retreat.

No kinsman's hand or voice was nigh
To minister relief;
But yet there was a pitying eye
Looked on the scene with grief—
A stranger, though a friend, stood near
The dying soldier's side,
And wept his dreaming talk to hear,
And soothed him till he died.

Through seenes of youth he seemed to pass,
Though now his hair was gray,
And once again he led his class,
As in his school-boy's day;
He called his playmates' names, although
None answered to his call,
For some had died long years ago,
And far, far distant all.

He often called his father's name—
He called his brother's too—
But oftener still his *mother* came
Within his dreaming view;
He seemed to think that mother near,
And for her hand would feel—
'Twould melt the hardest heart to hear
His piteous appeal:

"O mother, help your little son—
My aching head is sore,
And here I lie, with pillows none,
Upon the cold, hard floor;
O lay me on my trundle-bed,
Or take me on your knee—
She does not hear what I have said;
O where can mother be?"

Anon the scene would change, and he,
By fancy still beguiled,
A husband, father—seemed to be,
And spoke of wife and child;

He spoke of them so tenderly,
So often called their names;
Though absent, yet 'twas plain that they
Were present in his dreams.

His days of early manhood came,
And passed in plain review,
His constant struggles after fame,
His disappointments too;
He spoke of hardships undergone,
He spoke of dangers passed,
And still his thoughts kept wandering on,
And wandered to the last.

But then more recent scenes appeared
To claim his wandering thought—
The storm which civil war had stirred,
The sufferings it had wrought;
Upon his home and family
His thoughts appeared to dwell;
With them again he seemed to be—
To them he bade farewell.

"Farewell, my wife, my children all—
My country calls away,
And can I hear my country call,
And not the call obey?
I go, and ere I shall come back,
Grim War shall cease to frown;
I go, though men may call me black,
To put rebellion down.

"I go, my wife, I go, my son,
The Union to sustain,
For North and South shall still be one,
And one shall still remain;
I go, and if I ne'er return,
Farewell, ye loved ones all—
And if I fall, I trust you'll learn
I fell as man should fall."

But then his fancy, more and more,
And wilder, seemed to roam;
He seemed to think the war was o'er,
And he was safe at home;
And there, as if to friends, he told
Of war and war's alarms,
Of many a comrade soldier bold
And many a feat of arms.

Of conflicts sore he spoke of one—
A sore, a bloody fight—
The hard day's march from Lexington,
The skirmish of the night,
Spoke of the sleepless *bivouac*,
As on their arms they lay
Within the village of Lone Jack,
To wait the coming day.

And then he spoke of the attack,
Which came at early morn—
The rebel charge, the falling back,
The hedge and growing corn;
He spoke of deeds of daring done,
Of many a soldier slain,
The loss of the artillery gun,
The taking it again.

But there his memory seemed to fail—
His voice was failing too—
Alas! he ne'er will tell the tale
To those he loved so true;
Some other tongue to them will tell
The story he essayed,
Describe the battle where he fell,
The spot where he was laid.

And there, beneath that lonely tree,
Which gave the town its name,*
The traveler will turn to see
And read a warrior's fame,
And when the tree shall cease to stand,
As it must shortly do,
A monument, with marble hand,
Will point to where it grew.

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## *THE SOLDIER FROM THE KANSAS LINE.*

A soldier from Missouri,
In manhood's early prime,
Lay with the dead and dying,
Far in a Southern clime;
On the bloody field of Corinth
His life was ebbing fast,
And comrades, faint and bleeding,
In crowds were hurrying past;
He saw his young companions—
The friends of happier days—
Retiring from the conflict,
Before the cannon's blaze.
And borne along, all tattered,
The starred and barred ensign,
That flag which he had followed
From near the Kansas line.

A comrade stopped beside him,
And raised his drooping head,
And thus, in faltering accents,
The dying soldier said:

*The town of Lone Jack takes its singular name from a lone tree of the black-jack species, which stood upon the high ridge of prairie dividing the waters of the Missouri and the Osage, in the immediate vicinity of which was built the little village of Lone Jack. The tree, though dead, was still standing at the time of the battle, and near it were buried the dead of both armies. A monument or marble shaft has been erected to the memory of the Confederate dead, but the Union soldiers sleep without any; but an iron fence encloses both.

"Farewell, my friend and comrade,
A long, a long adieu—
Though you may shortly follow me,
I'll ne'er return to you;
With me the war is over,
My marching's at an end,
And now a dying message
By you I fain would send;
O bear it to my kindred,
Those distant friends of mine,
For I have friends and kindred
Near to the Kansas line:

"I have an aged mother—
You know that mother well;
O bear to her the tidings
How I in battle fell,
And tell her I remember
In anguish her advice,
To stay at home in quiet,
Nor join the chieftain Price;
And if I had but heeded
The good advice she gave,
I would not now be hurrying
Into the yawning grave;
But I heeded other counsel,
And left that home of mine—
A home of peace and quiet,
Near to the Kansas line.

"You know my brothers also—
Tell them the mournful tale,
And when in death I'm sleeping,
They will my fate bewail;
They know I strove, all vainly,
Secession's tide to stem,
Till, blinded by a phantom,
I bade adieu to them;

They know the things that drew me
Away from them and home,
And the phantom light that lured me
Through Dixie's land to roam;
And that the heart beat loyal
Within this breast of mine—
But it will never beat again
Upon the Kansas line.

"Tell to my neighbors, also,
Who preached secession loud,
And counseled me and others
To swell the rebel crowd,
That though they now are loyal
Their lives and goods to save,
'Twas they who sent me, surely,
To fill a soldier's grave;
And though I can forgive them,
I'd have them not forget
That, but for them, I might have been
At home with mother yet;
And though I lie far distant,
This mangled form of mine
May haunt their dreaming slumbers
Upon the Kansas line.

"And there's a dark-eyed beauty—
I need not call her name—
Who swerved me from my duty,
And fanned the rebel flame;
Her words to me, 'Remember,
No hand with mine unites,
Unless I find it boldly
Defending Southern rights.'
Those Southern rights, alas! friend,
I knew not what they were,
But, with you and others, followed
The fleeing phantom's glare;

I sacrificed my judgment
At beauty's magic shrine,
And joined the rebel regiment
Upon the Kansas line.

"And now, dear friend, remember
And heed my last request—
I feel my mind is wandering,
I soon shall be at rest;
Now dim prophetic visions
Before me seem to pass,
And storms of blood and carnage
Are gathering, alas!
And ere the war is ended—
So foolishly begun—
A thousand youths, misguided,
Will do as I have done;
A thousand doting mothers
Will be bereft like mine,
A thousand homes be desolate
Along the Kansas line."

And then, his reason failing,
The soldier ceased to speak,
And on that field of battle,
Where Greek had met the Greek,
His life was made an offering
Unto the god of war,
Whose victims bled by thousands—
Alas! alas! what for?
The land is dark with mourning,
Draped in the weeds of woe,
And the wailing notes of sorrow
Are heard from high and low,
And many a home is desolate,
As fire and sword combine
To make a howling wilderness
Along the Kansas line.

## *THE FADED BANNER; OR, HOPE-FORLORN.*

The circumstance which gave rise to this poem was the surprise and massacre of the citizens of Kingsville, in Johnson County, Missouri, on the 7th of May, 1865, by a band of about one hundred guerrillas led by A. Clements, a lieutenant of the noted Bill Anderson. The sentiments contained in the poem are taken chiefly from Baldwin's oration, delivered on the third anniversary of the massacre, and published in the Warrensburg *Standard* about the 12th of May, 1868. The poem was also published in the same paper a week or two after.

I saw a faded banner wave
  Amongst the budding woodland trees,
'Twas planted near a soldier's grave,
  And floated on the passing breeze.

"What flag is this," I asked of one—
  "This faded banner, worn and torn?"
He said: "That flag, through rain and sun,
  Has often led the Hope-forlorn."

"That Hope-forlorn," I asked again—
  "Now tell me who and what were they?
And does that Hope-forlorn remain,
  Or has it died and passed away?"

"A band of true and loyal men,
  By rebel hands were nigh o'erborne,
United for defense, and then
  Those men were styled the Hope-forlorn.

"A Hope-forlorn they seemed to be,
  For other hopes had failed and died;
They vowed beneath the flag you see
  To stand or perish side by side.

"And well they kept that sacred vow;
  They stood together night and morn—
They're bound together even now,
  The members of that Hope-forlorn."

"Why is it here—that torn ensign—
Why waves it o'er these lonely graves?"
He said: "Here sleep the murdered nine
And o'er their dust this banner waves.

"Here Duncan, Paul, and others sleep,
Who fell that fatal Sabbath morn;
But Freedom's friends will ever keep
In memory green that Hope-forlorn.

"The storm of war had passed away,
In which they well had borne their part,
And peace, with its reviving ray,
Was cheering every loyal heart,

"When rebel bandits, seeking blood,
To Kingsville came at early morn,
And, bursting like a whelming flood,
O'erpowered the feeble Hope-forlorn.

"They waited till the storm had passed,
Like Booth, to quench their bloody thirst,
And with him they'll be ever classed—
Of murderers the very worst.

"Three years have come and passed away
Since that remembered Sabbath morn,
And at their graves we meet to-day
To honor that small Hope-forlorn.

"Upon this consecrated ground,
When comes the seventh day of May,
Let friends of Freedom gather round,
An annual tribute here to pay.

"That faded flag above their graves—
That flag by them through danger borne—
Shall wave as now you see it waves,
And point us to that Hope-forlorn."

## *THE WATCHMAN; OR, THE BURDEN OF DUMAH.*

Isaiah XXI. 11, 12.

This poem—a kind of prophecy or prediction—was written about the last of 1864, and published in the Independence *Messenger*.

### THE QUESTION.

Watchman upon the tower, ho!
What of the stormy night?
Say, does the storm-cloud darker grow,
Or is there coming light?

How long until the day shall break—
How long until the dawn—
How long till peace and order wake,
And strivings be withdrawn?

How long ere blood and carnage cease
To stain a guilty land,
And till the olive-branch of peace
Shall wave on every hand?

This call I hear from Edom's land,
It comes from out of Seir;
'Tis borne on southern breezes bland
Into the watchman's ear.

### ANSWER.

The night is coming, dark with gloom,
O'er that rebellious land,
And, lo! the impending hour of doom
Is even now at hand.

A darker night than Egypt knew
Awaits secession's clime;
A darker and a longer too,
And soon will come the time.

The power of that ill-fated land
  Is broken and dispersed,
And rebel chiefs must kiss the hand
  Of Abraham the First.

But though the night approaches fast,
  The morn is coming too,
And when the stormy night has passed,
  The sun will rise anew.

A glorious day will yet arise,
  Cheered by the beams of peace,
And when secession's doctrine dies,
  The storm of war will cease.

And now should you inquire again,
  "What of the stormy night?"
Ask, and the answer will be plain:
  "There is a gleam of light."

Return, the watchman calls, return
  Ere it shall be too late;
Return, rebellious ones, return—
  Return, each rebel State!

To your allegiance return,
  Nor longer dare rebel,
And from those bloody lessons learn
  In union still to dwell.

Come to the Federal Union—come
  Ere darker grows the day;
Come quickly to your ancient home,
  The glorious U. S. A.

## *THE CRUEL WAR IS OVER.*

Written in 1865.

'Tis done—the bloody strife is o'er,
The storm of war has passed—
We hear the marching tramp no more
Of men in armor massed.

The howling storm of war is hushed,
Its echoes die away;
The mighty rebel power is crushed,
With all its grand display.

The sunny beams of peace illume
The land from east to west,
And where but late was grief and gloom,
The land in smiles is dressed.

A mighty nation stands confessed,
Its power is fully tried;
No North, no South, no East, no West—
It never can divide!

Now washed away a darksome stain,
Now free the Ethiop race,
For those who strove to rivet chains
Have torn them from their place.

A land of freedom now, indeed,
For Slavery's reign is o'er;
The fate of war has now decreed
That slaves are slaves no more!

Then let our thanks to heaven ascend,
And let us grateful be
To those who did the land defend—
Who made the nation free.

But there is many a heavy heart,
And many a saddened home;
And sires who saw their sons depart
Will never see them come.

The widow's wail, the orphan's cry,
And sounds of grief like these—
The mother's moan, the sister's sigh,
Are borne upon the breeze.

And there are thousand unknown graves,
Where Union soldiers sleep,
And hundreds lie beneath the waves,
Down in the watery deep.

But though they sleep in death, away
From friends and far from home,
Fair Freedom will their names display
Upon her temple's dome.

And when the circling years have sped—
And they are speeding fast—
The mem'ry of the gallant dead
Will live, and long 'twill last.

And those who freely gave their blood
To quench the rebel fires
Will have a nation's gratitude,
Till gratitude expires!

# Poems, Descriptive and Sentimental.

## *THE LONELY TREE.*

'Twas in days long since departed,
When in youth and lithesome-hearted,
Ere my plans of life were thwarted,
First I saw this lonely tree;
'Twas in autumn, sere and sober,
'Twas the last of sad October,
After frost, the great disrober,
Had embrowned the prairie lea,
And had scattered many a leaflet
Round about this lonely tree—
Then I passed this lonely tree.

Passing o'er the rolling prairie,
All was wild and sad and dreary,
And my feet were worn and weary,
Traveling far from Tennessee;
Autumn's sun was setting bright then,
Scarce a house or farm in sight then,
And the cold and frosty night then
Closed around me chillingly;
I upon this desert prairie
Slept, and woke at morn, to see
Standing here this lonely tree.

Fate or chance, my steps impelling,
Led me then to fix my dwelling
Whence, across the prairie swelling,
I could see this lonely tree.

On its eminence commanding,
Fire and flood and storm withstanding,
It has stood, and yet is standing,
Where it stood in "thirty-three,"
And for ages prior had served
As landmark on the prairie lea—
Standing here a signal tree.

Here, upon these open ranges,
It has seen a thousand changes,
And could tell a tale that strange is,
Could it speak its history.
Indian warriors by the hundred
Here have met, and here have sundered;
And curious ones have often wondered
Where those warriors now may be;
They have left those grounds of hunting,
Gone toward the western sea,
Far from this now lonely tree.

Changes still have been occurring,
Busy mortals have been stirring
Since the time to which referring,
First I passed in "thirty-three."
Rolling tides of emigration
Came from many a land and nation,
Fixing here their home and station,
Round about this lonely tree;
And a town or village rising
Near the spot, as all may see,
Bore the name of this lone tree.*

Toiling men and enterprising,
Danger and fatigue despising,
Came, and soon were realizing
Comfort in a great degree;

*Lone Jack.

Care and toil the world behooving,
Energetic men were moving,
And the land was fast improving
All around this lonely tree;
Farms were spreading east and west,
Further than the eye could see—
Still it stood a lonely tree.

Other changes came quite sadly;
War had scourged the nation badly,
And contending armies madly
Met and fought at this lone tree.*
'Neath it now the slain are sleeping,
Silent watches round it keeping,
And their distant friends are weeping
For the slain at this lone tree;
Friends and foes together sleeping—
Peaceful may their slumbers be,
Resting 'neath this lonely tree.

Sad the lesson we've been learning—
Farms and houses round us burning,
Exiles far away sojourning,
Friends we never more shall see—
Bitter fruits of fell *secession*—
Followed fast in quick *succession;*
Fire and sword and war's oppression
Left their footprints plain to see;
Not a single person dwelling
In the village near the tree—
Lonely now, this lonely tree.

Once again in autumn sober,
Passed I here, in sad October;
Death, that great and last disrober,
Had disrobed this lonely tree—

*August 16, 1862.

It was dead and fast decaying,
Branches pendantly were swaying
In the breezes, sadly saying,
"Man has fallen, so must we;
He has left the country wasting,
Not a human face we see"—
Lonelier this lonely tree.

Lonely tree! the worms did gnaw it,
Passing ravens seemed to caw it—
Lonelier than when you saw it
First in eighteen thirty-three.
True, indeed, 'twas lonely—very—
And the village, once so merry,
Then was lying solitary—
Burned, abandoned, sad to me;
Where the shops and stores had stood there
Naught was left but vacancy,
All was gone save this lone tree.

Banished by the military,*
Dwellers none were on the prairie,
All was desolate and dreary,
In October, "sixty-three";
Farms were lying waste, or wasting,
Bitter fruits of war *all* tasting,
And the land to ruin hasting,
Mourned for man's perversity;
Out of all that population,
Once so happy, once so free,
None were near this lonely tree.

Once again, complaining pronely,
Busied in my rhyming only,
I am by the tree, so lonely,†
Which I passed in "thirty-three."

*By "Order No. 11."
†January, 1865.

Oft with many a care encumbered,
One and thirty years I've numbered
Since the time I slept and slumbered
On the prairie near the tree—
O the many, many changes
That have passed o'er it and me!
I am lonely like the tree.

Now its trunk is standing only,
Where it long has stood so lonely,
And its branches, scattered pronely,
Lie around the parent tree.
I have branches, too, that's left me—
Death has oftentimes bereft me;
Soon the tide of time will drift me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Then, with wife and children resting,
Let me lie near this lone tree—
They are sleeping near this tree.

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## *THE PRISONER.**

Another weary day has passed,
Gone down another sun—
My days, my hopes, are sinking fast,
They vanish one by one.

'Tis said that hope, long time deferred,
Makes sick the human heart;
And long I've waited for the word
That bids me hence depart.

But still I wait and hope in vain,
That word comes not to me;
A prisoner I here remain—
O when shall I be free?

*Referring to a youthful friend who died in prison at Fort Douglass in 1864.

They tell me I am homesick now;
'Tis true I pine for home,
And were I there again, I trow,
I never more would roam.

I've pined for many a weary day
Within this prison camp,
But still my thoughts are far away—
Forever on the tramp.

They come and go without control,
They will not be confined—
The cravings of a deathless soul,
The pinions of the mind.

I think of home and friends by day,
And dream of them by night;
O how I long to haste away,
And with those friends unite!

My kindred near, my kindred dear—
O how I long to be
Released from my confinement here,
Those dear loved ones to see!

And that dear father, too—shall I
E'er see that face again,
And tell him how it was and why
I caused him grief and pain?

I fain would tell him how I came
The Southern ranks to join,
And how a prisioner I became
Within the Union line.

He knows that I was loyal when
I left my home and him—
A friend unto my country then,
Whose flag I ne'er would dim.

But when the rebels raiding came,
Conscripting right or wrong
(Perhaps I was myself to blame),
They carried me along.



"THE SOLDIER FROM THE KANSAS LINE.

See page ~~330~~. 315

And now a pris'ner here confined
For many weeks I've been.
And during those long weeks I've pined
A guarded camp within.

In dreams, I often pass the gate,
My freedom oft regain,
And hurry back to friends, who wait
To welcome me again.

My brothers, and my sisters too,
In dreams are oft with me,
And that dear home my boyhood knew
In dreams I often see.

But short the joy those dreams impart;
I wake to realize
That they are dreams, and sick at heart,
I vent my waking sighs.

Long time I may not tarry here;
I feel that I ere long
Shall cease to hope, shall cease to fear,
To do or suffer wrong.

That earthly home recedes from me—
The land that gave me birth—
But I by faith can sometimes see
A brighter home than earth.

Last night my sainted mother came,
My sorrows all beguiled—
Her smile on me was just the same
As when I was a child.

She pointed to a region fair—
To realms far, far away—
And said, "No pris'ners languish there,
And youth shall ne'er decay."

She pointed to a gate which led
From out my prison's gloom,
She pointed to a path and said,
"That leads you to your home.

"It is the road your mother trod
When you were but a boy;
It led her to the throne of God,
To realms of endless joy.

"Farewell, my son, a short farewell—
I may not tarry here;
Soon shall you come to me, and dwell
In yon celestial sphere."

And now I go—vain world, adieu!
No longer here I'll dwell;
My father, brothers, sisters too—
Farewell, farewell, farewell!

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## *SCENES OF MY CHILDHOOD.*

Written upon visiting the home of my childhood, after an absence of eight and thirty years.

Long years had elapsed, and I had grown old,
Since leaving the land of my birth,
When again I returned once more to behold
That dearest loved spot upon earth;
The dear, cherished home, where my lot had been cast,
And my eyes opened first on the day;
Where the days of my earliest childhood were passed,
And my years glided smoothly away.

In the morning of life, in my boyhood's day,
I had left it and wandered afar;
And then when my hair was silvered and gray,
I returned on the steam-going car;
I came to the home of my childhood alone—
'Twas changed, but it still was the same—
I stood on its threshhold a stranger unknown,
None knew me or called me by name.

In the house which my father had builded I stood,
And my thoughts traveled backward again
To the days of my youth, to my sunny childhood,
And my pleasure was mingled with pain;
No father, no mother, to greet me I found—
No brother or sister in view;
Long time had that father lain low in the ground,
And my brothers were lying there too.

My thoughts, by fond memory, backward were drawn
And they whispered this truth to my heart:
"Companions and playmates of youth are all gone,
And alone, all alone now thou art!"
'Twas sad, and yet pleasing, at once to review
Those scenes to my memory dear,
To visit each spot which my infancy knew
Ere my life had been burdened with care.

The house and surroundings were part of that scene—
The old-fashioned chimney yet stands,
And I thought of the time when, a youth of sixteen,
I molded each brick with these hands.
Forty years have gone by, and firm and still hard
The bricks in that chimney I see;
But of those who then toiled in that dusty brick-yard
Not one is now living but me.

To the place of the orchard of apples I came,
And I sought for *one* apple-tree fair—
My favorite tree, and called by my name—
But alas! not a vestige was there;
The trees which my father had planted were gone—
Perhaps they had died long ago—
But others, and larger ones, grew further on,
Where the spring and the rivulets flow.

I came to the spring, and still, as of old,
It flowed with a murmuring rill;
And I bowed me to drink of that fountain so cold,
As it came from out of the hill;

And the time and the season came back to my mind
When my flutter-wheel danced in the stream,
And the many times since, when in slumbers confined,
I've returned to that spot in my dream.

To the site of the school-house I then did repair,
Where it stood on the rocky hill's brow;
I sought it in vain, I found it not there,
But a barn is standing there now;
The walnut-tree, too, I remembered so well,
Which threw on the play-ground its shade,
Was gone, but an oak is there standing to tell
Where the children of long ago played.

In fancy the days of my youth did return,
I saw my loved playmates again;
But reality came with a countenance stern,
And told me such fancies were vain.
I never shall see them again, as of yore;
In those streamlets they'll never more lave—
All parted and scattered the western land o'er,
And many lie low in the grave.

Ah! sad, and yet pleasing, it is to come back,
When our heads are all silvered with gray;
To tread once again the old beaten track
We trod in our childhood's bright day;
To meet with kind friends who remember our names,
Though the face has changed to their view,
And to kindle again the expiring flames
Of friendship, devoted and true.

Not wholly alone I found myself there;
For some few of my kindred remain—
Some school-mates and friends, whose welcomings were
A solace for much of my pain;
Although so much changed that they knew not my face,
They remembered me well as of yore,
Could speak of the time, and could tell me the place
Where last they had seen me before.

And now back at home—my far western home—
My thoughts will revert to those scenes,
And, waking or sleeping, my fancy will roam
Away back to the years of my teens—
And to those of my friends and acquaintances too,
Who gave me a welcome so kind;
And whether my days shall be many or few,
To the end I will bear them in mind.

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## *FORTY YEARS AGO—NOW AND THEN; OR, THE OLD MAN'S RETURN TO THE HOME OF HIS YOUTH.*

Written to William Sharp, an old school-mate, after the visit mentioned in the last poem.

Fain would I write to you, dear friend,
A letter frank and free—
I've lately been to our old home,
Away in Tennessee;
I've been to the old place, dear Bill,
Where we in childhood dwelt,
But, oh! I cannot tell you all
Of what I saw and felt.

I walked the valley up and down,
I crossed the ridges o'er,
And stood where we so oft have stood
Upon the river's shore;
Oh! great have been the changes there—
Some spots I scarce could know,
While others seemed almost the same
As forty years ago.

I came to where your father dwelt
When we were boys, dear Bill;
To where the old log house then stood,
Upon the sloping hill;

That old log house has gone long since—
I know not when or how—
But down below the spring there stands
A large brick mansion now.

They say your brother built it there;
But he has moved away,
And those you never saw, dear friend,
Are living there to-day.
The trees that shaded that old house
I saw had fallen too,
And scarce an apple-tree was left
Where once the orchard grew.

A little further down the stream,
And near the public road,
The place you well remember yet,
Where *I* in youth abode—
'Twas there my father's cabin stood,
In life's bright early morn;
'Twas there my infant years were passed—
'Twas there that I was born.

And after all the changing scenes
Of all the changing years,
I see the same old farm again,
But different it appears;
The old log house is standing where
My father built it, still;
Your sister now is living there—
Your sister Mary Hill.

I stood in that old house again,
As oft before I'd done,
But there were none to greet me there—
Of kindred—no, not one!
And those who knew me when, a boy,
I played barefooted there,
All failed to recognize the man,
So old, with silver hair.

Time, in its flight, had changed the place—
I too had changed, dear Bill—
But many a spot to memory dear
I found remaining still;
The spring was flowing from the hill
As in the days of yore,
But trees were growing round it then
I ne'er had seen before.

The old brick chimney stands there yet—
Two stories high, you know;
Its every brick I molded, Bill,
Full forty years ago;
But of the many men and boys,
Those boys with sunny brow,
Who toiled with me in making them—
Not one is living now.

They all are dead and in their graves,
One after one they died;
Far, far apart some of them sleep,
And some lie side by side;
Two thousand miles and more away
Some sleep in graves unknown,
While I, with locks now thin and gray,
Am left alone—alone!

Across the streamlet, on the hill
Between our homes, you know,
The little school-house stood, dear Bill,
A good long while ago;
'Twas there, when little boys at school,
We learned our A B C,
And studied Webster's old blue book—
Few other books had we.

Besides the rough-hewn writing *bench*,
How often, side by side,
We sat, and made our pot-hooks there,
And read "John Gilpin's Ride";*

*Cowper's poem of John Gilpin, as found in the old school-book, "Scott's Lessons."

But after "twice ten tedious years,"
And double that had fled,
Far faster, far, than Gilpin rode,
Back to that spot I sped.

And there I stood alone, dear Bill,
Upon the old play-ground;
Not one of all our playmates dear
Upon that spot was found;
I saw them not beside the brook,
Nor on the cedar glade,
But some of their grandchildren small
Were playing where *we* played.

And thus it was;—place after place
I visited, and found
That time had changed each cherished spot
Of memory's hallowed ground;
I came to where my grandsire dwelt
In days and years long gone,
Hard by the old mill-stream, you know,
Which still was flowing on.

The mill was standing where it did;
The sound of grinding low
Fell on my listening ears again
As forty years ago;*
The old house, too, my grandsire built,
In days ere I was born,
Was standing as it stood of yore,
But looking more forlorn.

How oft I've met my cousins dear
At grandma's house to play;
How often, in the orchard there,
We passed our holiday!
But now those orchard-trees are gone—
The old catalpas, too;†
And gone are all the pleasant shades
Their leafy branches threw.

*See "Fall of the Old Mill."
†The shade-trees in the yard.

I trod the gravel yard again,
I viewed the landscape o'er,
And many an object than I saw
That I had seen before;
Upon the weather-beaten wall,
Though now somewhat decayed,
I saw the many, many marks
Our arrow-spikes had made.

Oh! these were sad mementoes, Bill,
Of long-departed joys—
'Twas sad to think how few are left
Of these light-hearted boys;
To think that they, those few, like me,
Are now gray-headed men—
To think of all the "ups" and "down"
That we have seen since then.

The old log meeting-house, you know,
Built in the woodland wild,
Where first I heard the gospel preached,
When I was but a child—
I came to that old church again,
And worshipers were there;
Not those we used to see there, Bill,
But faces strange they were.

I heard the voice of prayer and praise,
To God, the great Triune;
I heard them sing the same old song,
And to the same old tune;
You may have sung that tune, dear Bill—
The song you've heard, I know;
"I am a stranger," so it ran,
"A stranger here below."

And as they sang, I felt, indeed
The force of that sad word—
A stranger in my native place,
Where first that hymn I heard!

And as I listened to the song
(My eyes were dimmed I know),
I thought I saw the friends of old,
Who sang it long ago.

But that was all illusion, Bill—
I walked the grave-yard through,
And there they were, those friends of old,
But hidden from my view;
That grave-yard, Bill, is larger now
Then when you saw it last—
Alas! those cities of the dead
Are populating fast.

There side by side, my kindred lie;
*Your* kindred lie there too—
I saw your father's grave, dear Bill,
And well that grave I knew;
The plain head-stone is standing yet—
A limestone large, you know;
I saw it placed above that grave
O'er forty years ago.

Another well-remembered spot
I visited, dear Bill—
'Twas where my aunt Tabitha dwelt,
Hard by the rippling rill;
Where I and her dear children oft
Have sported through the day,
And with our games of "fox and goose"
Passed hours of night away.

Ah! well do I remember, Bill,
Those boys and girls of yore—
Perhaps you, too, remember them,
Though some are now no more;
Oh, yes—for now I think of it—
Full well, my friend, I know
You married one of those dear girls
Near forty years ago.

Now tell my cousin Betsy, Bill,
(Your wife I might have said)
That late I passed those play-grounds o'er
Where we together played;
Her father, and her mother too,
I learn, had long been dead;
But one dear brother still resides
Upon the old homestead.

That mansion house is standing yet,
The old log kitchen too;
The smoke-house stands just as it did,
The orchard where it grew;
The stables, too, across the road,
Upon the level plat—
No place I saw had undergone
So little change as that.

I slept in that old house again,
Within that little room,
Where you (if I remember well)
Slept when a gay bridegroom;
And as I lay reflecting there,
I heard the light footfall
Of Time, as measured by the clock
Which ticked against the wall;*

The *same* old Eli Terry clock—
That wooden clock, you know—
The one my uncle George first bought,
A long, long while ago;
And as its measured steps I heard,
They seemed to speak or chime:
"For fifty years, or nearly so,
I've told the flight of time."

*A letter received by the author from the cousin occupying that house, Hon. Rice Snodderly, on the 10th of May, 1882, has the following: "As I write, I am sitting in the same room you mention in your poem, and can hear the tick of the same old Eli Terry clock, apparently as good as ever."

How lightly fall the steps of Time!
And yet what changes great
They've made since you and I, dear Bill,
First left our native State;
And should you ever go back there,
To the old place again,
You'll find, dear friend, a contrast great
Between the *now* and *then*.

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## *THE OLD-FASHIONED PREACHER.*

Written to accompany a reminiscence of Elder Joab Powell, published in the *Christian Repository*, April, 1875.

How often it is, as in church I am sitting,
My mind wanders back to the days of my youth,
And faces and forms before me are flitting,
Of those who then preached the plain gospel of truth;
In fancy I see the good, pious old teacher
Who urged me the way of salvation to know,
The plain, honest face of the pioneer preacher,
Who preached on the border a long time ago;
The plain, simple preacher, the good, honest preacher,
The old-fashioned preacher, of long time ago.

That old-fashioned preacher—I'll never forget him,
But will ever remember his kindness to me;
Full well I remember the first time I met him,
When I was a boy, in East Tennessee;
But now I am old, many years have passed o'er me,
And he is asleep on a far distant shore;
But often, in fancy, I see him before me
As I saw him in youth, in the good days of yore,
The same honest preacher, the same fearless preacher,
The old-fashioned preacher, who preaches no more.

How often I think of his true self-denial,
And often contrast him with men of to-day;
Through heat and through cold, though great was the trial,
He toiled in the vineyard—not asking for pay;
The widow, the orphan, the poor, and the needy,
In sickness and sorrow, had reason to know,
In all their afflictions, that none were so speedy
Relief and assistance on them to bestow
As the plain, earnest preacher, the good Baptist preacher,
The old-fashioned preacher, of long time ago.

But few of those old-fashioned preachers yet linger,
But few now remain; and those few are ignored
For men of more learning, and Scorn with her finger
Oft points at the men who so much have endured;
More talented men are the bread of life breaking,
And their words of instruction more fluently flow;
But are they more useful or more sin-forsaking
Than the ignorant preacher of long time ago—
The plain, humble preacher, the well-meaning preacher,
The old-fashioned preacher, of long time ago?

When now, on the Sabbath, the old church I visit—
Where his plain admonitions no longer I hear—
'Tis strange, very strange—can you tell me why is it
His words to my mind will so often occur?
While eloquent men, in language quite burning,
Are preaching the gospel of peace and of truth,
My mind is so vagrant it still will be turning
To the old-fashioned preacher I heard in my youth,
The plain, gospel preacher, the pioneer preacher,
The old-fashioned preacher, I heard in my youth.

'Tis said that the age and the world are progressing,
That old-fashioned preachers are needed no more;
That men of more learning, more knowledge possessing,
Must now take the places of those gone before;

Ah well! with the world I must not be contending—
Perhaps it is so; but there's one thing I know:
While the greatest D.D.'s are their tenets defending,
I think of the preacher of long time ago,
That ignorant preacher, the plain simple preacher,
The old-fashioned preacher, of long, long ago.

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## *THE EARLY SETTLERS.*

The early settlers—where are they?
They are falling one by one;
A few more years may pass away,
And leave but few or none.

My memory often hurries me
Back o'er a lapse of years,
And in my dreams I sometimes see
Those hardy pioneers.

But they are gone, those sturdy men,
And few are left to tell
The hardships they encountered when
They first came here to dwell.

A few gray-headed ones still link
The present to the past;
And sad it is for me to think
That I'm almost the last.

Now in my wanderings to and fro,
Through prairie, field, and wood,
I pass the spots where long ago
Their rude log cabins stood.

I see them not as once they were—
Scarce one of them remains—
Perhaps a stable here and there,
Bleached by a thousand rains.

Quite rude those habitations were,
And "few and far between";
Some stood upon the prairies fair,
And some in groves of green.

But now a mound of stone and earth,
The site of homes bereft,
Tells where was once the blazing hearth—
And that is all that's left.

Those early settlers—where are they?
I miss them more and more;
Each year, when it has passed away,
Leaves fewer than before.

Like leaves of autumn from the trees,
They're falling one by one;
And soon will Death's cold, wintry breeze
Remove the last, last one!

When I to church now sometimes go,
Their seats are vacant there;
I miss them—they are gone I know,
But where? O tell me where!

Some in the East, some in the West,
Are buffeting life's waves;
But far the greatest number rest
Low in their silent graves.

And when I meet one of the few
Who still are lingering here,
Like brother or like sister true
Seems that old pioneer.

The past, the buried past returns,
We live it o'er again
In speaking of the world's concerns,
So different now from then.

Ye settlers of the western wild,
Though few may here remain,
Ye have not labored here and toiled
And spent your lives in vain.

Another race of men may fill
The places you have filled,
And other hands those fields may till,
Which you have cleared and tilled.

But when ye all have passed away—
The last old settler gone—
Your deeds will yet survive, for they
In living lines are drawn.

Those lines which you have written fair
Can never be effaced;
You leave the country smiling where
You found it wild and waste.

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## *THE CONTRAST.*

Written after attending the Farmers' or Grangers' Pic-nic at Lone Jack, on the eleventh anniversary of the battle at that place, August 16, 1862.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-two—
Amid confusion's rattle—
I came to where the Gray and Blue
Had lately met in battle;
And there, beside a lonely tree,
Upon the rolling prairie,
The dead were laid promiscuously—
The wounded faint and weary.

I came again, and stood upon
The ground where they contended—
Eleven years had come and gone,
Those years of strife had ended;

And then I saw a different scene,
A scene by far more pleasant—
A thousand men upon the green,
A thousand ladies present.

Where, just eleven years before,
The storm of war tempestive
Had swept the little village o'er,
All now was gay and festive;
The music floated on the air
Like water o'er the pebbles;
The men who wore the blue were there,
And those who fought with rebels.

The sun, upon that August day,
Looked down from heaven smiling
To see the Blue, to see the Gray
The happy hours beguiling;
For, hand in hand, I saw them go
To eat the basket-dinner,
For which I thanked the Lord, although
Unworthy and a sinner.

But though the storm of war had passed—
Its thunder roared no longer—
Another storm was gathering fast,
The breeze was blowing stronger;
I saw within that festive crowd
Full many a hardy yeoman,
With independent thought endowed
And stern as any Roman.

'Twas then I saw the husbandmen
(The sons of toil and labor,
Whose motto is "Do justice when
You deal with friend and neighbor")
Contending 'gainst the giant wrong,
As with a sling and pebbles—
The Union soldiers marched along,
Beside secession rebels.

Not braver than those farmers bold
The heroes of Thermopylæ—
While loud and deep the murmur rolled,
"Down, down with all monopoly;
We've put our hands unto the plow—
We do not mean disruption—
But pause and stand from under now,
Ye minions of corruption!"

They come, they come, they're filing by—
The army of the Grangers—
While scheming politicians cry,
"These men our craft endanger!"
I saw them marshaling their ranks,
More numerous than the pebbles;
Within them stood the loyal Yanks,
And there were royal rebels.

And as they moved with measured tread,
Their step was firm and steady—
A mighty conflict just ahead,
But not a conflict bloody;
Unlike the one that dyed the ground
Around the tree so lonely,
Eleven years before—I found
That this was peaceful only.

Instead of cries of agony
From soldiers sorely wounded,
The sound of mirth and revelry
On every side abounded;
And where the *feds* and *rebs* erewhile
Had met and fought as strangers,
They met in quite another style—
As friends and brother Grangers.

## *ADDRESS TO THE GRANGERS.*

Written for the occasion, and read before the Lone Jack Grange at the Annual Festival, December 4, 1873.

When Patrons of Husbandry meet and unite
To consult and to work for the good of the Grange,
Fain would I be there and contribute my mite,
And socially join in the thought interchange;
To speak of the comforts of home, and to plan
Attractions that lend an additional charm;
For nothing will bring more comfort to man
Than a well-ordered home on a well-ordered farm.

The minions of wealth, who in luxury roll,
Disdainfully look on the husbandman's toil,
But the wealth which the nabobs amass and control
By the hand of the farmer is dug from the soil;
By his hand and his labor Earth's millions are fed;
And how would Earth's millions grow pale with alarm
If the husbandman *ever* should cease to make bread
And the other good things that are grown on the farm!

If there is a class possessed of more worth
Than all other classes of men when combined,
'Tis the class of producers, who bring from the earth
The treasures of wealth that are therein confined;
And if there's a man independent and free,
Depending alone on the Almighty arm—
The arm of Jehovah, who made him—'tis he
Who enjoys the comforts of life on a farm.

Where, where is that man on a farm who was reared—
In the North or the South, it matters not where—
Though to other pursuits his life is now squared,
Who, in thought, is not oftentimes carried back there;
Though in other pursuits for a time he engage,
And success for a time may lend them a charm,
He'll never forget, though he live to old age,
The pleasures he saw in his youth on a farm.

Although by the farmer the world has been fed,
Upheld, and supported for six thousand years,
He's opposed by a class with a stealthy-like tread,
And cruelly swindled by base financiers;
That great moneyed power which companies wield
For their profit alone, and the husbandman's harm,
Possesses itself of the fruits of his field,
And afterwards pockets the whole of his farm.

Monopolies here and monopolies there,
They're growing and spreading on every hand;
Ye sons and ye daughters of labor, prepare
That great moneyed power at once to withstand;
Stand firmly together, your forces unite,
And shoulder to shoulder, and arm within arm,
Press onward and forward—contend for the right
To live and enjoy the fruit of the farm!

Beware of corruption, of traitors beware—
Be vigilant, watchful, and on the alert;
Our foes are awake and abroad everywhere—
They strike in the dark, and the farmer is hurt;
Too long have we bowed to the sly, subtle power,
Too long have been led by the Siren-like charm;
Let them look for the day, let them wait for the hour,
When the yeomanry comes in his strength from the farm!

Corruption and bribery have entered the hall
Where State legislators and congressmen meet,
And sad is the sight when our law-makers fall
And worship the gold that is laid at their feet;
Their trust is betrayed, and our interests are sold—
They feeling but little dread or alarm.
But the days of their power are numbered and told;
They'll never be trusted again on the farm.

The sly politician who sells us for once
(Though little compunction of conscience he feels)
Will find that the farmer is not such a dunce
As not to remember back-salary steals;

And he who has voted to double our tax,
And put shackles of debt upon every arm,
And make us pay gold in the place of greenbacks,
Need never claim kin with the sons of the farm.

And now, brother farmers, let's firmly unite—
In wrangling together too long have we dwelt—
If united as one we contend for the right,
We'll soon be a power on earth that is felt;
Already monopolies, far away, see
This rising of farmers and feel the alarm
That when from their meshes the farmer gets free,
They'll no longer swindle him out of his farm.

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## *LETTER TO AN EDITOR.*

Written to the editor of the Knoxville (Tenn.) *Chronicle* in 1873.

When your paper comes to hand,
Its columns eagerly are scanned;
I look it o'er and o'er to see
Those notes about East Tennessee—
O Tennessee! East Tennessee!
The dearest spot on earth to me
(With gushing springs and gliding rills)
Is hid amongst those verdant hills!

'Twas there in days long passed away,
My eyes first opened on the day;
'Twas there my happiest years were passed-
Alas! too happy long to last;
And now since years have come and gone,
Here in a distant land alone,
By fancy's eyes I often see
Those misty hills of Tennessee.

'Twas in life's morning, bright and fair,
I left the little streamlet there,
And with ambitious views possessed,
My steps were bent toward the West;

Since then what changes have I seen,
In youth and age and all between!
A checkered scene of toil and care,
With transient pleasures here and there.

But still, in every lane of life,
In joy and sorrow, peace and strife,
My thoughts would turn, and turning, go
Back to the scenes of long ago;
Back to the little streamlet where
The minnows played when I was there—
Those pebbly streams I seem to see,
Amongst the hills of Tennessee.

And when your paper I peruse,
'Tis not so much for general news
As 'tis that I, perchance, may trace
The name of some familiar place
Connected with the olden time,
'Ere I had left that genial clime;
Or else that I may there behold
The name of some dear friend of old.

A few old friends still there remain—
Some friends I ne'er may see again;
But they, perhaps, remember not
My name, nor e'er bestow a thought
On me, or on those days of yore,
Those days which can return no more;
But though they may not think of me,
I think of them and Tennessee.

Toward that dear spot my heart has yearned,
But only once have I returned—
Once, only once, since thirty-three,
Have I been there, that spot to see;
When eight and thirty years had passed,
And age was creeping o'er me fast,
I came to that old place again,
But found a change in things and men.

'Tis not my purpose now to trace
My wanderings from place to place,
Nor will I speak of the contrast
Between the present and the past;
Those matters I shall not rehearse—
I've written them in other verse,*
From which, if you will read, you'll see
I'm wedded yet to Tennessee.

But when I came to Knoxville, where
Your paper's published, I declare—
When our conductor called the name—
I scarce could think it was the same,
So many changes there I found,
And everything seemed turned around—
The streets of Cumberland and Gay
Seemed running the contrary way.

And then the town had grown up so—
The railroad, too, and its depot
Had all been built since I was there;
Which made the city look so queer
That if I saw a single spot
I e'er had seen, I knew it not;
Within a crowd I seemed alone,
Unknowing all and all unknown.

That town, which first in life I'd seen,
Had still been kept in memory green;
In memory's eye the same it seemed,
And oftentimes in sleep I dreamed
That I was there, a boy again,
With heart as light as it was when
I first came there, o'er hill and dale,
With forty pounds of rags for sale.

But when I sought to find the place
Where then I sold them, not a trace
Of that store-house, with painted sign,
Where Roberts sold in twenty-nine,

*"Forty Years Ago."

Could I perceive in seventy-one;
'Twas gone—the sign "Roberts & Sons";
But old men in the neighborhood
May tell you where that store-house stood.

Those old men, too, remember yet
Some things that I cannot forget:
Election day was drawing nigh,
And Jackson was the battle-cry;
Tom Arnold bold and Pryor Lea
Were candidates, and wished to be
Elected into Congress then,
And both were noisy, talking men;
So such a war of words was heard
As ne'er before the pool had stirred.

They both were willing, anxious too,
To serve a Congress term or two,
And serve for eighty dimes a day
Without the back or extra pay;
But times have changed—they have, indeed
The more we get the more we need;
But now I'm getting off the track,
I'll check myself and hurry back.

'Twas there, in thirty-one, I guess,
That first I saw a printing press,
And strong the impulse seized me then
To be one of the printer men;
And one, perhaps, I might have been,
But Heiskell would not take me in—
For Heiskell was a printer, sir,
And edited the *Register*.

Perhaps, for me, 'twas for the best—
We're oft by disappointment blessed;
Had I succeeded in my plan,
I might have been a congressman;

Perhaps I might have been returned
Unto the Congress just adjourned,
And seeing what they have to bear,
I'm glad, indeed, I was not there.

And now, dear editor, so kind,
I hope these items I shall find
Within your paper, more and more;
And as I read its columns o'er,
They'll carry me in fancy back
To tread the old familiar track,
Across the hill, across the vale,
Across the streams which never fail,
And there to tread the forest through,
Where chinquapins and chestnuts grew,
And where my voice in boyhood rang,
From hill to hill, when digging 'sang.*

But I must bid you now adieu—
Too long, I fear, I've troubled you;
But if too long, pray do not frown—
Just send it back, or boil it down;
And should you meet a friend of mine,
Just say to him, a friendly line
Directed to his friend, M. R.,
Will make me happier by far.

*Ginseng, a small root, which was then worth about 25 cents per pound.

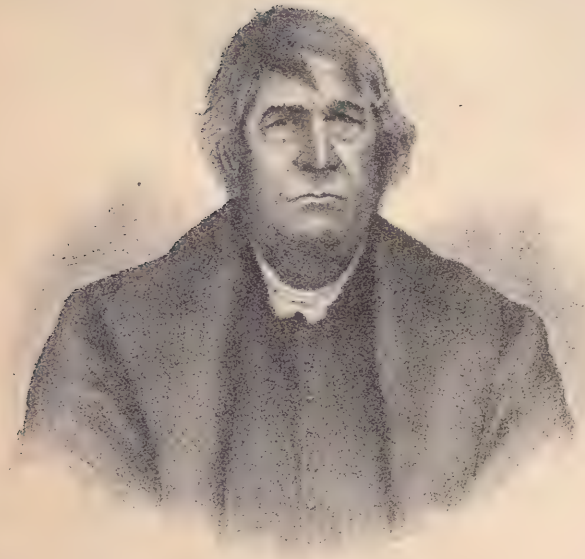
## *THE EXODUS OF EIGHTEEN SIXTY-THREE; OR, ORDER NUMBER ELEVEN.*

To those living in Western Missouri, this poem needs no explanation; and to those not conversant with the facts, it is only necessary to say that during the great civil war between the Northern and Southern States, Gen. Thomas Ewing, on the 25th of August, 1863, issued an order called "No. 11," commanding and requiring all the citizens of certain counties in Missouri to vacate their homes within fifteen days; those who could prove their loyalty being permitted to remove into the military posts or to certain parts of Kansas—all others to remove from his district, which included the State of Kansas and the two western tiers of counties in Missouri. In consequence of this order, by the 10th of September the country was depopulated, except at or immediately near the garrisoned towns or posts.

The book of Exodus you've read—
  That march across the parted sea,
When Israel, by Moses led,
  Went from Egyptian bondage free;
But some there be who never heard
  Of that exode in sixty-three,
The incidents that then occurred,
  Or how or why it came to be.

While some remember, some have read,
  And some have heard of "Order Eleven,"
When thousands into exile fled,
  And thousands from their homes were driven.
Then wake, my muse—my memory, wake,
  Relate that story, sad and true;
Set nothing down for malice' sake,
  Nor with extenuating view—
Impartially the tale relate,
  Its incidents of grief detail;
Those incidents we'll ne'er forget
  Till life with memory shall fail.

Two years and more the war had raged—
  The war was raging wildly still—
And madly was that warfare waged
  Through summer's heat and winter's chill;
The North and South alike contend,
  With equal ardor, equal zeal,
While varying fates to each portend
  Alternate woe, alternate weal.



"THE OLD FASHIONED PREACHER.

See page 357.

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The cloud which rose in "sixty-one,"
The dark and stormy cloud of war,
Had darker grown, till moon and sun
Were hid, and hidden every star;
The howling storm tempestuous roared,
And lightnings flashed from crest to crest,
While chiefly were its torrents poured
Upon the suffering South and West.

Missouri's western border lay
In that tornado's wasting path,
And near the Kansas line for aye
It fell in all its greatest wrath;
'Twas there the cruelties of war
In broader, deeper currents run—
'Twas brother 'gainst the brother there,
And father ranged against the son.

Though by the Union soldiers bold
The posts and garrisons were held,
The many guerrilla bandits told
The rebel spirit still unquelled;
And night and day those reckless men
Were found marauding here and there,
And watching for the soldiers then,
Bushwhacked and fought them everywhere,
Till Quantrell, Todd, and Anderson,
And others such as they, became
A terror unto many a one
Who still maintained a loyal fame.

'Twas said (I do not know how true;
But, true or false, the charge was made)
That citizens—and not a few—
Were leagued with them, and gave them aid;
And when the soldiers failed entire
To find or capture such a band,
They often wreaked their vengeance dire
Upon some farmer of the land;

And this, however much we blame,
Retaliating vengeance drew,
And citizens of loyal fame
In turn were made to suffer too,

Then as the contest fiercer grew,
And Time still rolled his car along,
Those bold marauders bolder grew,
And greater grew the mighty wrong,
Until those deeds of blood and sin,
In August, eighteen sixty-three,
Most sadly culminated in
The bloody Lawrence massacre.

I need not tell that story dread—
The world, I deem, has known it long—
But simply state to what it led,
Another grievous, cruel wrong:
The agents of the Government
Had many a time and oft proclaimed
That all should suffer banishment
Who aided those fierce bandits named;
And oftentime did they declare
In bitter language, far from chaste,
That, if those guerrillas harbored there,
They'd lay the rebel region waste.

Then, when the raid on Lawrence came
And it was known and told afar,
That those guerrillas known to fame
Came from the hills of Sni-a-bar;
When it was said by hundreds then
(Although it might not all be true),
That Jackson County long had been
Their haunt and general rendezvous;
That other neighboring counties, too,
Contributed their sons to swell
The numbers of that bandit crew,
And other bandit crews as well,—

It is a truth, no sooner had
That raid by Quantrell's men been made,
Than forthwith came that order sad,
Long threatened and till then delayed.

Ah, stern and cruel that decree!
And oh, how cruel were the Fates
To those whose dwellings chanced to be
In Jackson County, Cass, or Bates!
Those three ill-fated counties view,
Which once had been so fair and fine—
The northern part of Vernon, too,
All bordering on the Kansas line;
Those counties which, ere war had spread
Its cruelties so far and wide,
Were famed abroad, and which were said
To be Missouri's western pride.

But now this Eden of the West,
Which smiled in plenteous beauty's bloom,
Was by this martial order dressed
In desolation and in gloom;
And citizens, howe'er they grieve,
Of every sex, of every age,
Were given but fifteen days to leave—
Ah, dark that dark historic page!
To leave their homes—each cherished home—
Those homes which gave to some their birth,
And homeless wanderers to roam
Upon a sin and blood stained earth!

Ah, hard the trial, hard indeed—
How well it is remembered yet!
For those who wandered then in need
Those suffering scenes will ne'er forget.
'Twas hard upon her loyal sons,
Who still the Union dearly prized—
'Twas harder on disloyal ones,
Who with the South had sympathized;

But loyal and disloyal too
Were, by the order called Eleven,
Compelled to bid their homes adieu—
Alike were they in exile driven.

'Tis true 'twas said in that decree,
That they who certainly could prove
A well-established loyalty
Might to the garrison remove—
Then some who loyalty did boast,
And some who truly loyal were,
Repaired unto the nearest post,
To live and be protected there.

'Twas small protection they received;
The most that they of that could boast—
Enrolled as guards, they then relieved
The soldiers stationed at the post.
But far the greater number who
Dwelt in that region doomed to waste
Got them from home and country too—
Perhaps to be no more possessed;
A sinking heart in every breast,
In all directions then they moved—
Toward the North, South, East, and West,
As stern necessity behooved.
Sad was the spectacle to see,
And sad and sorrowful the scenes
Of thousands forced from home to flee,
And yet without the needful means.

The hand of War and Theft, it seems,
Before had spoiled and shorn the land,
And only then the poorest teams
And carriages were at command—
Yea, some there were with none at all;
And they, though destitute, must go—
What greater hardships could befall,
Or be to them a heavier blow?

The widow and the orphan small,
The aged, infirm, the sick, the frail,
Without a friend on whom to call,
Whose sympathy could then avail!
The time was short—those days fifteen
Were passing rapidly away,
Within which time, as has been seen,
All must that order well obey.

The needful preparations then
By night and day were hurried on—
No Sabbath rest, no Sabbath when
All peace, all quietude had gone;
Sleep from the eyelids fled away,
The mind, in tossing to and fro,
Still asked the question night and day,
"O whither, whither shall I go?"

O how did grief and pain abound
Through those September nights and days,
When weary wanderers were found
On all the roads and public ways,
On every hand, on every side!
On every road which outward led
Was seen the slowly moving tide
Of those who from that region fled;
Through clouds of dust or burning sand,
Their weary way they wended slow,
Away from their dear native land,
Or homes adopted long ago.

The staunch old settlers of the West,
The hardy, gray-haired pioneers,
Who here had lived, and here had passed
Their many laboring, toiling years;
The men who, thirty years before,
Had come into the western wild,
And through whose labors, more and more,
The wilderness had bloomed and smiled,

Were sundering now the cherished tie
That bound them to those homes so dear—
More dear, as now fond memory's eye
Looks back o'er many a by-gone year.

They who had seen in wild alarms
This land, so wild and waste at first,
Turned into fair and fruitful farms,
Ere war the land had stained and cursed;
They who had seen, by slow degrees,
Their numbers, once so small, increase,
And who with neighbors kind to please
Had lived in harmony and peace—
They and those neighbors now dispersed,
All gone, all banished—every one—
The work of thirty years reversed,
And in a fortnight all undone!
That country full of golden grain,
So lately full of flocks and herds—
A solitary waste again,
Given up to waste, to beasts and birds!
Oh! could the hand a picture draw,
Or could the eye but view the whole,
And see, as the Omniscient saw,
The anguish of each stricken soul;
Or see each mournful incident—
The suffering scenes of sorrow, too,
When those thus doomed to banishment
Bade home and friends a long adieu,
It would have moved a stony heart
To sympathize with those who wept,
Or envy those who, ere the smart,
In death's cold, lasting sleep had slept!

But human tongue can ne'er repeat,
No human mind can ever know
Or comprehend the aggregate
Of such accumulated woe
As then descended, like a flood,
To whelm the stricken souls with grief—
The souls that manfully withstood
The storms of sorrow past belief.

But though no one has seen it all,
Full many a one has seen his part,
And dark and heavily the pall
Of sorrows pressed on many a heart.

The mother—oh! that mother view,
Whose heart with anguish keen is riven!
Far distant then her husband true,
And she and hers in exile driven;
She and her little ones must roam—
No shelter on the broad green earth—
Their backs are turned upon the home
That gave those little children birth.
How ill prepared, alas, are they
To move upon the rugged road!
No safe conveyance to convey
Her children from that dear abode—
Naught but an old and worn-out cart,
Without a bed or box to hold
Her household goods or any part,
Or children dearer yet than gold;
The wheels, the shafts, and axle-tree
Were all that then remained of it;
And as for harness, scarce could she
A single trace of harness get;
No covering sheet to shelter them
From sun and from inclement skies;
A hope forlorn that cart did seem
To all but the most trusting eyes.
Their clothing, bed, and other things
Were in a bundle firmly bound,
Then fastened on the cart with strings
And ropes that passed them all around.
Her jewels then, the dearest yet,
The children of her love and pride,
Upon the package there she set,
And took her station by their side;
Then guiding still, and urging on
The horse so old, so service-worn,

She wept, as they from home were drawn,
With no fond hopes of a return;
How dark and deep was that abyss
Of grief and woe no tongue can tell—
With others deeper yet than this,
On which it pains the heart to dwell.

'Tis true, to such hard straits of need
Not all, thank Heaven! were then reduced;
But others worse than this indeed
Might then have been and were produced—
Yes, there were widows, poor and lone,
Of earthly friends and help bereft,
Alone, in the cold world alone,
With no protecting refuge left,
Or with dependent daughters there—
What sadder sight to see than they?
Not even a horse or cart to bear
Their little all of goods away.
And as they sought some poor abode,
Beyond that region desolate,
They walked the dusty, crowded road,
With faltering steps and feeble gait;
That road with wearied steps they tread,
Their feet now bare and worn and sore—
A cow, perhaps, behind them led,
Or driven slowly on before;
A bundle small—'tis all they now
Have strength to bear away from hence—
Another bound upon the cow,
Their choice effects the small contents.

'Twas thus, in eighteen sixty-three,
When driven from their cherished home,
The people of those counties three
As exiles then were forced to roam;
Though sharp and poignant was the sting,
They yielded to the cruel Fates;
Some went to counties neighboring,
While others went to distant States—

The fruits of toil, the work of taste,
As might in truth be well supposed,
By them abandoned in their haste—
All, all to ruin left exposed!

Their houses, farms, and orchards, then,
With many a dear memento graced,
The harvested and growing grain
Were left to spoil or go to waste--
The cherished spots, the peaceful bowers,
Where infancy had passed away,
The garden and its blooming flowers
Were left to wither and decay!
Domestic fowls, domestic brutes,
Of many a favorite breed and kind,
The vineyard and its luscious fruits—
All these, and more, were left behind;
Yes, sadder yet—with objects still
Than those by far, by far more dear,
Some parted then who never will
Those objects see again fore'er.

Sad memory yet, though many suns
Have run their rounds, will call to mind
The day when fathers, husbands, sons
Were to one common grave consigned;
When those bereft in anguish deep
Were forced to leave their homes, and them
To sleep in Death's cold, lasting sleep—
The autumn winds their requiem.

Yes, memory backward still will tend
To that September Sabbath day--
The time was hasting to an end
When all must leave or disobey;
By far the greatest part had gone—
A few remained behind, and those
Made preparation from the dawn
To leave before the day should close.

Those families—but few they were—
By kindred ties together bound,
Old citizens together there—
And few more quiet could be found;
As preparation still they made
The cruel mandate to obey,
A band of soldiers came and bade
Those men to march with them away,
A little way, scarce out of sight—
Their place of execution found;
Six of the eight were killed outright,
And left upon the bloody ground*—
Ah, sad and sorrowful the scene!
Methinks I see it even now:
A youth, a lad of seventeen,
With smiles upon his sunny brow,
A widow's doting son was he,
Her stay, support, and comfort then—
Cold, cold in death that son! and she
Will see him ne'er on earth again.
Another man I seem to see,
Of more than three score years and ten—
The blood upon his hair of gray,
As it was witnessed even then;
Two other fathers, who had passed
Their fifty years of life and more;
Two younger fathers lifeless cast,
And weltering in life's purple gore—
All, all cut down, together slain!
And, oh! cut down at such a time—
The young, the old, and yet again
The men of vigor in their prime!
Their families, grief-stricken now,
Of loved and cherished ones bereft,
Compelled to leave their homes—but how?
Oh, what of hope or comfort left!

*This incident occurred on the 6th of September, 1863; an account of it was published in the Missouri *Republican* of the 11th of the same month

Their cup of grief seemed full before
Of bitterness, even to the brink;
But now that cup was running o'er,
And they that bitter draught must drink.
The floods passed o'er their heads that day
As wave still follows after wave—
Scarce help enough had they to lay
Those loved and lost ones in the grave.

Let Fancy's hand portray the scene,
And with reality compare:
The wretched group, with anguish keen,
Assembled round the fallen there;
There, hard beside those murdered ones—
If I may use so harsh a word—
From widowed wives and orphaned sons
The wailing notes of grief were heard.
Imagine now that sire so old,
Whose grief no balm could sooth or 'suage;
Three score and fifteen years had told
His weary, toiling pilgrimage,
And he, in life's long, devious way,
Had passed through many a trial sore—
But in the evening of his day
A sorer one than e'er before.

Two sons—his only sons—he saw
Cold, cold in death, and side by side—
A grandson and a son-in-law,
Whose blood the herbage green had dyed;
A neighbor kind, whose paling suns,
Like his, had passed the noon of life,
The father of his younger son's
Now stricken, widowed, weeping wife
Another neighboring kinsman, too—
Hard, hard the trial to endure!
But what his feeble hands could do,
He did to give them sepulture.

No neighbors kind his hand to aid,
  Excepting two, whose lives were spared,
And by whose hands the slain were laid
  Within the shallow graves prepared;
In that rude grave, in bloody dress,
  Without a dirge or funeral knell,
They laid them down all coffinless,
  Hard by the spot on which they fell.
Then leaving them in death's long sleep,
  As now the evening sun declined—
Oppressed with gloom and sorrows deep,
  They left those fallen ones behind.

Now would you see, on Fancy's page,
  That aged sire, as forth he led
The partner of his youth and age,
  The mother of the buried dead?
She who, for fifty years and more,
  Had borne with him life's toils and cares,
Then with him came from out the door,
  Where they had lived for thirty years.
Ah, yes! and see those widows too—
  Five widows all so lately made,
Deprived in one short hour or two
  Of those on whom their hopes were stayed;
With sinking and desponding mind,
  And weeping orphans gathered round,
They bid adieu to all behind,
  Not knowing where or whither bound.

I see the mournful cavalcade,
  The small procession moving slow—
As hastened on the evening shade,
  When evening sun was sinking low;
With preparation badly made,
  Conveyances both small and rude.
A long adieu again they bade—
  And all behind was solitude.

No fancy sketch nor idle dream
The incidents my pen relates.
How many citizens, I deem,
In Jackson County, Cass, and Bates,
Can now go back in memory—
Call up those griefs so manifold,
And testify, and say with me,
The half has never yet been told!

That gloomy fortnight passed away—
The wheel of time still moving on—
And when expired the fifteenth day,
The suffering citizens were gone;
The mandate had been well obeyed,
Depopulation's work was done,
And Ruin's hand not long delayed,
Ere its destructive work begun.

Deprived of its bold peasantry,
The land to hastening ills a prey—
Gone all that brought prosperity—
How swift, how rapid its decay!
And where was that bold peasantry—
The country's wealth, the country's pride—
When one short month had passed away?
Dispersed and scattered far and wide!
Those who together dwelt for years,
Some who had been together nursed—
Far sundered, and those pioneers
In different regions all dispersed!
'Mongst strangers, in a land of strife,
Their suffering lots apart were cast,
And bitter was that bitter life,
Contrasted with the by-gone past.

As when to Babylon the Jews
Were borne a conquered, captive band,
They sat beneath the willow trees,
And mourned a desolated land;

So did Missouri's exiles then,
In eighteen hundred sixty-three,
With heavy hearts, go sighing when
Their harps they hung upon the tree.

The hymns of praise which long ago
With true devotion they had sung,
When now essayed, would sink so low,
And, faltering, die upon the tongue;
The bosom oft would heave with pain,
Or from the eye would start the tear,
Whene'er that well-remembered strain
Of "Home, sweet home," fell on the ear.
Full well the joys of happy homes
Could they in truth appreciate,
When they were homeless, and their homes
Were empty, waste, and desolate.

How wild and desolate the scene
Which then appeared unto the view!
A solitary waste was seen
By travelers, in passing through,
From north to south for eighty miles—
The length of that deserted land;
The land which once was decked in smiles
Lay lonely as the desert sand.
Except near garrison or post,
No sign of civil life was seen—
A passing traveler at most,
And they now few and far between;
But bands of soldiers raided o'er
The land in desolation dressed,
And guerrilla bandits, as before,
Did still the wasted land infest;
The goods and chattels which had been
For want of transportation left,
Were taken by marauders then,
Or by the cowardly hand of theft.

Another dire affliction sore
Soon fell on that ill-fated land,
Which spread unchecked the country o'er,
With naught its progress to withstand;
'Twas after frost of autumn came
And killed the grass and herbage green,
When sun and winds had dried the same—
The raging prairie fires were seen.
They swept across the prairies wide,
And through the farms deserted there—
The billowy flames like ocean's tide—
And left them fenceless, brown, and bare;
The houses, farms, and orchards too,
Were, by the conflagration dire,
Consumed in places not a few,
And naught remained but marks of fire.

The labors of the yeomanry,
The fruits of many years of toil—
In one brief hour all swept away
From off the bare and blackened soil;
'Tis sad to contemplate the scene,
'Twas sadder then that scene to view—
The land in nakedness was seen,
With naught its verdure to renew.

'Twas then, when weeks had come and gone,
Since first the exodus began,
There came, at chill November's dawn,
With wearied steps, an aged man,
Returning, as it were, by stealth
To where misfortune dire had come,
To view the wreck of former wealth,
To see a desolated home.

The fencing round his farm was gone;
The fire had swept it all away,
And hurrying through the orchard on,
Had left it withering in decay;

The dwelling which with youthful hands,
Long time ago, he builded there,
Now lay in ashes, coals, and brands—
The wreck of earthly visions fair;
His barns and granaries no more,
His crops of grain and hay consumed,
A visage dark the landscape wore,
Which in its beauty lately bloomed.

Another one, who, in his haste,
Had left his flocks and herds behind,
Returned when weeks away had passed,
To seek and save what he could find;
Than some by far more fortunate,
He found his lonely dwelling there;
But oh, how darkly desolate
That dwelling and surroundings were!

He passed through each now empty room,*
Which echoed back his voice again—
A solitude so full of gloom,
Where'er he turned, appeared to reign;
And still that silence so intense
Was rendered deeper, more profound,
By knowing all were banished hence,
That this was now forbidden ground.
The crowing of domestic fowls,
The bleating of the flocks of sheep,
The bark of dogs, their solemn howls,
Appeared to make the gloom more deep;
The herds of cattle, sheep, and hogs
In those few weeks so wild had grown
They fled away; and even dogs
Would scarce their master's presence own.

The fencing down, his farm seemed lost—
All wasting his ungathered grain,
While orchard fruits, touched by the frost,
Lay rotting in the sun and rain.

*See "The Exile's Lament."

He visited the homes, so lone,
Of those who once his neighbors were;
But they, those neighbors kind, were gone,
And none to bid him welcome there;
For though the doors were open then,
The rooms all tenantless he found,
While gloomy silence reigned within,
And wasting solitude around—
'Twas lonely, lonely everywhere,
Upon the then untraveled roads;
But lonelier, more lonely far,
In those untenanted abodes.

He passed the little village through,
He walked its lone and silent street—
That street was then deserted too,
And bore no marks of human feet.
Abandoned every dwelling-place,
Abandoned every shop and store;
And Desolation's frowning face
Seemed scowling out from every door.

He passed the church, that sacred place
Where often he had bowed in prayer;
But weeks and months had fled apace
Since worshipers assembled there;
How many months, or years complete,
How many, many weary days,
Before those worshipers shall meet
Within that church for prayer and praise!

Another one, when chillingly
Cold Winter spread his mantle o'er
That land deserted, came to see
The home where he had dwelt before;
The snows of winter, cold and deep,
Around and on each dwelling lay,
As o'er the rough, unbroken sweep,
Through driving snows he made his way.

The howling storm blocked up his way—
He felt the cold's intensity;
Ah! who can e'er forget that day,
The last of eighteen sixty-three?
No cheerful, blazing fires were there
Within the dwellings which he passed,
But empty, cheerless, bleak, and bare,
As round them howled the bitter blast.
Successively he passed them by,
The hospitable homes of men
Who ne'er perhaps will occupy
Those hospitable homes again;
And as those cheerless homes he passed,
His thoughts, so sad, still sadder grew,
Till his own home he reached at last,
To find it lone and cheerless too;
The wailings of the dying year,
The winds from out the evening's gloom—
The only sounds to greet his ear,
The only welcome to his home.

"It was not always thus," he sighed;
"There was a time, nor long ago,
Ere war, upon secession's tide,
Brought desolation, death, and woe,
That from this now deserted hearth
The light of cheerfulness was spread;
When wife and children joined their mirth
With friends, now numbered with the dead.
But they, those happy days, have flown,
And now the days are dark and drear;
While in my empty house alone,
I wait and watch the dying year."

'Twas there, in days gone by, that he
And those he loved and held most dear
Had watched with hope's expectancy
The coming of a bright new year;
But oh, how changed! no prattling tongue
Was heard within the tempest's pause;
No childish hand its stockings hung
To catch the gifts of Santa Claus.

And when the New Year morn appeared,
A colder one sure never blew;
A colder wind had never stirred
The leafless groves he hurried through,
As, burthened with his grief and woe,
And blinded by his tears and pain,
Returning through the drifted snow,
He sought his loved ones once again.

'Twas later in Time's calendar,
While Winter yet held vigorous reign—
There walked the hills of Sni-a-bar
A female known as Crazy Jane.
Poor Crazy Jane! 'Twas long ago,
And in the sunny morn of life,
She came where Sni's clear waters flow,
And there became a loving wife;
To husband, and to children too,
Love's silken cord then bound her heart;
Ill fortune cut that cord in two,
And bore those loving ones apart.

Time passed; she lived, but reason fled—
A harmless maniac was she;
From place to place she went, 'twas said,
To seek her long-lost children three;
She went, she came without debar,
And strangers oftentimes would meet
Poor Crazy Jane of Sni-a-bar
On public road or village street.
At intervals of time and space,
The weather foul, the weather fair,
Would find her near the old home place,
Still wandering back and forward there.

An interval of years had passed
Since they had seen her face so plain,
And citizens had almost ceased
To speak or think of Crazy Jane;

But when the land was lying waste,
And all its citizens were gone,
She came, those paths again she traced,
Still by those strange impulses drawn—
The last, last visit to the home
Where she had passed youth's happy days
The last, last time her feet will roam
The old and still remembered ways.

It never, never can be known
How far, how long she wandered there,
For she was all alone, alone,
With none to witness her despair.
A few there were—some very few—
Who, in their solitary way,
When passing that lone desert through,
Had met the hopeless Mrs. Gray;
And piteously she made complaint,
That none to her would ope the door,
Though she from hunger then was faint,
And from the cold was suffering sore.

Night followed night, day followed day,
And still she wandered up and down;
Still farther on she made her way,
Beyond the then deserted town;
On, onward still, her footsteps tend;
She walked as through a wilderness—
No human eye to see the end
Of that lone journey of distress.
That journey ended—when or how
The great Omniscient only knows;
All that we know, or can know now—
It ended ere the winter's close.

Within a farmer's dwelling lone,
Beyond the county's southern bound,
Up in a garret there is shown
The spot where Crazy Jane was found;

That dwelling lone, that garret cold,
Had witnessed her expiring breath;
But they nor aught will e'er unfold
The secret of that lonely death.
Whether by wasting and disease,
Whether by hunger, thirst, or cold,
Or from a cause more sad than these,
Has never yet, nor will be told.

But yet, imagination keen
Can pierce the darkness and the gloom,
And vividly portray the scene
Of death in that small upper room;
Or, taking wings, the spirit trace
From garret cold to shining Heaven,
Where joys eternal took the place
Of suffering caused by Order Eleven.

But time would fail; we need not dwell
Or longer yet delineate
The pains and hardships which befell
Those in that region situate;
But many thousands yet there be
Who travel o'er those scenes in thought—
Troublous scenes of "sixty-three"—
Which Order Number Eleven wrought.
By military force constrained,
All drank of that same bitter cup;
Some to the dregs the goblet drained,
And swallowed every bitter drop.
And did they suffer thus for naught,
Enduring ills with fortitude?
Was Order Eleven only fraught
With ill, without attendant good?

We may not say, for human ken
Can never see within the shade,
And tell what evils might have been,
Had that stern order ne'er been made.

But those who witnessed those events,
Those thousand hearts with sorrows riven,
All viewed them as the consequence
Of Ewing's Order Number Eleven.

And if it should be said to-day,
As some perhaps will say it should,
That private interest should not weigh
Against the general public good;
That all those separate griefs and woes
Were given with the best intent,
To rid the land of public foes
And benefit the Government—
We ask, shall Government benign
Take what our bill of rights defends,
And private property assign
To public use without amends?
Shall they, those loyal pioneers,
Who long ago this region sought,
Who labored and who toiled for years
On lands so wild, which then they bought,—
Bought from that Government which late
By agents drove them homeless hence,—
Must they now bow, yield to their fate,
Nor dare to ask a recompense?
And will that Government, for which
That sacrifice was *asked* and *made*,
Deny to all, deny to each
The claim so just, so long delayed?
Forbid it Heaven! O Justice, wake!
No longer let thy hands withhold
The means which, well applied, might make
Amends for ills so manifold!

# Poems, Occasional and Miscellaneous.

## *OLD-TIME REMINISCENCES.*

Poem read by Martin Rice at the meeting of old settlers of Lafayette County, August, 1885.

We meet again, old pioneers;
To speak of all the by-gone years
That we have wandered o'er
Since we gray-headed ones first met
Within the bounds of Lafayette,
The few of us who are lingering yet
Have met again once more.

It may, perhaps, the last time be
That we each other's face shall see;
Then let us lay aside
The cares of life, and for a while
Forget our age, forget our toil,
And pleasantly the hours beguile
Until the evening-tide.

We'll talk of the old times and ways,
So different from these latter days
In this progressive age,
And of the many changes great
That have occurred within the State,
And facts and incidents relate
For future history's page.

A half a century has flown—
Full fifty years have come and gone,
And more than that, I trow,

Since some of you gray-headed ones
Came here with wives and little ones.
Those daughters fair, those sturdy sons—
Where are those children now?

We call to mind, in musing mood,
The spot where first our dwelling stood—
That dwelling small and rude,
With clapboard roof and puncheon floor,
A clapboard shutter to the door,
Round which the children play no more,
Nor come at mother's call.

That mother, too, perhaps has gone,
And you, like me, are tottering on
Life's journey all alone.
Ah me! the changes we have seen!
How many changes there have been
Since first we saw those prairies green,
With flowerets thickly strewn!

Those by-gone scenes we oft recall;
The country then was prairie all,
Or groves by Nature's hand
Planted along the winding streams;
We see them now only in dreams;
All, all is changed, and now it seems
Almost another land.

The pea-vine, then so green and rank
That grew upon the Tabo's bank
Or on Missouri's shore,
Has fallen, fallen long ago;
The waving grass that used to grow
On Davis or the Sni, you know,
Is growing there no more.



BENJAMIN POTTER.

See pages 381 and 113.

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That wilderness of prairie grass,
Through which the hunter had to pass
O'er hill and spreading plain,
To fruitful farms has given place,
And where was once the hunter's chase
Now harvesters and threshers race
To save the golden grain.

Ah, yes! there's been full many a change
Since you in youth could nimbly range
That forest through and through;
There's been a change in men and things.
Time flies as if on eagle's wings,
And oh, the changes which it brings!
We know, we feel it true.

Our days, our weeks, our months, our years
Are passing off, and it appears
They faster come and go.
Ah! who has lived, as we have done,
His three score years beneath the sun,
And seen the stars their courses run,
But knows that this is so?

A month to childhood seemed a year,
And years like ages did appear,
So slowly on they wore;
But now in age, while tottering on
With feeble step and cheeks all wan,
Scarce comes the year until 'tis gone,
And 'twill return no more.

But as the years shall come and go,
Borne on by Time's incessant flow,
Let us old pioneers
With this association meet,
Our ancient citizens to greet,
And with them hold communion sweet,
And talk of by-gone years.

The few of us who yet remain
Of those old pioneers would fain
Meet once a year at least.
O let us ne'er forget the past;
The pioneers are leaving fast—
'Twill not be long until the last
Will have from labor ceased.

And now that we have met to-day
A few brief hours to while away,
Let us a while forget
That we are old and feeble grown,
And with a cheerful heart and tone
Speak of the things that we have known
And well remember yet.

And as the memory backward runs,
We'll seek out those remembered ones,
Remembered for the good;
Renew the friendship that was made,
Perhaps, when we in childhood played,
Before that either one had strayed
From the old neighborhood.

And if within this social band
We clasp again some friendly hand
We clasped in by-gone years,
Some friend we have not seen before
For many years, we'll talk it o'er—
The scenes of youth, the days of yore,
Mixed with our smiles and tears;

Speak of the changes we have seen—
How many changes there have been
In the last fifty years!
Imagination strongly drawn
Could not foresee what has been done;
And changes still are going on—
No end to them appears.

Large towns and cities now we see,
With churches, schools, and knowledge free,
Where once the prairies wild
Were spread abroad from East to West,
And lay in Nature's garments dressed;
A fitting home 'twas thought, at best,
For Nature's wandering child.

Our cabin homes were small and rude,
And little less than solitude
Reigned over half the land;
Our neighbors few and far between,
For miles would sometimes intervene,
But kinder neighbors ne'er were seen
When help was in demand.

So social and so kind were they—
'Tis said it is not so to-day—
You know as well as I;
'Tis said that there is more of self,
That love of gain, mischievous elf,
And pride, have laid upon the shelf
The friendly, social tie.

And now whene'er we call to mind
Those neighbors, social, true, and kind,
With their old-fashioned ways,
The recollection gives us pain;
Of all those friends, so true and plain,
How few, how very few, remain
To see these evil days!

A few more years will pass, and then
You'll look in vain for these old men
Who meet with you to-day.
The world will still move on, I trow,
The busy crowd will surge as now;
We know not when, we know not how,
But we'll be gone away.

The places we so long have filled,
The farms that we have cleared and tilled,
These hands will till no more.
Soon, soon for those then left behind
It will be hard, ah! hard to find
A pioneer who has not joined
The number gone before.

But if, old pioneers, before
You leave this earthly, mundane shore,
You place some mark thereon,
A mark posterity may read,
Of useful work or noble deed,
Some useful lesson they may heed
When you are dead and gone,

You will not then have lived in vain,
Nor died to live no more again;
Such cannot be your fate.
Posterity will ne'er forget
The pioneers of Lafayette
Who have the good example set
For them to imitate.

But young America, you say,
Have crowded you out of the way,
And are wiser now than you.
The boys of this progressive age
Are pushing you off of the stage;
Invention seems to be the rage—
Inventing something new.

Ah, yes! there's many a thing, we'll own,
That in our youth was quite unknown,
Familiar now to men.
The world they say is wiser now,
And that 'tis better some avow,
But we old fogies think somehow
That times were better then.

Of railroads then we little knew—
The truth is this: that I or you
Had never seen one then;
And little did we ever dream
That they would be as now they seem,
Determined to run the world by steam,
And rule or ruin men.

Nor had we ever heard or known
Of telegraph or telephone;
The idea ne'er had caught
Of pictures by daguerreotype,
Of photograph or ambrotype,
Or printing by electrotype,
As quick almost as thought.

Machinery, too, upon the farm,
Was not then working like a charm,
As now it does, you know;
Our reaper then a reaping-hook,
Which in his hand the farmer took
Just as described in sacred book
Two thousand years ago.

How strange it is, how passing strange,
That fifty years have made more change
Than thousand years before!
And yet 'tis true, as all allow;
The reaper and the binder now,
The thresher and the sulky plow,
A hundred things, all tell us how
Old fashions live no more.

They boast their colleges and schools,
And some might think that we were fools
When these were quite unknown;
This may be so, but all we ask:
While young America may bask
In knowledge, they'll perform life's task
As well as we have done.

And while they boast, as boast they will,
Of greater things expected still,
Discoveries grander yet,
Let us old ones with silver hair
Call back the time, the when and where,
We made locations here and there
In good old Lafayette.

And as the memory backward roams,
We'll picture out our forest homes,
Homely and simply plain,
Where then we lived in simple style,
And scratched with shovel-plow the soil,
And by our unremitting toil
Produced the needed grain.

Ah, yes! in memory some can trace
And picture out the old home place
Where they in youth abode;
Can see the corn and wheat-field green,
The flax and cotton-patch between,
The garden too, a home-like scene,
Where beans and cabbage *growed*.

Our young American might smile,
Could he go back with us awhile
And view the scenes of yore,
The primitive and simple ways
In which we passed our younger days,
When pride and fashion dared not gaze
Within our cabin door.

And he would smile again, no doubt,
Could he but see us threshing out
Our wheat with hickory flail,
Or fanning it with blanket sheet,
To separate the chaff and cheat,
The blowing process oft repeat
Till wind and strength would fail.

But let them smile, if smile they will,
Or laugh outright, we are thinking still
They underrate our team.
They are driving faster than we did;
We drove the oxen—they, instead,
Are rushing on and on amid
The whiz and din of steam.

And some of them perchance will sneer
At the old-fogy pioneer,
With his old-fashioned ways,
Who with old-fashioned implements
Produced the fortune which these gents
Are spending, while their brain invents
Some new and modern craze.

Yes, let them laugh, we'll heed it not;
It may be that our lowly lot
As pleasant was as theirs.
Although we did not have as much,
Our customs and our lives were such
We did not handle, taste, or touch,
Or put on swelling airs.

With pewter plates and pewter spoons,
Home-made coat and pantaloons,
Coat and vest the same;
While the women,—bless their hearts!—
Though all unskilled in modern arts,
Most cheerfully performed the parts
By God assigned to them.

They knew the use of wheel and cards,
And spun and wove their many yards,
As fast the shuttle flew;
They clothed their husbands and themselves,
Their clothing packed upon the shelves,
While cotton yarn hung up by twelves*
Told what the girls could do.

* Dozens they called it.

Gray-headed ladies here I see—
They know how things did use to be
In days that's passed away;
Some useful lessons they could teach
To girls whose grammar and whose speech
Are far above their grandma's reach,
In this progressive day.

Now, gentlemen and ladies gray,
Permit an old man here to say:
Let us cherish memories old;
Let this occasion call to mind
The friends to whom we once were joined
In neighborship and friendship kind,
Ere friends were bought and sold.

Ah, yes! old friends surviving few,
We'll pass them now in brief review,
The many passed away;
Some of them long ago have gone,
Death's curtain round them has been drawn,
And they will sleep until the dawn
Of a brighter, better day.

We call to mind remembered names:
Fristoe, Hicklin, Young, and James,
Cockerell, Bounds, and Cox,
Edwards, Robinson, and Hall,
Ewing, Linville, Graves, and Aull,
Ryland, Estes, and Duval,
Catron, Rupe, and Fox,

Hopper, Jennings, Scott, and Lynch,
Cantrell, Mulkey, Swift, and Finch,
McBride, and Barker too,
Powell, Campbell, and McClure,
Whitsett, Easley, Woods, and Moore,
Majors, Waggoner, and Shore,
With Emmons and Perdue,

Graham, Fletcher, Smith, and Trapp,
Edmonson, and Ish, and Stapp,
Manion, Hughes, and Helms,
Renick, Warder, and Flournoy,
McCommick, Ramy, and Pomeroy,
Burden, Green, and Sensiboy,
With Fulkerson and Gilliams,

Simons, Collins, Page, and Trigg,
Davis, Walker, Brooks, and Rigg,
Thornton, Horn, and Sloane,
Nelson, Bowers, King, and Bright,
Waddell, Harris, Cobb, and White,
Holman, Warren, Webb, and Wright,
Wallace, Nave, and Stone,

Benning, Vivion, Houx, and Ward,
McCausland, Murray, and McCord,
McCafferty and Ray,
Demastes, Rankin, Pool, and Steel,
Bowring, Patterson, and Peel,
Adams, Williams, Keith, and Neill—
But all have passed away!

Some of those names you'll ne'er forget,
They linger in your memory yet,
And will for many a day;
You knew their sons, and daughters too,
The boys and girls who played with you—
Where are the sons that once you knew?
Those daughters, where are they?

Some few of them are living yet
Within the bounds of Lafayette,
And in this social band
I fancy there are some to-day,
Descendants of those patriots gray;
If that is so, I trust that they
Will each one raise his hand.

Yes, they are here—more than I thought—
Whom cherished memories have brought
To swell this gathered crowd.
Dear friends, we oft have met before,
And parted, but of this we're sure:
We'll some day part to meet no more
Till death shall us enshroud.

But there is hope beyond the grave;
When we have breasted every wave
Of life's tempestuous sea
And reached in safety yonder shore,
We'll join the friends who've gone before,
The loved and lost, to part no more
Through vast eternity.

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## *THE COUNTRY SCHOOL LYCEUM.*

### A SQUIB.

Did you ever hear tell of our school on the bluff?
Bluff College we call it when wishing to puff.
You've heard of it often, I have not a doubt,
But let me now tell you the college about:
In Van Buren Township, not far from Lone Jack,
And near to Hicks City, a mile or so back,
Amongst the Sni hills, on a high, stony bluff—
But of its location I've said quite enough.
The professor—a very good man, by the way;
And no doubt he has earned every cent of his pay—
He teaches the urchins to read and to spell,
To gabble their grammar and cipher quite well;
He teaches them something not found in the books,
And knows a deal more than you'd think from his looks;
For years in the past he has taught the school there,
And pupils of his are now teaching elsewhere.

But the pride of the college, as I will now state,
Is its lyceum grand, or its school of debate;
'Tis there that polemics and logic are taught,
And orators famous from nothing are brought.
The Websters and Clays of the future may date
Their greatness from this the Bluff College debate,
And Allen and Easley, and Bennett and Snow,
With Dedman and Burns, and some others you know,
Those orators famous who weekly meet there,
Can favorably now with old Chatham compare;
And could you be there when they once measure swords,
You'd own that their heads are not made out of gourds.
Though all of their words may not fit like a joint,
They care not a whit if they carry their point—
And their point they have carried both time and again.
That money is greater than women with men;
That pride and ambition has caused *more* distress
Than superstition and ignorance—or may be 'twas *less;*
That the Indian has suffered at Caucasian hands
More a great deal, from the loss of his lands,
Than the negro, who, brought from a barbarous state,
Has a free man become, and a voter of late—
All these and a thousand vexed questions have been
Or will be decided that lyceum within;
And if the king's English is murdered, depend
Each member will rally his chum to defend.
There's no danger of hanging a man from the bluff,
For, though without money, they've lawyers enough;
And when Cicero pleads, and Demosthenes too,
'Tis easy to see what the jury will do:
"Guilty, no doubt, but let him go free;
Through a cloud of such arguments naught can we see."
Then come to our school on the next Friday night,
And if not convinced, you'll be convinced quite,
And think that the spirits of Burke and of Fox
Have descended and rested on that point of rocks,
Embodied in Rasmus, and perhaps you'd believe
That Cicero's mantle was resting on Steve.
But now, having said all I wanted to say,
I will bid you adieu until some other day.

## *SERMON BY A LITTLE GIRL.*

I will preach a little sermon,
And from a little text;
And, when I've had my say out,
Give place unto the next.
My text is in the Proverbs
Of Solomon the wise:
"Who is it that has sorrows?
Who is it has red eyes?"

'Tis said by some that woman
Should never preach at all,
And to back up that assertion
They quote from old St. Paul.
But I am not a woman,—
Only a girl, you see,—
So the force of that objection
Will not apply to me.

It matters not who preaches,
If the doctrine preached is true;
And whether truth or falsehood
You can judge when I get through.
"Who is it that has sorrows?"
I quote the text again;
An eye inflamed to redness,
And a dizzy, clouded brain?

'Tis he who tarries long
Where the wine is flowing free.
If any man has sorrows,
That man is surely he
Whose appetites and longings
Are on the beverage fixed,
Who seeks the wine-cup daily—
The wine with whisky mixed.

But at the end it biteth,
Or like an adder stings,
And anguish after anguish
To the wretched ones it brings.
Three thousand years of history
Have proved that this is so;
Intoxicating liquors
Have filled the world with woe.

The widow and the orphan
By thousands have been made,
And drunkards by the thousand
In drunkards' graves are laid;
And a large and growing army
Are marching on and on,
And the miseries of their drinking
Will haunt them till they're gone.

And a fresh-recruited column
Will fill their places soon;
You see recruiting-officers
In shop and in saloon.
Young man, let me exhort you—
My sermon now I close,
And give an exhortation
This evil to oppose.

Then would you 'scape the sorrows
And the redness of the eyes,
Then shun the den of horrors,
Where the coiling serpent lies;
Shun every place of drinking,
And never near them go;
There's danger there—remember
That Emma tells you so.

## *TO MY GRANDSON.*

Upon His Approaching Marriage.

Give ear unto your grandsire, John—
  Your grandsire old and gray—
I speak to you of days by-gone
  And those who have passed away.

A few more years, and then too late
  Those truths from me to learn;
The opportunity, if lost,
  May never more return.

You're in the prime of life, dear John—
  Near twenty-nine, I think;
My sands of life have low down run,
  And lower still they sink;

And what I have to say to you
  I should not long delay;
Procrastination, thief of time,
  Rich treasures steals away.

You are taking a companion, John,
  To help you on through life;
As man in every age has done,
  A woman take to wife.

I lay no blame on you for this;
  'Tis Nature's universal law,
Approved by Nature's God, who will
  His sanction ne'er withdraw.

And were it wrong, as some *contend*
  Without believing so,
That wrong long since I did myself—
  O'er fifty years ago.

And now a fitting time to speak
Of incidents long past;
I had my wedding-day long since,
And yours approaches fast.

'Twas one and fifty years ago—
Ere I was twenty-two—
From out her father's house I brought
My Mary, kind and true.

That house I pointed out to you
As in the distance we
Were passing by; that house perhaps
I never more shall see.

But oh, how changed have all things been
Within those fifty years!
Where all was wild prairie then
A bustling town appears.

Of tramping poet you have read,
At autumn's eve who came
To that old house where he was wed,
A lodging-place to claim;

Who asked a single night's repose
Within that old-time door,
Where he and Mary last had slept
Near fifty years before.

The host and hostess both are dead;
Kind actions never die;
The tramping poet thanks them yet—
That tramping poet I.

Time-cherished memories on the hill,
Near where Odessa stands;
The home of Mary, builded by
Your great-grandfather's hands.

From that old home, in thirty-six,
Dear Mary home I brought
To the small cabin on the farm
That I had lately bought.

Time passed away, year followed year,
And still we struggled on
Till twenty years had fled, and then
My Mary too was gone.

You never saw dear Mary, John—
Grandmother she of yours;
Full one and thirty years ago
She left life's rugged shores;

And if the spirits of the blessed
Keep watch and guard our way,
May hers be with you as a guest
Upon your wedding-day.

I do not know your *fiancée*—
I hope I some time will,
And trust a helpmate she may be
To you through good and ill.

And if my prayers could aught avail,
I'd ask that she may be
As true and kind to you through life
As Mary was to me.

Some pledges of her faithful love
Have gone with her to dwell;
The first one was your mother, John,
The child I loved so well.

That mother you remember yet,
Although you were not large;
Her dying hour you'll not forget,
Nor her last, dying charge.

No father's and no mother's hand
Since then to guard your heart.
God knows, dear John, I tried to act
Toward you a father's part;

And where I failed to do the best.
That failure I deplore,
And trust the failure you'll forgive
When I am here no more.

And when your nuptial day arrives,
Though I shall not be there,
That happiness may crown your lives
Will be my constant prayer.

And should that day be foul or fair,
I'll pray the storms of life
May never gather round your home,
Nor yet the storm of strife;

Your days in useful toil be passed,
Till life's short race is run,
Each happy as the day that makes
You and Estella one;

Still hoping she is fitted well
A poor man's wife to make,
And that you will yourself excel
For your companion's sake;

And that no vain accomplishments,
Nor fashion's gaudy show,
Will overcome your common sense
Without your thinking so.

This is a speculating age,
And hearts are bought and sold;
The goddess Fashion all the rage,
And men will worship gold;

But something holier by far,
And more ennobling too,
I trust has drawn your heart to her
And fixed her hopes on you.

Despite the follies I have named,
In these degenerate days,
I trust you'll never be ashamed
Of our old-fashioned ways;

And if in Fashion's giddy race
You fall a space behind,
Regard it not; by slower pace
More treasures you may find.

From paths of plain simplicity,
Devoid of pomp and show,
There can be no necessity
For you and her to go.

The even tenor of your way
Contentedly pursue,
Nor fret andfume your lives away
By hurrying to get through.

Man needs but little worldly pelf,
And will not need it long;
Depend on Providence and self,
And seldom you'll go wrong.

You'll say that I old-fashioned am—
One of the fossil men
Of fifty years ago—and that
All things have changed since then;

That now, the goods of life to save,
As Fortune's wheel may whirl,
Men rise on speculation's wave,
Or go down in the swirl;

That men must push and hurry things,
And friends must help them push,
And form themselves in cliques and rings
To shake each other's bush;

That they must work, and scheme, and plan,
And give themselves no rest,
To overreach their fellow-man,
Which is the truth confessed.

'Twas always so, if not so much
As in this age of ours,
This age in which we're boasting such
Vast wonder-working powers.

That fifty years have wrought a change
Is true we all admit,
And some of them have been most strange,
And some that we regret.

But Nature's laws in anything
No change will ever know:
Like causes like effects will bring,
As fifty years ago;

And he that hasteth to be rich
Sees not with evil eye
The poverty and ruin which
Are coming by and by;

And surely now, as heretofore,
The diligent shall rule,
While sloth and vain extravagance
Bring want and ridicule.

But there's a power that shapes the end,
Rough-hew it as we may;
Consult that power, on it depend
As guide in all the way.

That power you have acknowledged, John;
  That power has me sustained
Through all the years that's come and gone,
  The moons that's waxed and waned;

To children and to children's sons
  A present help 'twill be—
A rest to all the wearied ones,
  The wearied ones like me;

And when the end at last shall come,
  And Death knocks at the door,
'Twill bear us home to loving wives
  And kindred gone before.

And now, dear John, awhile farewell;
  I wish you peace and joy;
May peace and comfort ever dwell
  With Martha's oldest boy.

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## *ANNIVERSARY ORATION.*

Read by the author at the twenty-fourth anniversary of the battle of Lone Jack, August 16, 1886.

'Twas four and twenty years ago,
  On battle-field hard by,
Brave soldiers met as brave a foe,
  And soldiers dared to die.

Unnatural foemen met that day,
  Unnatural foes they were;
Sons of a common country they,
  Foemen contending there.

Men who in boyhood's years had played
Together on the green,
In war's dread panoply arrayed,
Were then contending seen.

The friendship of their youthful day,
And of a manhood's prime,
Was all forgotten, cast away,
In that dark, troublous time.

Each thought that he was in the right;
We say not which was wrong—
There must have been a wrong, to blight
A friendship cherished long.

Each bore, no doubt, within his breast,
A patriotic heart;
Each thought he loved his country best,
And took that country's part.

Each, disregarding war's alarms,
Risked life upon the field;
Unmoved amid the clash of arms,
Refusing long to yield.

They fought as patriot soldiers dare,
And some as patriots died;
Reposing 'neath the greensward there,
They're sleeping side by side.

Yes, sound and undisturbed their sleep—
The strife has passed away;
And in their memory we keep
Each anniversary.

Upon yon elevated ground,
Where once the lone tree stood,
The soldiers' grave will long be found,
And cherished as it should.

The years have come, the years have gone,
Those four and twenty years;
And Father Time, in passing on,
Has dried the widow's tears.

But ere we leave them in their sleep,
Those patriotic braves,
A tear of sympathy most deep
We'll drop upon their graves.

And as the circling years go round,
We'll meet as now we meet,
And treading on this hallowed ground,
We'll tread with careful feet.

How many thousands here have met!
What are those meetings for?
'Tis not, we trust, to celebrate,
The triumphs of the war.

'Tis not o'er victory to rejoice,
Nor o'er the many slain;
Nor to insult with taunting voice
Those who were foemen then.

The war is over long ago,
And its results are known;
The North and South are one, we know,
The country all our own.

We have a common country now,
A common heritage;
Then let us never more allow,
Ourselves such wars to wage.

Let past estrangements be forgot,
Or if remembered still,
Remembered as a warning note,
To guard 'gainst future ill.

Let Federal and Confederate
Join hands as one to-day;
Let animosity and hate
Be banished far away.

We may have differed in the past,
Or fought on either side;
The war is o'er, the die is cast,
And all are satisfied.

Some may have disappointed been,
Their expectations crossed;
Some may have failed the prize to win,
But all has not been lost.

That disappointments tend to good
Has often been confessed;
The Father of our brotherhood
Knows what is for the best.

He gives to each dear child of his
Not what that child may ask,
But what his truest interest is,
Though covered by a mask.

The men who would have dimmed a star
Upon yon banner bright
Rejoice now to see from far
Its shining rays unite.

And he who strove to break the chain
That binds the States as one
Will strive that union to maintain
Till his last setting sun.

And could our voices reach the ear
Of yonder sleeping ones,
We'd say: "This heritage so dear
Goes to your waiting sons.

"The liberty for which you fought
Upon yon field of blood
Has been secured, though dearly bought;
Sleep on in quietude.'

And now, before we leave the scene,—
A scene both sad and dear,—
If past estrangements still remain,
Let them be buried here.

The past is past, the present here,
The future none can know;
We may not meet another year;
Be friends ere hence you go.

If there is one beneath yon sun,
Who owes ill will to me
For any wrong thing said or done,
During that great melee,

I'll ask his pardon while I live,
'Tis all I now can do;
And what I ask, I freely give
When I'm requested to."

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## *THE MUSE OF HISTORY.*

This poem was written at the request of the historian who compiled The History of Jackson County, Missouri, as a sort of introduction to the work; but, owing to some oversight or other cause, it was not inserted in the book.

Last night, as I sat in my cabin alone,—
The fire had burned low and I sleepy had grown,—
A figure majestic in beauty did seem
To rise up before me (perhaps 'twas a dream),
And there as she stood by the light of the fire,
A goddess she seemed, though in human attire;
Majestic she stood, and a word she spake not.
Surprise and alarm held me fast to the spot;

My pulse became quicker, my limbs became weak,
And thrice I essayed it before I could speak.
"Dear madam," I stammered, "if madam you are,
I pray you'll be seated." I offered a chair,
She seated herself, and I saw plainly then
A scroll in one hand, in the other a pen.
The mantle she wore I can't describe now,
A chaplet of roses encircled her brow,
The cast of her features was youthful and fair,
Although it bore marks of thought and of care;
The freshness of youth and the wisdom of age
Seemed blended together, the child and the sage.
I spoke when recovering the use of my tongue:
"I pray you will tell me, fair damsel so young,
From whence you have come and who you may be,
By what name you are called and your business with me."
She spake, and her voice was meltingly soft:
"I am History's muse, you have heard of me oft;
And though you may style me a damsel so young,
For three thousand years I have written or sung
The achievements of those who were daring and bold,
The deeds and the sayings of heroes of old;
Have written of things both light and sublime,
And recorded the doings of men in all time.
I came from the East, from the banks of the Nile,
Where the pyramid stands, that mysterious pile,
And since then have traveled the world o'er and o'er,
And left my footprints upon every shore;
The fair classic fields of Greece and of Rome
For hundreds of years were my principal home.
I have told and can tell of the rise and the fall
Of each nation of earth—I have been in them all;
Wherever a civilized people have dwelt,
They have seen me and known me, my influence felt.
'Twas I who inspired old Homer to sing
The war of the Grecians 'gainst Troy's great king;
Herodotus wrote as I gave him the cue,
As all of your modern historians yet do;
My mission has been and is yet to unfold
The deeds and exploits of the worthies of old;

The millions of volumes that I have inspired
Will tell you the things that they did, if desired."
"Hold, hold, my good madam! I can't comprehend
The ten-thousandth part of the things you have penned.
A thousand years back is too far back for me;
Those worm-eaten volumes I wish not to see;
But if you have been in the world all the time,
And have witnessed men's doings in every clime,
And that is your mission, I'd fain have you tell
The things that occurred in the land where I dwell,
The things that transpired in the county you know
In the years long departed, the days long ago;
The county of Jackson, the place of my home,
You may tell me its history, not that of old Rome."
She gave me a smile inexpressibly sweet,
And said: "My dear sir, I will truly repeat
The incidents asked for, if you are sincere,
For that is my mission and why I am here.
Long, long ere the county was formed I was here
With the hunters who hunted the elk and the deer;
And when this good land was a wilderness dark,
I passed up the river with Lewis and Clark,
And stopped with our boats at the mouth of the Kaw.
How rough was the country! The scenes that we saw
Were wild and forbidding. How different they
From the bustle of business we see there to-day!
Later on yet, on a subsequent page,
I recorded the building of old Fort Osage.
I was there with the soldiers and Sibley awhile,
And I have not forgotten the fertile Six-mile;
While further west then, between the two Blues,
The rich virgin soil still lay in disuse—
The richest the crow had flown over, 'twas said,
But still it was marked by the Indian's tread.
How grand were its forests! how fertile its lawns!
But it lay far away and beyond the beyonds.
With trappers and traders and bold mountainmen
On their way to the West, I passed over it then;
With Choteau, and Sublette, and Walker, and those
Who drove their ox teams and to eminence rose.

But a change was approaching, 'twas fast coming on;
Emigration was pressing, the Indians were gone;
The squatter's log cabin was here and there seen,
With the small patch of corn in its dark robe of green;
And the hardy backwoodsman, with rifle in hand,
Was monarch of all he surveyed in the land.
I could tell you the names of those sturdy men now,
Who cut down the forest, and describe to you how
The hardships of pioneer life they endured,
And how by their labors a home was secured.
The Dealys, and Baxters, and Adams I knew,
Christison, Majors, and Swearingen too,
Lewis, and Wilson, and Burris, and Creek,
Bogard, and Noland, and Gregg, not to speak
Of Fristoe, McCoy, and Savage, and Scott,
McClellan, and Davis, and hundreds that's not
Necessary to mention. I need not to dwell—
Suffice it that I can their history tell,
And tell you the manner of living there then,
As social, unselfish, and hard-working men;
How emigrants *settled* like bees that had swarmed,
Till hundreds were here and a county was formed;
How the town was laid out—Independence, I mean—
And who were the principal actors therein;
Who bought the first lot in the town—A. C. Adair—
And who the first county officials then were;
Who held the first court--his honor, Judge Todd—
And the men who first preached repentance toward God;
First lawyers, first doctors, first tradesmen who wrought,
First teachers of schools and the places where taught;
These and many more things I can tell,
That occurred in the county in which you now dwell;
I could tell you a tale of the Mormons you see,
And the trouble that came in the year thirty-three;
How it all came about, how it ended at last,
In expelling them all to the far distant West;
And then, in the Mexican War be it said,
A hundred brave soldiers, by Doniphan led,
Volunteers from the county, disdaining fatigue,
To Santa Fé marched over many a league,

There planted the flag of their country, and then
Pushed on to Chihuahua, those soldierly men,
A thousand miles further, with unblanching cheeks—
Eclipsing the march of the ten thousand Greeks—
And returned to their homes in a year, more or less,
And many of them are still living, I guess;
Of the War of Rebellion I also could tell,
Which the people of Jackson remember too well.
But the night is fast waning—I'll bid you adieu;
This scroll contains all, I will leave it with you;
A history true of the county you'll find,
And to publish it faithfully you are enjoined."
The goddess then left me, I saw her no more;
But this is the history she left me, I'm sure.

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## *CONGRATULATIONS.*

To David Holloway, by his friends, at a Thanksgiving in 1885.

How appropriate 'tis, as we socially meet
With our father, our brother, and friend,
To thank the good Lord who has guided our feet,
And to pray for a guide to the end!

How appropriate, too, that we each and all here
Our congratulations bestow
Upon this the aged and the good pioneer,
Whom to love is only to know!

Accept, kind friend and the friend of mankind,
The congratulations we give;
The most of your days we know are behind,
But we trust you have many to live.

May the God you have served so long and so well
Preserve you for some future good;
And when he shall call you with loved ones to dwell,
You'll be missed in your old neighborhood.

We know you have loved ones who've gone on before:
A partner for near thirty years;
Two children also, on that far distant shore,
Who shared of your love and of hers.

They've gone on before, they wait for you there,
With other loved ones of the past;
And whatever your sorrows and labors be here,
You'll rest from those labors at last.

And when God in His wisdom shall call you away,
You will meet with those loved ones again;
For well we are persuaded, dear friend Holloway,
That your faith and your trust are not vain.

Your friends and your neighbors in you recognize
A pioneer faithful and true,
Whose old-fashioned virtues and truth we will prize
Wherever such virtues we view.

We meet with you here on this festival day,
In your home for the last forty years,
To socially pass a few hours away
With one of the old pioneers.

Your sons and your daughters, your neighbors and friends,
Your brethren in fellowship true,
Unitedly now as a unit extends
Their congratulations to you.

With gratitude swelling our every heart,
To Him who has prospered your ways,
We pray that His favors He still will impart,
In the evening now of your days.

In thankfulness, too, we call to our mind
What you and your comrades have done;
Those old pioneers, how few do we find!
And they are leaving us one after one.

'Twas then to a land of no churches you came,
But you trusted the daylight would dawn;
You lifted the cross in the Crucified's name,
And your labors will tell when you've gone.

From beginnings so small and so humble you've seen
The church in the wilderness grow;
And through channels and instrumentalities mean
The blessings continue to flow.

Forgive us, old friend, if our words cause you pain;
Remembrances crowd on you fast,
And perhaps recollections are called up again,
That were buried with friends of the past.

No doubt, honored friend, you are calling to mind
Those champions so valiant for truth,
Who toiled here with you and with you were then joined,
In the days of your manhood and youth.

There was Jackson, and Farmer, and Griffin, all true,
Those pioneer Baptists of old;
And Stephens, and Brady, and others you knew,
Of whom you need not to be told.

You remember them well, though long it has been,
Since with you they socially met;
But often in memory you will see them again,
And their kindness you'll never forget.

The years will continue to come and to go,
And we who are here will go too;
May we be remembered by those that we know,
As those friends are remembered by you.

When Thanksgiving days in the future shall come,—
And may the good custom ne'er end,—
D. Holloway's name will be spoken by some
Who have known him as Christian and friend.

Though dead to survivors on earth, you will speak,
By actions performed in this life;
By a walk at once truthful and fearless and meek,
Through a land of probation and strife.

And now, at the close, again we would say,
Our congratulations accept;
And in the dark future, come whatever may,
May you by His power be kept.

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## *A SUNDAY-SCHOOL SPEECH.*

Written for the occasion, and read before the Lone Jack Sunday School on Children's Day, 1885.

A word to the girls and the boys,
And to some that are older than they:
Remember that life and its joys
Are fleeting and hasting away.

Little girls, let me tell you to-day,
I once was as young as you are;
Was once quite as thoughtless and gay,
If my prospects were not quite so fair.

Since then, many things I have learned,
Amongst them the important truth:
The moments are never returned
That are squandered away in our youth.

Remember that Time's moving on,
For a moment he never stands still;
Soon, very soon, will your school-days be gone,
And a place in stern life you must fill.

Your teachers are training you now
With honor your station to grace.
Little girls, will you strive to learn now
The things you will need in life's race?

You now are preparing to live—
You cannot be said to live yet;
Your hearts unto Wisdom then give,
And her precepts strive not to forget.

Remember that all is not gold
That glitters and pleases the eye;
Remember that dangers untold
In the paths of deceitfulness lie.

The snares of the tempter when spread
May please, and may well-nigh allure;
But shun them, dear girls, and instead,
Walk on in the path that is sure.

Little boys, a word to you too;
Many things I have said to the girls
Will apply with as much force to you
As to them, with their bright sunny curls.

You too are preparing for life
And the stations you shortly must fill;
You too should prepare for the strife
That is coming—for surely it will.

Not long until you will be called
To fill stations now filled by the men—
And when in such stations installed,
Be prepared to grace them well then.

"Little fellows" they are calling you now;
You are not very large, it is true,
But Washington, all will allow,
Was once quite as little as you.

And Cleveland, that man of renown,
  Our President that is to be,
Stood once as far away down
  As some of the boys I now see.

Then set your mark high, little boys,
  And never, no, never forget
That he who his time well employs
  To the top of the ladder may get.

Remember that talented men,
  The greatest our nation can boast,
Have come from low down in the glen—
  From the den of the wretched almost.

But while you look up, little boy,
  To those talented men of renown,
Although 'twill your feelings annoy,
  I'd have you sometimes to look down—

Deep down in the depths of disgrace,
  In infamy's ranks you may view
Some men who in infancy's days,
  Were as promising boys as you;

Perhaps in a prison's dark cell,
  Shut out from the light by its doors,
You'll see those who a story could tell
  Of a boyhood as happy as yours;

Or perhaps 'neath the dark gallows-tree
  A man, once the pride and the joy
Of a fond parent's heart, as happy and free
  And as harmless as you are, my boy.

Let me tell you, 'tis not what you are
  That tells what the future will be,
So much as what you may do, and the care
  With which from the tempter you flee.

But the boy that studies and delves,
Away from the vicious and vain,
The boys that depend on themselves,
If they fall, will rise up again.

And now to those older than they,
Young ladies and gentlemen too,
A few things I thought I would say;
I intended a few things for you.

You are no longer children in years,
Your school-time days have all gone by;
And from everything now that appears,
You have knowledge much more than I.

For this reason I'll shorten my talk—
Already I've spoken too long.
Though in different paths you may walk,
May none of those paths lead you wrong.

You heard what I said to the boys,
You heard what I said to the girls;
Though my thoughts may be treated as toys,
I'd have them treasured as pearls.

You are children a little more grown,
And on the same road they must pass;
Take the lessons and make them your own—
They'll apply, I believe, to your case.

There is one thing I think should be said,
And I'll say it, and then I will close:
The boys and girls may be led
By example, as everyone knows.

And as you are now traveling ahead
You are leaders, just leading the van;
Let not your example be bad,
But set the best pattern you can.

There's another thing too I would say,
But my time is expiring too soon:
*Young man, young man,* keep away,
*Keep away* from the *fatal saloon.*

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## *THE TRAMPING POET.*

'Twas an evening in autumn when slowly there came
To our dwelling a feeble and gray-headed man,
A stranger to us, and we knew not his name,
But this conversation at once he began:
"I am wayworn and weary, and fain would I rest;
A lodging with you most humbly I crave.
I have oft rested here, and have here been a guest
Of those who now sleep in the cold, silent grave.

"'Twas here in this dwelling, 'twas here on this farm,
By a pioneer made in the long time ago,
That I once found a treasure and once felt the charm
That a virtuous love upon man can bestow.
It was here that my Mary in childhood did dwell
And grew up as a flower; but now she is dead.
It was here in this house, I remember how well!
That Mary and I in the spring-time were wed.

"Many winters and summers have come and have gone,
And many the changes that I have passed through,
But for forty-odd years I have not stood upon
Or looked on the farm as this evening I do.
Let me rest once again in the old house, I pray,
Where love to dear Mary in youth was disclosed,
Where many years since—forty-seven last May—
She and I in this house for the last time reposed.

"You say I am welcome; I thought I would be,
But, oh, not so welcome by half as of yore!
Strange, strange are the faces of all that I see,
And the faces I saw then I'll never see more;
For Mary has left me her absence to mourn,
With other loved ones in the graveyard she lies,
And for twenty-eight years in my breast I have borne
A heart that is widowed and burdened with sighs.

"And where is that father, that pioneer who
Full sixty years past built a home on this spot?
And where is the mother of Mary so true?
If I call for them now, they will answer me not.
Those brothers and sisters I look for in vain;
Some sleep far away from their ancestral home,
And those who survive I may ne'er see again—
A thousand full miles to the westward they roam."

* * * * * *

Next morning he thankfully bade us farewell,
His tearful eye wandered the scenery o'er.
"Farewell to the home where my Mary did dwell;
Farewell, and perhaps I shall see it no more.
How changed is the scenery! how changed everything
And I too am changed as much as are they,
And like the last leaf on the bough I now cling
Till the winds of the winter shall bear me away.

"Perhaps I shall never repose here again;
Like a leaf I may fall in a far distant land,
But till then I'll remember how kind you have been
And be thankful for favors received at your hand."

* * * * * *

He left us a volume of poetry fine,
A volume of poems—products of his pen;
We've read and admired most every line,
And gladly would welcome the poet again.

## *SHORT SERMON BY A LAYMAN.*

Text: II. Samuel XIV. 14. "For man must needs die, and is as water spilt upon the ground, that cannot be gathered again."

It is a truth which none deny,
Mankind in every age must die
And go we know not whither;
Like water spilled upon the ground,
The particles can not be found
Nor brought again together.

Though water on the earth be spilled,
'Tis soon by sun and air distilled—
Annihilated never.
So man may die and pass away,
The body molder and decay,
But spirit lives forever.

The particles of body too
Will still exist, though lost to view
And widely, widely scattered.
The form may change, and change again,
As vapor rises from the rain
That on the roof has pattered.

We see the rain, we see the snow,
We see the hail, and we can know,
And measure well their density;
But when in vapor they arise
We see it not, as toward the skies
It floats in vast immensity.

And so with man; we see him here,
But when he quits this mortal sphere
We lose at once his presence;
He's gone, we say, but know not where;
In heaven or earth, in sea or air,
Enduring is his essence.

No time can e'er annihilate
What God, the maker, did create,
Till He, the maker, chooses.
'Tis ever, ever changing form,
Like water in a calm or storm,
Which naught of moisture loses.

Dead matter lives as long as Time;
And then there is a thought sublime:
That when the Judge comes hither,
The atoms scattered far and wide,
That formed the body ere it died,
Will come again together.

And then there is another thought,
The text to mind has often brought,
And should be present ever:
Like water spilt upon the ground,
Lost opportunities are found
But seldom, may be never.

When traveling o'er a burning sand,
A cup of water held in hand
Might quench your thirst and save you;
But if you carelessly should spill
That water, it will ne'er fulfill
The hope of life it gave you.

There is a song that has been sung
In many lands by many a tongue,
'Mongst simple truths we've classed it;
The moral of that song is plain:
The mill will never grind again
With water that has passed it.

Then let us say to every youth,
Impress upon your mind this truth,
And nevermore forget it:

If opportunity you miss,
By indolence or carelessness,
Long time you may regret it.

If opportunity we spurn,
Too late the solemn truth we learn,
A truth we are slow in learning:
The opportunity once lost
Is like a bridge that has been crossed,
O'er which there's no returning.

Sometimes we take a step in haste,
And by that step the die is cast,
And if we wrongly cast it,
To call it back will be in vain;
The mill will never grind again
With water that has passed it.

Our Maker said, and says to-day:
"My Spirit shall not strive alway
With men of my creation."
Then if the Spirit calls to-day,
O yield at once, the call obey;
Accept the great salvation.

The Spirit's call may be withdrawn;
Your chance for mercy then is gone
If you away have cast it.
To call it back will be in vain;
The mill will never grind again
With water that has passed it.

## *THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.*

Yon building sheltered in the wood,
With moldy and unpainted wall,
A history has which surely should
My fondest memories recall.

A house of worship long ago,
Of late years seldom occupied;
The worshipers in death lie low,
Or else in distant lands abide.

A thousand congregations bow
And chant their hymns in churches grand,
But this old house I'm viewing now
Bespeaks the first one in the land.

When for the first religious band
Historians hereafter search,
The first within this goodly land
Was Pleasant Garden Baptist Church.

If we except the mission school
For Indians placed on the Osage,
This was the opening vestibule,
Which led to Christian heritage.

And now this heritage obtained,
Of thousand churches well composed;
The vestibule is still retained,
Although 'tis now so nearly closed.

And looking on this empty fold,
There came a thought by memory nursed:
This house, although so seeming old,
Is not the one they builded first.

Ah, no! a few miles west of this,
There stood a grove on rising ground,
And in an opening interstice,
Their house of worship first was found.

But memory leads me further yet,
And further in the past it roams;
I see these Christians as they met
To worship in their cabin homes.

No house of public worship then;
They needed not the sounding bell
To call to prayer those pious men;
They knew the hour—observed it well.

And when the minister appeared,
In homespun coat or hunting-shirt,
The careless sinner might have heard
Those Christians sing in sweet concert;

Or, listening to his words apart,
They noted not his homely coat,
But his appeals from burning heart,
And not from manuscript or note.

Full well I know whereof I speak,
For I was of those careless ones—
Admiring what I did not seek:
The character of heaven-born sons.

Month followed month, to years they grew,
Baptists increased within the land;
My father and my mother too
Were added to the struggling band.

And other names more worthy still
Were in that company enrolled,
And converts true with a good will
Were welcomed to the Shepherd's fold.

Then they resolved in thirty-seven,
As David did in ancient days,
To build unto the God of heaven
A house of prayer, a house of praise.

'Twas simple, plain, and somewhat rude;
Not built for show, but use divine;
A wall of logs, and some were hewn
By these now feeble hands of mine.

Materials for that house of God
Were brought by many a willing hand
That now is resting 'neath the sod,
Near where that house of God did stand.

On certain days the sons of toil
With axe and hammer, saw and plane,
Would come, and, laboring for the while,
Would set the day to come again.

And thus did they the house uprear,
A temple of the living Lord;
Believing He would answer prayer
And give His servants their reward.

To Him they dedicated it,
A house of praise, a house of prayer;
And some, no doubt, are living yet
Who date their souls' conversion there.

The fruitful seasons came and went,
And Pleasant Garden grew apace;
The gardeners that the Master sent
Were ministers of heavenly grace.

I need not call their names to-day,
Though memory holds them ever dear;
Self-sacrificing preachers they,
Whose hopes and treasures were not here.

And one of them, a champion brave,
My memory tells me, long ago
Led me into the liquid grave,
A death and burial forth to show.

But as it was in Joseph's day,
Those fruitful years came to an end;
There came a languishing decay,
Which seemingly did death portend.

I need not dwell upon the cause,
If I the cause could even know;
The Spirit's work appeared to pause,
And Pleasant Garden ceased to grow.

'Tis said that there is no result
But what has had its primary cause;
And we will find, if we consult,
That this is one of Nature's laws.

Perhaps—'tis just a thought of mine—
The blight originated thus,
"My judgment differing from thine"
In things not needful to discuss:

One zealous brother, overwise,
Would have his brethren read the book
Through spectacles that suit his eyes,
And through his glasses ever look;

While they refuse to humor him,
As loving brothers sometimes should,
Avowing, though their eyes are dim,
That they have glasses just as good—

Nay, even better, some contend,
And straightway try to prove it so;
And thus they wrangle without end
O'er things no mortal man can know:

About the work of saving grace,
And when redemption's work began;
How much is due Christ's righteousness,
And how much agency in man;

One brother striving hard to prove
The work was finished and complete
Before the earth began to move
Around the central source of heat;

That God His work will carry on
In every age, in all the world,
And His elect ones all be drawn,
While others are to ruin hurled;

Some widely differing from him,
To differ only not content,
They'd have him drop that theorem
Of pre-determined punishment;

They'd have him once for all admit
That something must be done by man;
That though *God does the work*, 'tis yet
*By agencies* He works His plan;

That man a *mission* has on earth,
That mission he must here perform—
That *mission work*, it seems, gave birth
Unto the cloud that brought the storm.

But whether it was this or that,
'Tis needless now to speculate;
Those who in union long had sat
Unfortunately separate.

Those who withdrew took other name,
Of those I've nothing now to say;
But Pleasant Garden Church became
A waning star from that sad day.

In after years, its name retained,
When more were dead and buried there
Than living on its rolls remained,
They sold that house and builded here.

That old log temple moved away,
Its site we scarcely now can find;
But vividly its form to-day
Is well imprinted on the mind.

And as my natural eyes behold
This structure as it fast decays,
The eye of memory, uncontrolled,
Still turns to that of by-gone days.

And when I meet the few who meet,
As *here* of late I seldom do,
Of those who *there* I once did greet
How few, alas! how very few!

And memory then calls back the day,
Brothers and sisters I behold
Who gave me leave to go my way
And join some other Christian fold.

When from that church I parted then,
It numbered sixty-five or more;
And now, alas! 'tis less than ten,
And half of these ne'er cross the floor.

Of those I parted with that day,
One worshiper alone remains
A member of the church to-day,
And she that character maintains.

This *house*, connected with the now,
Speaks of the world's fast changing ways
That *other's* image still somehow
Speaks of its past and better days.

How rare the few now living, led
By true devotion, *here* repair!
But oh, the many, many dead
Are constantly reposing *there!*

The branches of my family tree,
And other family trees as well,
Lopped off, are laid promiscuously,
As many a marble stone will tell.

While many a Christian warrior sleeps,
With nothing there to mark the spot;
But God above a record keeps—
They and their deeds are not forgot.

And He who has the power to raise
Those who in death so long have lain,
Perhaps will, in the future days,
Revive this feeble church again.

It's had a winter long and cold,
And drearily the months have passed;
Though tarrying long, may we behold
The genial spring-time come at last.

We may not judge or lay the blame,
If blame there be, on these or those;
No mortal man should ever claim
God's ways or purpose to disclose.

Taunt not the weak and languishing,
As Job was taunted by his friends,
That God their faults is punishing
When trouble on their heads descends.

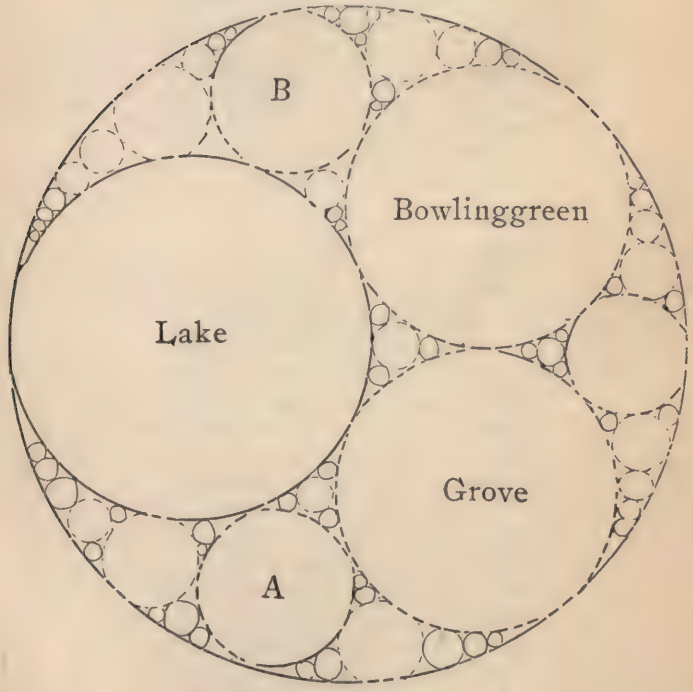
Hard trials they have waded through,
Hard names to them are often given:
*Hard-shell*, and *Iron-jacket* too,
And more than that, *Two-seeders* even.

Whatever wrong view they may hold,
We'll hope that they true Christians are;
And when they reach the Master's fold,
God grant that we may meet them there.

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## *UNCLE SAM'S BOTANIC GARDEN.*

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.



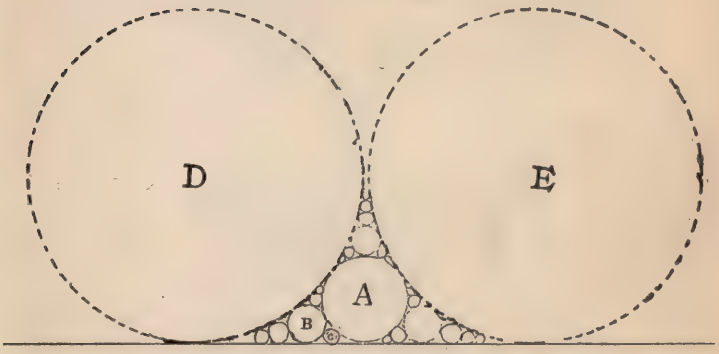

Our Uncle Sam resolved to plant
A grand botanic garden,
And dress it out in style as gay
As any Dolly Varden.

His engineer surveyed it out,
A circle true as could be,
*Three hundred rods* diameter
Within the walls it should be.
He dug an artificial lake
Within that garden's limit,
And turned a stream of water there
That pleasure-boats might skim it;
This lake a perfect circle too,
So large we often wondered,
For, measuring across, in rods
'Twas *sixty plus a hundred.*
It touched the garden's western wall,
Just touched and tangent to it;
Southeast of this he placed a grove,
With pleasant walks all through it;
The grove, a circle too, exact,
Touched lake and garden limit;
A pleasant place it was indeed,
And *ninety acres* in it.
Another circle touching this,
Touched garden, wall, and waters;
Intended for a bowling-green
For sporting sons and daughters.
How large it was I need not say—
'Twas large as circle could be
Within the space that lay between,
And graded as it should be.
And circle after circle then
Successive took their places,
Each one as large as could be drawn
Within the vacant spaces;
And these were filled with choicest fruits,
Or else with fairest flowers,
Until it looked for all the world
Like one of Eden's bowers.

Now, all ye civil engineers
In Uncle Sam's domains,
Tell me how large the circles here,
How much each one contains;
Mark in succession as to size,
And their position fix;
Tell their diameters, at least
The largest fifty-six.

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## *GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.*




Two circles touching the same line, (A and B)
Must also touch each other;
Diameters as four to nine
Compare with one another;
An acre in the two there is
When we the two combine.
Now draw two circles touching both,
And touching the same line; (C and D)
Another circle then assign,
Touching the larger two
And also touching the same line, (E)
No tangent thereunto.

Now tell the size of each of these
(Diameters, I mean),
And tell the size, if we should please
Draw others in between,
Each one as large as you can find
A space in which to put it.
Perhaps you'll solve the problem true,
But seriously I doubt it.

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## *DECORATE THEIR GRAVES.*

Written for the occasion, and spoken by one of the flower-strewing girls at Lone Jack, Decoration Day, 1885.

Sleeping 'neath the sward
Where the lone tree grew,
Lying side by side
Are the gray and the blue;
On the field of battle
Where so gallantly they fell,
Long time they've rested here,
Resting peacefully and well.
Strew the fairest flowers
Above the fallen braves,
Decorate with flowers
The sleeping soldiers' graves,
Making no distinction
Between the blue and gray,
For the storm of war is over
And the clouds have rolled away.
Decorate alike, decorate alike,
No North or South is known;
Decorate alike and honor all alike,
For the country now is one;
And with sympathy so true
We will honor them to-day,
The men who wore the blue
And the men who wore the gray,
The loyal men in blue
And the Southern ones in gray.

On the field of battle
Where they fought, bled, and died,
Silently they're sleeping,
Resting side by side.
Honest in belief,
Each thought that he was right,
And dared to do and die
In that summer morning's fight.
Strew their graves with flowers,
Strew them all around;
Let them shed their fragrance
Upon this hallowed ground.
Let no party feeling
Be known or felt to-day;
We are brothers to the blue,
And are brothers to the gray.
Decorate alike, decorate alike,
No North or South we know,
Docorate alike and honor all alike,
The gallant friend or foe;
And with sympathy to-day
We will equal honor do
To men who wore the gray
And the men who wore the blue;
The Southern were in gray
And the loyal ones in blue.

Sleeping 'neath the sunshine,
Sleeping 'neath the rain,
Enmity all buried,
They will never strive again.
Enemies they once were,
And fought as soldiers should;
Resting now in quiet
Where the lone tree stood.
Decorate their graves
With the tributes that you bring,
Decorate their graves
With the blossoms of the spring,

Making no distinction
Between the blue and gray,
For the strife has long been over
And we live in peace to-day.
Decorate alike, decorate alike,
No North or South is known;
Decorate alike and honor all alike,
For we are now in union one;
And with sympathy profound
We will honor them to-day
By scattering flowerets round
O'er the blue and o'er the gray,
The loyal men in blue
And Confederate ones in gray.

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## *HALF A CENTURY AGO.*

Poem read before the old settlers' meeting at Harrisonville, 1888

Old pioneer friends, we meet once again—
An occasion it should be of joy and gladness;
But the pleasure, alas! is commingled with pain,
And the joy of meeting is tempered by sadness,

When we think of the many who are absent to-day
And the cause of that absence remember;
The friends who were with us in life's sunny May
Now gone in its cold and cheerless December.

We pass through the crowd as a stranger might pass,
And we see but a few, a few 'mongst the many
Of the old pioneers of the county of Cass;
Of remembered old comrades we see scarcely any.

But let us not cloud our enjoyments to-day
By our grievings or by useless repinings,
But rather give thanks to the Master alway
That His sun in the evening of life is still shining;

That our lives have been spared and we are still here,
Though only a few, a very few now remaining;
With grateful hearts freely accept the good cheer,
And cloud not the scene by useless complaining.

Let's enjoy the present—not long will it last;
Indulging to-day in fond retrospections,
We will talk of the present, but more of the past,
And call to the mind the old recollections.

Recollections of youth and our pioneer days,
When first with each other acquainted,
When the sunlight of youth with its mystical rays
Our prospects in life so gaudily painted.

We will talk of those days, so different from these
Through which we old fossils are passing and living,
And every day more of man's selfishness sees,
As all are for getting and so few are for giving.

How great are the changes! how changed are the scenes!
We no longer see the wide-spreading prairie,
In summer-time clothed in its mantle of greens,
In winter so cold, so cheerless and dreary.

How many the changes we've witnessed since then!
How different now are men's habits and actions!
And things that were thought beyond human ken
Now simple and plain to the mind's satisfaction.

The plain, simple methods of farming no more
By progressive men are used and employed,
But if they've made much improvement, I'm sure
They are welcome, quite welcome to all they've enjoyed.

My pioneer friends, you can call back the time
When you came to this land pioneering;
You remember it still, so lone, grand, and sublime,
And so wild in its every feature appearing.

You think of the first little cabin you built
And furnished, so humble, so plain, and so sparing,
And you think of the home-made blanket or quilt
That for winter-time wife was preparing.

And you sometimes think of the boys and girls
Who oftentimes sang in that cabin their carol;
Those children to you more precious than pearls,
Though clad in their plain and home-made apparel.

And some of your friends may be asking to-day,
"Where, where are those children now straying?"
From their childhood's home they have wandered away,
And by the cabin no longer are playing.

Perhaps, like my own, some sleep in the grave,
While others are far from you separated;
Perhaps have forgotten the affection you gave
And the home that for them your labors created.

But some of you old folks, I remember it now,
Were children, small children when here emigrating;
But years with their trials have wrinkled the brow
As they passed you and left you still watching and waiting.

And some of you here to the manor were born,
You claim it the place of your birth and nativity;
In the evening of life you look back to the morn
When possessed of more strength and more activity.

Away back in the thirties or forties, perhaps,
Your thoughts are often, yes, oftentimes turning;
The seasons may change and the years may elapse,
But your dreams are still the past events concerning.

You too have seen changes, great changes, since you
To the years of remembrance and knowledge attained,
Took note and remembered, as older ones do,
What the country has lost and what it has gained.

You call back in memory your happy school-days,
A school boy or girl again in your dreaming,
Pursuing your studies in the old-fashioned ways
And methods, so full of simplicity seeming.

You can see there the school-house, so small and so rude,
With its old-fashioned fire-place and benches,
The writing-desk made of a log roughly hewed,
And the master's rod too, worn out by inches.

And something you knew of that wearing process,
And could tell us the cause of that frazzle,
A remembrance of which, you'll own and confess,
Is not much calculated the mind's eye to dazzle.

You remember your school-mates, but where are they now?
All gone from the land, or they are fast disappearing;
One after one, you can scarcely tell us how,
Gone from your sight and are all out of hearing.

You think of some events in the times long ago,
Some things the historian has never recorded,
The hardships, the trials and dangers you know,
Your labor of love and how much 'twas rewarded.

You have witnessed the changes as one after one
They came and they passed, and you oftentimes wonder
How your boys could do the things you have done
As well and the same disadvantages under.

And they too, perhaps, with wonder would pale,
Could they but look back and witness your labors;
With scythe and cradle, with reap-hook and flail,
You harvested grain like your friends and your neighbors.

And how would they stare could they witness it now,
On what was then truly a wild, wide prairie:
Full six yoke of oxen hitched up to one plow,
The barshare of old or the old clumsy carey.

The flax-brake of that day, should your boys meet with one,
They never would guess truly its name or its uses,
Any more than you yourself would have done
With the telegraph wire and to what it conduces.

You know it was written or spoken in Solomon's day,
Nothing new upon this the great planet of ours;
But it does not apply, perhaps you will say,
To modern machines and mechanical powers.

When first you came here, you remember it still,
Your wheat was not cut and bound with self-binders,
And your flour was not made on a steam roller mill—
Glad to get it you were from the horse-power grinders.

These and such things you remember well yet,
And I think you can never forget them;
The hardships and troubles in life that we met,
And sometimes we are glad that we met them.

Disappointments and trials that turned out for good,
When we think of it afterward often surprises;
And this truth by all should be well understood:
That the blessings of life often come in disguises.

The pioneer women, I see some of them here;
Like me, they are feeble, old, and gray-headed,
Have struggled and toiled through many a year,
Since they to their husbands and country were wedded.

A word to those ladies whose lots were here cast,
To you and your memories I now am appealing;
You remember your labors some fifty years past,
In carding and spinning and winding and reeling.

The fabrics that clothed husband, wife, and the child,
All came from the toil of the women in spinning;
And though at the wheel you labored and toiled,
That toiling was neither the end nor beginning.

You planted the cotton, then hoed out the weeds,
And then in the autumn or fall came the picking;
You picked out the cotton, then picked out the seeds,
As the clock toward the midnight was ticking.

Ah, yes! I remember, you pulled the flax, too,
And afterwards swingled and hackled and spun it,
Which is more than our modern young women can do—
At least I know none in late years that have done it.

You remember the cooking before the stove came,
With its pots and its pans, the skillet and kettles;
Your kitchen and parlor the same little room,
That served as a store-house for clothing and victuals.

But the swinging pot-rack and the johnny-cake board
No longer are seen in the old-fashioned kitchen,
And the venison ham and the bee's luscious hoard
Your larders and tables no longer enrichen.

You remember the old-fashioned oven and lid,
As the hickory coals you were heaping upon it,
Meanwhile from the fire your faces you hid
By the coarse and homely old-fashioned splint-bonnet.

But enough of all this; those things have gone by,
Or the few that remain are surely fast leaving,
And 'tis useless for us to look back and to sigh,
And embitter old age by our pining or grieving.

Notwithstanding the many great changes, old friends,
We see something yet that tends to remind us;
An action or circumstance oftentimes tends
To call up a thought of the years now behind us.

Human nature, they say, is the same everywhere:
In all time the same object—self-interest pursuing;
And that foible in us our grandchildren share,
Are doing many things now that we once were doing.

We are meeting politicians and candidates here;
We had demagogues then, you remember,
Who treated and spouted till August each year,
But they keep it up now till the ides of November.

You remember the cider campaign, I've no doubt,
In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty,
When the Whigs and the Democrats stubbornly fought,
Assaulting each other by alternate sortie.

Perhaps you remember the songs that were sung,
Of Tippecanoe and the buckeye log cabin,
The slanderous epithets back and forth flung,
Each candidate's character cruelly stabbing.

One candidate then, a wily magician, you know,
The other was called an old petticoat granny,
And slander was stalking the land to and fro,
From Maine in the north to extreme Louisiana.

Is there one here to-day, this concourse amid,
Is there a single old Tippecanoer,
Who voted for Harrison then as I did?
I think there is *one*, yes, one, I am sure.

Forty-eight years have passed us since then,
And other great candidates now are competing.
How many will vote for his grandson Ben,
In the year that history itself is repeating.

Some of you voted for Van Buren then,
And your country you thought you were serving;
Perhaps you will vote Democratic again,
For a man that you think more deserving.

Old pioneer voters, we number but few,
We know that our voting days soon will be over,
Not long can we vote for friend Tippecanoe,
Not long can we vote for our other friend, Grover.

The race we are running will shortly be run,
Nearly all of life's journey behind us;
The short space before is dark and unknown,
And we know not how much is assigned us.

And if on the railroad in fancy we ride,
Soon the conductor will call out the station;
May the loved ones be waiting our footsteps to guide
To a better and more blessed habitation.

The friends that we knew in the morning of life
Have run and have finished the journey before us—
The husband, the daughter, the son, or the wife,
The brother, the father, or mother that bore us.

And many, ah! many an old pioneer
That we knew in life's early beginning
Has been taken away from us year after year,
And year after year our ranks have been thinning.

Those old pioneers, you can call them to mind;
Their names to you now will need no rehearsing;
Those friends and those neighbors, so generous and kind,
Whose every virtue your memory is nursing.

You often have met them as we meet to-day,
And joined in a social reunion so pleasant;
And another twelvemonth may not pass away
Till you hear of the death of some that are present.

When the old settlers meet the next year in your town,
Some friend that is prized and respected so greatly
May be absent from you, as our friend Robert Brown
Is absent to-day, who left us so lately.

It cannot be long and not long will it be
Till you young folks who give us your greeting
In meetings like this will in vain look to see
The old men and old women you see in this meeting.

The years will continue to come and to go,
And the world will move on and on much as ever
But these old ones, with step so feeble and slow,
Will be gone to return to you never.

But before we are parted we old settlers avow
Your esteem and good cheer have quite won us,
And we would return our thanks to you now
For the honor we feel that you have done us.

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## *PILATE'S WIFE'S DREAM.*

'Twas early morn, the sun shone on
The governor's gilded palace wall;
A crowd from many a quarter drawn,
Pressed toward the governor's judgment-hall.
The priest, the scribe, the Pharisee,
The noisy Jewish rabble all;
Something unusual there must be
To-day in Pilate's judgment-hall.

A murmur deep, a murmur loud,
Was heard amid the gathering throng,
As, bound and bleeding, through the crowd
A prisoner was led along.

And now he stands the guards between,
Nor heeds sarcastic ridicule;
A person of majestic mien!
He looked as one that's born to rule;
With mild, compassionating eye
The noisy, railing ones observed;
Betrayed, and sold, and captured by
The ones he gladly would have served.

But soon a partial hush there came,
The murmur sank to whispered hums;
A personage of regal fame,
The Roman judge, the governor, comes.
He came into the judgment-hall,
And on the judgment-seat sat down;
The representative of all
Great Cæsar's power in David's town.

While seated on that judgment-seat,
The arbiter of death or life,
A message borne by hasty feet
To Pilate came from Pilate's wife.
A thousand messages of kings,
A thousand lands and realms within,
Ten thousand thousand greater things
Are lost and have forgotten been.

The purport of that message lives,
And has survived from age to age;
The record inspiration gives
Still stands upon the sacred page.
"Have naught to do," the message ran,
"With that just one, arraigned in spite;
Concerning him, that harmless man,
I suffered much in dreams last night.
Harm not the man of Galilee,
Whom envious men of crime accuse;
A mighty prophet sure is he,
If not indeed the king of Jews."
The features of that troubling dream
The sacred writer tells us not,
But they have been long time the theme
Of fanciful and wondering thought.

Though suffering much and many a thing
In that strange dream, as she has said,
Perhaps, like Babylonia's king,
Remembrance from the mind had fled.

Then till some other dreamer dreams,
As Daniel did, the dream again,
Momentous as the vision seems,
The world in ignorance must remain.
Let fancy then in visions see
And then describe, one after one,
The incidents so strange, as she
Unto the governor might have done.

In visions fanciful or real,
Sleeping or waking, now I seem
To hear the governor's wife reveal
The troubling features of that dream:
"It was a vision wild and strange,
Say not to me an idle whim;
And though the scene did often change,
The subject of each scene the same;
And though it lasted but a night,
How long to me the vision seemed!
The years passed by and in their flight
Of the same object still I dreamed.
The Cæsars' pride and power were gone,
The Roman world apart was rent,
But still I lived—my dream went on,
While centuries came and centuries went.
How often was I made to weep!
How often did I wake in pain,
And in a moment fall asleep
And dream it o'er and o'er again!

"'Twas in that dream methought I saw
That harmless man of Galilee
Arraigned and tried by Jewish law
And doomed to painful death by thee,
And with a crown of platted thorn
In mockery placed upon his head—
The subject of insult and scorn—
A king to crucifixion led.

And though upon the cross he died
A death of shame and cruel pain,
Was buried, he, the crucified,
Rose from the grave and lived again.
A king, his kingdom not of earth;
A king not of the Jews alone;
A king, 'twas said, of heavenly birth,
And far above the stars his throne.
And as the years and centuries passed
His subjects still were multiplied;
The Roman ensign was displaced
By one, the cross on which he died.

"For one who sat on Cæsar's throne
That standard in the sky beheld,
With the inscription written on:
'Conquer by this, nor be repelled.'
And 'neath that banner, as I thought,
The Roman legions onward sped,
An inspiration from it caught,
And by it were to victory led.
And when the Roman empire fell,
And like a tower in fragments lay,
Succeeding nations came to swell
That monarch's train and own his sway.
In lands and countries far away
Methought I saw that banner raised,
And nations that in darkness lay
Beheld the light that from it blazed.

"Methought a thousand years had passed;
The Jewish people all dispersed,
Their loved Jerusalem possessed
By those in barbarism nursed.
I saw that votaries of the cross,
And of him who on the cross had died,
Like Jews bemoaned Jerusalem's loss
And for its ancient glories sighed.

And they so earnestly desired
The spot where stands his cross to-day,
The spot where their loved king expired,
The sepulchre in which he lay,
That, marshaled 'neath that banner cross,
They came from lands beyond the sea,
From different realms, in one great cause,
The holy sepulchre to free.
Sternly and stubbornly they fought
For what they deemed was holy ground,
And blood in torrents flowed, methought,
While years by hundreds rolled around.

"Then other years by hundreds passed;
I saw an unknown land, so wide
It stretched unto the farthest west,
Unknown to all the world beside;
And in that land an unknown race—
No mortal knew from whence they came—
Historian could never trace
Their lineage or beginning name.
I saw on breezes borne along,
Across a boundless, unknown sea,
The image of that cross where hung
So late that man of Galilee;
And in his name 'twas planted there
Upon that foreign, barbarous shore.
More centuries passed; no land so fair
That standard e'er had graced before.
And from that land 'twas borne again
To all the barbarous lands of earth,
The emblem of Messiah's reign,
The King of Heaven and Lord of Earth.

"In all the vagaries of that dream
One harrowing thought oppressed the mind:
That he who was of song the theme
By thee had been to death consigned.

In every age, in every clime,
Where'er that cross and story went,
In every land, and through all time,
*Thy name* was with the story blent.
'Twas execrated, stigmatized,
As judge unjust by all contemned;
No name, methought, so much despised
As thine, who that just one condemned.
I cannot tell the agony
That I endured—no mortal can—
And when I woke I sent to thee:
'Have naught to do with that just man.'"

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## *SLEEPING YONDER.*

Written at the request of the managers, and read at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Lone Jack.

We meet to-day upon the ground
Where, five and twenty years ago,
The god of war in anger frowned
And let his bolts of thunder go;
We meet to-day, but not as then;
And as the by-gone past we ponder,
Remembrance calls to mind the men,
The slain in battle, sleeping yonder.

A quarter century has passed;
How brief to us the time appears!
We scarce can realize how fast
Go round the swift-revolving years.
For five and twenty years have they
Reposed beneath the sward of heather;
The loyal blue, the Southern gray
Reposing there in peace together.

They fought as patriots ever should,
  Each one believing he was right;
And now, where then the lone tree stood,
  Their ashes mingle and unite.
Widows and children, orphans left—
  No wives or children could be fonder—
By the hard fate of war bereft
  Of husbands, fathers, sleeping yonder.

And when a hundred years have passed,
  A century to a close has drawn,
Remembrance of the dead will last,
  And live when we are dead and gone.
The warriors' fame will never fail,
  'Tis in the nation's friendly keeping;
The marble shaft will tell the tale,
  When we, like them, in death are sleeping.

Mankind have ever honored those
  Who periled life in the defence
Of liberty, and dared the foes
  Of free and equal governments.
And though the men who fought that day
  So widely differed in their feeling,
Each thought the cause of justice he
  With his life's blood might then be sealing.

All honor then to those brave men,
  Of conscientious mind and thought,
Who for the right, as viewing then,
  So stubbornly and bravely fought.
A tribute to them all we pay,
  Whatever party or profession,
The Union soldiery or they
  The honest votaries of secession.

Though differing with them in the past,
  Why should that difference remain?
The strife is o'er, the die is cast,
  And North and South are one again.

Thank heaven for what a change has come!
Nor can we sometimes cease to wonder
How kindly now we feel toward some
Of those brave men who are sleeping yonder.

Not only to the gray and blue
Who fell upon the battle-field,
But to surviving comrades too,
A fitting tribute we would yield.
They, side by side with those who fell,
Each for his principles contended,
And history's living page will tell
How bravely they their cause defended.

Surviving heroes of that day,
Some few of them I see are here;
Some of them long have passed away,
As year still follows after year;
Some of them living far away,
But wheresoever they may wander,
They'll often call to mind that day,
And think of comrades sleeping yonder.

Though Time may steal the years away,
Their memory still will call them back,
And at each anniversary
Whisper to them the name Lone Jack;
Or in their visions they may see,
As then, the battle-ranks all serried,
The face of friend or enemy
Upon yon highland buried.

We have met, as oftentimes before,
By thousands on historic ground,
Where then was heard the musket's roar,
The cannon's thrilling, awful sound.
How little think the noisy crowd
Who thoughtlessly are making merry,
How many hearts, in anguish bowed,
Went down that day on yon prairie!

How little do the crowd reflect
On what these meetings should be for!
The young folks cannot recollect
The horrors of that cruel war;
But some of us old ones can feel
The anxious weight we bore up under
While listening to the cannon's peal
As heard upon that highland yonder.

We should not here insult the dead
By lightly dancing on their grave,
But with a silent, careful tread
Approach the spot where sleep the brave;
And when we meet as now we meet,
We seriously should think and ponder
The cost of victory or defeat
To those brave soldiers sleeping yonder.

But should we not, some say, rejoice
That those sad scenes have all passed by?
Yes; with a cheerful heart and voice
Give thanks to Him who rules on high;
To Him who hushed the storm of war,
And gave the country peace and quiet;
And pray that wars may come no more,
With scenes of carnage, blood, and riot.

As partisans we should not meet
A party victory to boast—
The Union has been made complete,
From Lakes to Gulf, from coast to coast;
And friends and kindred once estranged,
On battle-field who fought each other,
Now thank the Lord that times are changed,
And they again are friends or brother.

Let victory here be never named,
Lest some should say that there was none;
If either party victory claimed,
In truth 'twas victory dearly won.

A noble victory still remains:
Past grievances or wrongs forgiving;
Or, if a prejudice obtains,
The conquering it or it outliving.

And when we've left this spot to-day,
The sleeping dead behind us,
I trust that past opinions may
To paths of peace ne'er blind us.
And may the sacrifice they made
Upon that summit yonder
Cause us, when Union's star may fade,
To cling to it the fonder.

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## *ANNIVERSARY MEETING.*

Read at the twenty-sixth anniversary of the Lone Jack battle.

Another year has passed away;
The anniversary's return
Brings to our memory the day
When soldiers met in battle stern.
Hard by the spot where now we meet,
They met, and fought, and many fell;
And annually you think it meet
To honor them, and that is well.
When soldiers for their country's weal
Imperil life or limb for her,
Their countrymen should grateful feel
And honors on the brave confer.
We meet again, but not as they,
Those soldiers, did in sixty-two—
The men who wore Confederate gray
And those who wore the loyal blue.
Thank heaven, the stormy strife has passed,
The cruel, bloody war is o'er,
And peace throughout the country vast
With order reigns from shore to shore!

Long may it reign, and never more
May clash of arms be felt or feared;
The bayonet's gleam, the cannon's roar,
No more be seen, no more be heard.
But should grim war again arise,—
Though Heaven forbid it ever should!—
Should storms again obscure the skies
And darken every neighborhood,
May then our country never lack
Defenders brave, defenders true,
Like those who fought around Lone Jack
In eighteen hundred and sixty-two.
And should the country in its need
Call for its soldiery again,
O may we never, never read
Of brother by the brother slain!
Remembered are those men to-day
Who did the tide of battle stem,
And whether clad in blue or gray
It matters not, we'll honor them.

We honor them for courage bold
In that day's struggle, fierce and long;
Our admiration ne'er grows cold,
Not asking whether right or wrong.
No doubt, with patriotic thought,
Each one believed that he was right,
And for his principles he fought
And fell upon yon prairie height.
They are sleeping there, and side by side;
Their graves have ever been kept green;
Let not the cause in which they died
'Tween them and laurels intervene.
Perhaps there may be some here now
Whose loved ones sleep in yonder grave;
If so, they need not blush to own
Relation to the fallen brave.

And as the circling years go round,
The mother, brother, son, or wife
Will call to mind yon battle-ground,
Where set the loved one's sun of life.
It set that day to rise no more,
The life-time close of soldier brave
As ever sword or musket bore,
Or ever filled a soldier's grave.
I fain would ask, fain would I know,
How many there are here to-day
Who six and twenty years ago
Joined in that fearful battle fray;
Who heard the clash of arms that day
And saw their many comrades fall,
As slowly passed the hours away
Beneath a smoky funeral pall.
How many are there here to-day
Who passed that fearful carnage through?
How many wore Confederate gray?
And is there one who wore the blue?
If there is one of either band,
The Federal or Confederate,
Fain would I take him by the hand
And freely him congratulate.
If such is here, please make it known;
I would address myself to you.
I'm not mistaken, here is one
Who battled here and wore the blue.*
And here's another, brave as he,
Who met him on yon battle-field,
Contending for the victory,
Each one refusing long to yield.
To you who then your bosoms bared
I would address myself and say:
Thank heaven, your lives, like mine, are spared
To witness this auspicious day!
A quarter-century and more
Has passed, and what a change there's been!
'Twas then you met in conflict sore,
'Tis now a pleasant, joyful scene.

* Richard Sloane.

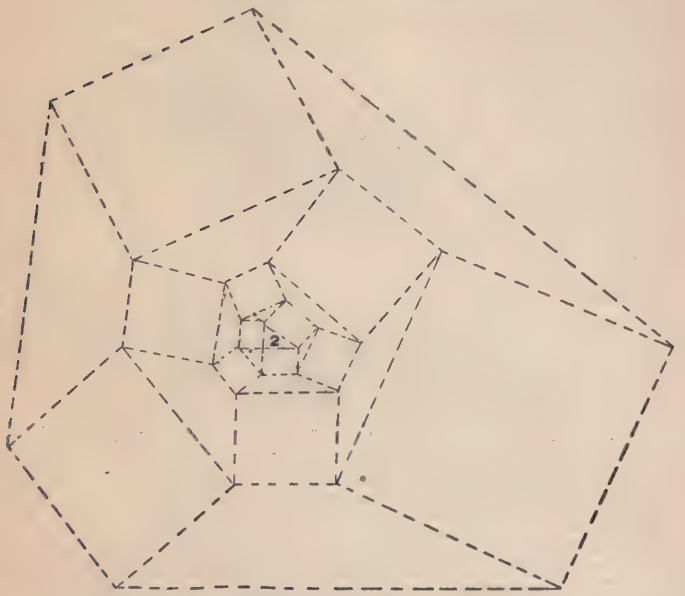
To you, my friend who wore the blue,
And fought upon the winning side,
To principle remaining true
For which so many thousands died:
Hold fast the union of the States
For which you marched, and fought, and bled;
But animosities and hates,
Let them be buried with the dead.
Though on the winning side you fought,
The priceless boon at length attained,
It was a treasure dearly bought,
A union almost lost regained.
Taunt not with scorn the losing side,
As conquered by victorious arms;
Nor yet by word or action chide
The brave men who have grounded arms.
Let them with you enjoy the fruits
And blessings which the union gives,
And join in peaceful, free pursuits
As long as you and freedom lives.
Make not distasteful to the men
The union which was forced on them;
But let them share its blessings, when
They'll prize it as a costly gem.
And you, my friend who wore the gray,*
And fought so stubbornly and long
Throughout that fearful, bloody fray,
Nor ever dreamed that you were wrong—
Contending with the South for right,
As Southern rights you understood,
Till vanquished by o'erpowering might,
You now admit 'twas for your good;
And though denied the boon you sought,
A greater blessing you have found;
The principle 'gainst which you fought
Will to your happiness redound.
A loyal citizen you are,
Of a republic great and grand,
Whose every blessing you can share,
And full protection can demand.

*J. Brizendine.

No North, no South, no blue nor gray,
And no distinction now should mar
Our peace and fellowship to-day,
While standing 'neath the stripe and star.
'Tis said the South is solid still,
And that the North is partly so,
And that the old contention will
Be felt as years and years ago.
In their elections let them be
As solid as the voters please,
If every voting man is free
To cast his vote as fit he sees;
And let the count be free and fair,
No fraud or threatened force thereat,
No matter what the questions are—
The ballot-box will settle that.
The ballot now shall settle what
The bullet settled for us then,
And party politics should not
Cause us to go to war again.
Enough of strife in years ago
We've had, and you who met as foes
Upon the field of battle know
How doubtfully the conflict goes.
And now that peace and order reigns,
And war has ceased, with all its wrongs,
Let hills and mountains, vales and plains,
Be vocal with our grateful songs.
And you, my friends, join hands to-day,
And swear beneath the stars above:
Come weal or woe, whatever may,
The stars and stripes shall have your love.

## *THE SPIDER-WEB PROBLEM.*

A MATHEMATICAL THEOREM.




A theorem that must be true,
Although it was not known of old;
'Tis something Euclid never knew,
Or something that he never told.

You will draw a triangle of any degree;
Whatever its shape, let the area be *z*.
On each of its sides a square you'll assign,
And their outside corners connect by a line,
Three triangles forming, and each one will be,
Whatever its shape, *the same area as z*.
On the outside line of each triangle draw
A square just its length by the right-angle law,
And the sum of their squares, when added, you'll find
Is *three times* the sum of the first *three combined*.

Their outside corners connect as before,
And trapezoidal figures you'll have, I am sure—
Two parallel sides—and they will compare
As *one* is to *four*—'tis true, I declare;
And the area of each of these trapezoids will be
Just *five times* as much as the *triangle z*.
On the longer side then of each one you will place
A square, as before, and in every case
Add together these areas, and when it is done
They'll compare with the first *three* as *sixteen* to *one*.
Their outside corners connect once again,
And three other trapezoids by this you'll obtain;
And, whatever the parallel sides when 'tis done,
The long to the short is as *five* is to *one*,
And the area of each of these trapezoids will be
Just *twenty-four* times the triangle *z*.
And if you continue to follow the law,
And square and trapezoid successively draw,
You'll find there's a law, unchanging and true,
Which governs the increasing figures all through:
The fourth set of squares with the first set compared
As seventy-five to one is declared;
The fifth set compared with the third set will be
As twenty-two and nine-hundredths to one, do you see?
Likewise the sixth with the fourth, I will dare,
As twenty-four and four-hundredths to one will compare;
And the third trapezoid, I venture, will be
As large as one hundred and fifteen *z;*
And the fourth five times the third one will be,
Minus the second, or twenty-four *z;*
The fifth five times as large as the fourth,
Minus the third; so forth and so forth.
The law of progression is simple and plain,
But search all the books, and you'll seek it in vain;
'Tis a new theorem, the discovery I claim,
But perhaps 'twill be known by some other man's name.

MARTIN RICE.

## *SEMI-CENTENNIAL POEM.*

Read before the Blue River Baptist Association, at Lee's Summit, at fiftieth annual meeting, September, 1887.

Year after year, for many years,
  Has this association met;
Formed by the early pioneers,
  It holds it annual sessions yet;
And now we meet the fiftieth time—
  The fiftieth convocation this—
To further on a cause sublime,
  Proclaiming Christ and heavenly bliss;
A union of the churches made
  For Zion's glorious King to war,
Whose blood a ransom fully paid
  His sinful captive subjects for.
At Sni-a-bar, in Lafayette,
  In eighteen hundred thirty-four,
Our pious fathers hopeful met
  This bond of union to secure.

The time has passed, the years have fled—
  The measured years by sun and star;
Those Christian fathers all are dead
  Who met that year at Sni-a-bar.
A half a century and more
  Of years have passed away since then;
Those fathers on the other shore,
  Their works of faith with us remain.
The union which they formed survives,
  Their deeds of faith and love proclaims,
And not in vain have been their lives;
  Remembered still will be their names;
And while Blue River has a name
  As an association free
Her records true will speak of them
  In generations yet to be.

Let Fristoe, Warder, Stayton live,
Long live, upon historic pages;
And Powell, Snelling, Ricketts have
The gratitude of future ages;
While Savage, Finch, and Jackson too
The kindest mention will deserve;
White and Avery and Fitzhugh,
From duty daring not to swerve;
Adams, Brown, and Harrelson,
Just as faithful, just as true;
Flannery, King, and Robertson,
Their names are there recorded too.
They laid a firm foundation then,
And of materials good and true.
No doubt those plain, old-fashioned men
Builded better than they knew.
Small indeed, and weak at first,
To human eyes did it appear;
But, by its careful fathers nursed,
It grew in strength from year to year.

With strengthened stake and lengthened cord,
It grew and covered all the field;
And from its portals Christ the Lord
His gracious truth and love revealed.
From hundreds it to thousands grew,
Still spreading wider its domain,
And from its walls the heralds blew
The gospel trumpet not in vain.
From this have kindred unions grown,
As helping daughters, strong and fair;
Tebo and Butler both will own
And bless a mother's watchful care;
There's Lafayette and Johnson too,
Lying on our border near,
A daughter or twin sister true,
To all the family most dear.

Its influence, too, has grown apace;
We trust that it is doing good.
In every church, in every place,
In every town and nighborhood.
'Tis putting forth an effort now
To reach the distant heathen world;
On Afric's plains and mountain's brow
The Christian banner is unfurled;
A voice from it has crossed the seas
And in a foreign land and tongue
Has given the Gospel to Chinese
Through Holcomb and Miss Emma Young.
'Tis speaking, too, in thunder tone,
Against the bane of human life,
That curse which is in every zone,
The fruitful source of blood and strife—
Intemperance, the worst of foes,
Which now is sweeping o'er the land,
And, like the lava's torrent, flows
A besom of destruction grand.
As said, this is the fiftieth time
The churches' messengers have met;
Some of them in their manhood's prime,
While some are young in years as yet.
And here are those gray-headed ones,
Those who, like me and Brother Wood,
Through winter's snows and summer's suns
Have many a storm of life withstood;
Some who can call to mind the way
In which our union first was made,
As I can recollect the day
When its foundation-stones were laid;
Some who have with its founders stood
And labored with them side by side,
And, like the woman, what they could,
Have done for Christ, the crucified.

But young, or old, or middle-aged,
We are in a common purpose joined:
The work in which we are all engaged
Is the salvation of mankind.
That purpose we should keep in view,
Remembering that the time is short.
By precept, and example too,
Entreat, encourage, and exhort.
Let younger men to front rank press,
As worn-out veterans back retire
And may the Lord their efforts bless,
And give His servants their desire.

We meet not here to legislate,
Advisory counsel this of ours;
The churches did not delegate
Or give us legislative powers.
Then let us counsel for the good
And our advice with truth accord;
Let nothing said be understood
As tending to produce discord.
And may we give no counsel here
With which ourselves will not comply.
Be all our counsels in the fear
Of Him who reigns supreme on high.
And when this convocation ends,
And our resolves have all been passed,
May none of us who here attends
Repent the vote that he has cast.
And when in future years we read
This record that is made to-day,
O may it not be like the seed
The sower sowed beside the way!
May not the cares of life molest
Nor the desire of gain destroy
The harvest fruits that might have blessed,
And brought us comfort, peace, and joy.

And as our fathers heretofore
Trusted in God, the God of heaven,
In eighteen hundred and thirty-four,
So let us trust in eighty-seven.*
And when another century
Of years has come and passed away,
May other generations see
The fruits of labors done to-day.

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## *EVENING MUSINGS.*

At the close of my seventy-third year, November 22, 1887.

Another day and year are closing—
My birth-day this, my seventy-third;
And in the shades of evening musing,
I think of all that has occurred.

Am I dreaming, am I dreaming?
Is it nothing but a dream?
Are those scenes before me passing
Fanciful, though real they seem?

Am I drifting, am I drifting,
Drifting down the stream of Time?
Are those objects round me floating
Those I passed in youthful prime?

Passing by accustomed places,
Looking as they looked of yore;
There the kind, familiar faces
I shall see on earth no more.

*The reason why the fiftieth meeting of the association was held fifty-three years after the first was owing to the fact that during the great war of 1861 no meetings were held.

Dreaming, dreaming, sure I'm dreaming—
Three-score years almost have passed
Since I saw that school-house yonder
And the scenery round it cast;

But there it is, I see it plainly,
See the boys and girls at play,
Those I thought long since departed,
Buried, buried far away;

See the youthful soldiers marching,
By my cousin Crawford led,
Though the captain and his soldiers,
Almost all of them, are dead;

As in double file we are marching,
For I'm marching with them too,
See the girls our movements watching
As we pass them in review:

Nancy, Betsey, and Belinda,
Other girls as fair as they—
Only one of them surviving,
She a matron old and gray;

Yet I seem to see them plainly,
All those young and laughing girls,
Dressed in homespun dresses tidy,
With their light and auburn curls.

These and all the scenes surrounding
So vividly and plain I view,
Though fifty years and more have passed me
Since I bade those scenes adieu.

I see, across the streamlet yonder,
A cabin near a field of corn;
'Twas there, its humble board roof under,
As they told me, I was born;

'Tis there my fondest recollections
So often turn and love to roam—
Ah! do I see my loved connections
Once more in that, my childhood's home?

The scene has changed and daylight ended,
But by the pitch-pine light I see
The family group again assembled—
The branches of our family tree:

My father by the fireside resting,
After the day's labor done,
And busily my mother reeling
The yarn from broaches lately spun;

While, merrily engaged in spinning,
My cousin Polly cards and spins
The cotton which we boys are ginning
On our wooden roller gins.

All are there within that cabin,
A cabin I supposed was gone.
If Fancy has the picture given,
How well the picture she has drawn!

Changing, changing, often changing,
The scenery is which I survey:
My boyhood days are vanishing,
And we are moving far away;

Have bade adieu to that small cabin,
By fortune hoping to be blessed,
And, with a four-horse team and wagon,
Are moving to the distant West;

And, as we think, have sadly taken
The last fond look on that old home,
The chain that bound us to it broken,
That all unfettered we may roam;

The scenery changing, daily changing,
Week after week for many a week;
Anticipation fondly whispering;
"Still nearer to the home you seek."

Another change—how swiftly hurried
From scene to scene I seem to pass!
How soon from place to place I'm carried,
And how familiar every place!

I see, as evening closes dreary,—
Or does my fancy wildly rove?—
There, bordering on the wide prairie,
A cabin near a pin-oak grove;

A cabin rude, an humble quarter,
A clapboard roof and puncheon floor,
A chimney made of sticks and mortar,
A clapboard shutter to the door.

My father, mother, brothers, sisters,
I see them all at home again;
And round the fire-place wide they cluster,
They who in narrow graves have lain.

David, Spencer, James, and Isaac,
Younger all of them than me;
Newton, Pryor Lea, and Nancy,
Long since dead, I seem to see.

Strange it is that I'm thus carried
Through scenes of long ago so plain;
Things that time had long since buried,
Thus rising into life again.

Another little school-house yonder
In that wildwood I seem to see,
Where children, my instruction under,
Are conning lessons A B C.

Merrily I see them sporting,
Boys whose heads long since were gray,
Girls whose children now are sleeping
In the cold and silent clay.

The school-house changes to a dwelling,
A cabin near an Indian trail;
A smiling face my gloom dispelling,
As sunshine does the driving hail.

'Tis Mary's face, that face long hidden,
'Tis she who smiles upon me there;
For one and thirty years forbidden
By death my joys and griefs to share.

Another change: a larger dwelling
Appears to take the cabin's place;
My children in and out are filing,
I see each well-remembered face.

I see them as they all are clustered
About their mother in that home;
Though something tells me they are scattered,
Apart in different lands to roam.

While some, alas! repose together,
Beside that mother long since dead;
They wait the husband and the father,
Who soon must follow where they've led.

Dreaming, dreaming, am I dreaming,
On this late November's eve;
My memory, or my fancy, weaving
A web which only they can weave;

So plainly to my vision bringing
Scenes which long ago have fled,
As in my ears are voices ringing,
Children's voices, long since dead?

Surely they are near me playing,
A childish hand is on my brow;
She wakes me from my musing saying:
"Grandpa, ain't you sleeping now?"

Yes, dear child, life's race contesting
Has made me weary with its care;
Soon I'll sleep and soon be resting
As my lost and loved ones are.

Wearied by my life-long toiling,
By labors done and labors lost,
Accidents my efforts foiling,
Hopes and expectations crossed,

Soon, my long day's labor ended,
I shall lay me down to sleep.
May He on whom I've long depended
From harm my little grandchild keep.

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## *CUTTING DOWN THE OLD ORCHARD.*

Employed as I have been of late,
In cutting down old apple-trees
Which backward fifty years can date,
And now are dying by degrees,
How can I fail to call to mind
The incidents of many a year,
And him, long since to earth consigned,
Who planted this old orchard here?
How natural 'tis that I should think
Of things long buried, such as these—
The chain of events, link by link,
That binds me to those orchard trees!

Each has a history it could speak,
If language to the tree were given;
Through summer's warm and winter's bleak
They here have stood since thirty-seven;
'Twas then that they were planted here,
And by my father's hand were set;
They've bloomed and bore for many a year,
And some of them are bearing yet.
No orchard in the neighborhood
Can boast an age as great as this,
And though the fruit be not so good,
'Twas rarely ever known to miss.
It never felt the grafting-knife,
To change the fruitman's taste to please;
Each one has lived a natural life,
And they are known as seedling trees.

And here occurs another thought,
Another link in memory's chain:
Whence came those seeds when hither brought,
The seed that did the tree contain?
Their history further back we trace,
And still that history linked with mine;
I brought them from my native place,
Their native place as well as mine;
I took them from the apple's juice,
At cider press in Tennessee;
Not knowing all they might produce,
I brought them here in thirty-three,
And vividly I call to mind
The day in eighteen thirty-four,
I to the earth those seeds consigned,
To see them in that shape no more.

Since then full many a change there's been
In these and all surrounding things;
The changes undergone and seen
These trees to my remembrance bring.

The youth of nineteen years of age
An old man now of seventy-three,
Who soon must drop from off life's stage,
As apples ripe drop from the tree.
These trees, with branches bare and brown,
Have bloomed and borne year after year;
And this old man is cutting down
The trees his father planted here.
Were they endowed with thought and speech
As we reflecting mortals are,
Some useful lessons they might teach,
If we would lend a listening ear.

The dying giant apple-tree,
That falls by my unsparing blows,
This truth might speak, reminding me
The life of man must also close.
Another truth the dying tree
Might speak as I am felling it,
And say: "In youth you cared for me;
That care I've not forgotten yet.
But have I not that care repaid?
My fruits I've given them all to you;
Beneath my boughs your children played,
Your children and grandchildren too;
That little pocketful of seed
So largely grew and multiplied,
A thousand thousand fold indeed,
A hundred thousand wants supplied.

"But now our days of usefulness
Have passed, and, strength and beauty gone,
We are cumbering the ground, alas!
From which our life and strength were drawn.
When spring returns to earth again,
And trees have budded and have bloomed,
Of us but little will remain—
For winter's fuel all consumed.

Consumed, but not annihilate—
Annihilation there is none;
What God and nature did create
Is lasting as the central sun.
Our ashes only may remain,
The gaseous particles be fled,
But, mingling with the summer rain,
Raise other plants in our stead."

How strange indeed are Nature's laws,
As seen by all and known by few!
Eternal as the first great cause,
Yet ever changing, ever new.
Though every atom disappears
Like water in the desert sands,
'Twill live again in other years,
In other forms, in other lands.
Man too must die as trees have died,
The body waste and disappear;
But there's another life beside
The life that we are living here.
But what that life may be, and where,
Is not for me or you to say;
But this we know: we are tending there;
The present life prepares the way.

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## *THE POPLAR STAFF.*

Inscription written on my cane,
Which will itself fully explain.

Although this simple staff may be
Of small intrinsic worth,
To me it has a value 'bove
Much greater things of earth.
To other men perhaps 'twould be
Worth little or worth naught,
But sure it has a charm for me
That costlier canes have not.

And why? Because from my old home,
The place that gave me birth,
A generous present it has come,
From friends of sterling worth;
Because upon my father's farm
The tree from which 'twas made
Once grew and flourished; when a child
Beneath it oft I strayed.

And now this cane recalls the time,
Full sixty years ago,
When these now feeble hands of mine
Laid that tall poplar low;
When, at the age of sixteen years,
I helped to score and hew
A plate that would support the roof
Of dwelling-house in view.
I helped to place the roof thereon,
And when the house was built,
I, with my father's family,
Beneath its shelter dwelt.
But six and fifty years ago
That farm and house were sold,
And other parties occupied
Till house and men waxed old.
The generations came and went,
As race succeeds to race.
The old house then was taken down,
Another took its place;
But that large poplar plate was found
Scarcely a whit decayed,
And from the plate that I had scored
This staff of mine was made.
That is the reason why this staff
Has such a charm for me;
It speaks to me of that old home
In Eastern Tennessee.

And now that five and seventy years
  Have cast o'er me their spell,
Some other staff for my support
  Might serve me just as well.
But then a silver-headed cane,
  Or one of burnished gold,
From strangers' hands, would never speak,
  Like this, of days of old;
It would not speak, as this one does,
  Of that, my childhood's home,
Reminding me of days before
  My feet had learned to roam;
Nor would it speak of those dear friends
  Who occupy to-night
The farm and very spot where first
  My eyes beheld the light,
Those friends who sent to me this cane
  Which I so highly prize,
For which I will most grateful be
  Till death shall close my eyes.
And soon that time may come to me,
  But should it tarry still,
When e'er I see this staff I'll think
  Of Worth and Sarah Hill.
And to that relative who brought
  And bore it carefully to me
I will be grateful too, and pray
  That he may prospered be.
The carpenter who carved the staff
  May think no more of me,
But sure the name he wrote thereon
  Will long remembered be.
And may this staff, when I am gone
  And need support no more,
Speak to surviving ones of me
  And of the days of yore.

## *THE CEDAR WALKING-CANE.*

Beside a stream in Tennessee
There stood an ancient cedar-tree,
And in that tree the bees had made
A home, and plied their busy trade.
Mischievous boys were there about,
And saw them passing in and out;
They cut the tree to get the hoard
The honey-bees within had stored.
Full sixty years have passed away;
Part of its trunk is there to-day,
But little, if at all, decayed,
And from that log this staff was made.
'Twas carved by friend in Tennessee,
And as a present sent to me;
One of the few remaining boys
Who now survives and life enjoys.
The other ones have long ago
Been called by death from scenes below;
Been summoned to their lasting rest,
We trust, in mansions of the blest.
And now, as on this staff I lean,
My thoughts are carried to the scene
Of youthful friends in youthful day,
Eight hundred miles and more away.
That cousin dear who sent the staff,
My prayers shall be in his behalf;
Few be his sorrows, few his cares,
When he, like me, is full of years.
And may I hope, when I am gone,
The staff that I am leaning on
Will speak to some surviving one
Of me, when all my work is done?

## *READING HIS OWN POEMS.*

Written upon the fly-leaf of the first edition of "Rural Rhymes and Poems from the Farm."

In looking o'er my rhymings
That were written long ago,
Like funeral bells, their chimings
Come to me faint and low.

They tell me that I know not
How long these chimes may fall;
They tell me, too, that no thought
Of mine can them recall.

Like friends from me departed,
I cannot call them back;
They've gone from whence they started,
On a never-ending track

Their truth or falsehood, living
When I am dead and gone,
An influence will be giving
As years are rolling on.

They say responsibility
Attaches to my name
For all the good or bad which may
Be caused on earth by them.

For thoughts expressed in measure,
The rhymes that I have penned
In by-gone hours of leisure,
Must I answer in the end?

If so, how very careful
In my rhyming should I be,
Lest consequences fearful
Should be ascribed to me.

If my writings shall be tending
To promote the cause of truth,
And their chimes be never-ending,
I shall then be nothing loth.

But, in spite of my intention,
Should they e'er encourage wrong,
Let them never more have mention,
And be never read or sung.

'Twere better they should perish
And be forgotten quite,
Than viciousness to nourish
Or virtues cause to blight.

I cannot now recall them—
I would not if I could;
Whatever may befall them,
I intended them for good;

Although there are expressions
I would change if I knew how,
For fear of wrong impressions,
'Tis too late to change them now.

Then farewell to my verses;
When I am dead and gone,
As messengers of mercies
May they be moving on.

## *REGRETS AND CONGRATULATIONS.*

Written to the Platte City poet, W. M. Paxton, on the receipt of an invitation to attend his golden wedding, October 2, 1889.

Your kind invitation, a short time since,
In my bosom most gratefully rests;
But obstacles stand in my way which prevent
My meeting with you and your guests.

My congratulations I trust you'll accept,
Though so little expected from me,
And may you still be by kind Providence kept,
Whatever life's changes may be.

How pleasant 'twould be could I meet with you there,
On the auspicious day that shall close
The fiftieth year since, in life's morning fair,
Each other for partners you chose!

My congratulations I give, and well may,
For, alas! by experience we learn
Few partners pass over that calendar day,
Or witness its fiftieth return.

But year after year, for fifty long years,
Has peace and prosperity smiled;
And though you've had hours of sorrow and tears
Your love has those hours beguiled.

With children and grandchildren blessed, you look back
O'er the path which together you've trod,
With a hope that those children may walk in your track
And be true to their country and God.

I envy you not, though fortune and fate
Has been kinder to you than to me;
Though wedded I was at an earlier date,
I've been widowed for years thirty-three.

Of many things trivial and many things great,
You have witnessed the rise and the fall;
The march of improvement all over the State,
And your city, the greatest of all.

The anniversary day on its fiftieth return,
As others before it have done,
Still finds you possessed with the love and concern
That you had when united as one.

Though most of the friends who met with you then
And wished you success and much joy
Have since passed away, you have others, I ken,
More numerous, whose love you enjoy.

You may call to your minds the guests young and gay,
On that Thursday so long, long ago;
Is there one of them here on your gold wedding-day,
A blessing or gift upon you to bestow?

It may be there's none, they all may have gone,
But hundreds have taken their place,
To wish Paxton and Forman, united in one,
Success in the end of life's race.

Again I will say, accept as sincere
The congratulations I send,
With my hope and my prayer that some future year
A diamond wedding will bring to my friend.

## *SWEET, SWEET HOME.*

'Twas a long time ago that I first heard it sung,
That song of sweet home, by a now silent tongue,
But out of the distance the notes seem to come:
"Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

A youth of nineteen and by fortune unblessed,
I had come to Missouri, the then farthest "West,"
And as I there sat in a land-office room,
The clerk sang, as I waited to buy me a home:
"Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Tho' small and tho' humble, there's nothing like home."

That home that I purchased so long, long ago
Is no longer mine, and I never shall know
How much by the selling I lost or have gained,
But a home for somebody it still has remained;
Home, home, a small quiet home;
Though small and quite humble, it still is a home.

Fifty-odd years have come and have passed;
A home it has been, and a home it will last
When I, who first purchased that small spot of ground,
A home of a far different kind will have found;
Home, home, a far sweeter home;
Though ever so distant, a much fairer home.

I frequently pass by that hearth-stone of old,
That home that I purchased, the home that I sold,
And long-buried scenes of the past will return,
And the home as it was I still seem to discern.
Home, home, sweet old home!
Tho' small and much changed, 'tis the same ancient home.

Sometimes when I list to that old song of Payne's,
That song of sweet home, with its musical strains,
I think of that day in the year thirty-four
And the clerk, Finis Ewing, who sings it no more:
"Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Tho' small and tho' humble, there's no place like home."

I have had larger homes, and a home I have yet,
But that little home I can never forget,
The day that I bought, the song that I heard,
By which many a sorrowful heart has been stirred.
Home, home, dear ancient home!
Though sold and abandoned, it still is a home.

That farm and that song seem linked by a tie—
While thinking of one for the other I sigh;
The home calls to mind the musical strain,
And the song points me back to the homestead again.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Though sold and forsaken, it once was my home.

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## *A BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.*

Written for and read at the twenty-ninth anniversary of the battle of Lone Jack.

No muffled drum proclaims to-day
The gallant soldiers' fall,
But on this anniversary
We should their deeds recall.
Go to yon elevated ground,
Brave men are sleeping there,
As brave as ever have been crowned
With laurels bright and fair.

There sleeping in their lowly bed,
They heed not war's alarms;
No midnight dream or fearful dread
Of call to clashing arms,
No threat of an advancing foe,
No rumor of defeat,
No storms that come, no winds that blow,
Can haste or stay their feet.

Long was the struggle, fierce the strife,
Courageous men on either side.
How great the sacrifice of life!
How many brave men died!
No fiercer conflict in the strife
That then convulsed the land
Than that in which they laid down life
At duty's stern command.

Fierce was the battle-storm that swept
Across that prairie swell,
And long the struggling ranks were kept
Exposed to shot and shell;
And as the roaring of the storm
Was borne upon the wind,
As often as the ranks would form,
As often were they thinned.

And when the storm had spent its rage,
Its fury passed away,
There mixed together, youth and age
In Death's own image lay;
While others, wounded unto death,
Lay waiting for the hour
When they should yield their latest breath
To war's destroying power.

The father and the husband, who
Left wife and child behind
To watch and wait and hope as few
Can do and live resigned,

Sleep there beside the stripling youth,
Some mother's darling boy,—
Her pride, her stay, her all, forsooth,—
The widow's hope and joy.

Long have they lain upon that field,
The mourner's sobs are hushed,
And passing time has partly healed
The hearts that then were crushed.
The pitying rain, like woman's tears,
Has fallen on their graves,
And oft the passing breeze appears
To sigh o'er fallen braves.

There sleeping in their lowly bed,
They heed not war's alarms;
No midnight dream, no fearful dread
Of call to clashing arms,
The thunder of the cannonade,
The muskets' awful roar,
Will not disturb them where they're laid—
They'll hear them never more.

The stains of blood upon the brow
Have all been wiped away;
They feel no pain nor anguish now,
Nor memory of the fray;
No longer on life's march will they
Be hurried to and fro—
Their watch by night, their march by day
Have ended long ago.

And on their latest camping-ground
They've pitched their sleeping-tents,
And roll of drum nor bugle sound
Will ever call them hence.
Upon that gory battle-field,
By patriotism led,
They've laid them down as on their shield—
A bivouac of the dead.

And fame and honor guard the spot
On which those worthies rest;
And never shall Detraction's foot
Or impious hand molest.
The rusty sword and bayonet,
The murdering lance and gun,
They'll need no more until shall set
The world's last setting sun.

Together now those warriors sleep
Who fought each other then;
Their enmity all buried deep,
To rise no more again.
And whether clad in blue or gray,
Or whether right or wrong,
Respect and honor we will pay,
For these to them belong.

Sons of Columbia, brothers all,
Ye sleep in the same clay;
There rest 'till the same bugle-call
Together you obey.
No sounds shall e'er disturb again
Your silent bivouac,
While sleeping 'neath the sun and rain,
Where grew the tree Lone Jack.

There martial glory guards the spot,
And marble stone will tell
How stubbornly that day you fought,
How gloriously you fell.
Let truth your eulogy proclaim
And spread it far abroad,
And history, with pen aflame,
Your heroic deeds applaud.

## *REFLECTIONS.*

At the Age of Seventy-seven.

In the midst of our reflections,
Come many recollections
  Of the long, long ago;
To think of friends departed,
The kind and generous hearted,
  That we no more shall know.

We think of them, and never
Can time or distance sever,
  Or keep away the thought;
When little we expect it,
With nothing to direct it,
  It comes to us unsought.

'Twill cause the mind to wander
From present things and ponder
  The things of long ago;
When youth and beauty charmed us,
Ere age and sickness harmed us,
  And sunk the spirits low.

No longer are we basking
In pleasure's fields and asking
  What pleasant path to tread;
But now the question often
Is, what will soothe or soften
  The pain of heart or head?

Or, where the friends departed,
Who with us gaily started
  To reach the mountain's brow?
Their memory with us lingers,
But on the fewest fingers
  We count survivors now;

Those few who, antedating
Life's pleasures, all are waiting
The boatman that shall come
To bear us o'er the river;
And e'en the longest liver
Will soon be carried home.

We've witnessed many changes,
And many a one that strange is
To us, the silver-haired;
But a greater change is nearing—
The boatman's horn in hearing
Tells us to be prepared;

Prepared to join the others,
Our fathers and our mothers,
Upon the other side;
Lamented ones who left us
When cruel Death bereft us
And would not be denied.

Thus oftentimes reflecting
And calmly retrospecting
Life's game that we have played,
We see, the shadows under,
The cause of many a blunder
And foolish move we made.

But in the evening twilight,
As dimmer grows the eyesight,
Our errors come to view;
Too late it is to mend them,
'Tis useless to defend them,
For that we cannot do.

But let us trust, believing,
As we the shores are leaving,
That nothing said or done

Will be to those surviving
A cause for sinful striving,
Or stumbling-stone for one.

And when our course we've wended
And life's long race is ended
By Death's approaching night,
May something left behind us
Be proof that truth inclined us
To walk and live aright.

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## *NEW YEAR'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.*

1892.

I am thinking to-night of the long, long ago,
When first to this region I came,
When hope and expectancy cheered me, although
A stranger to fortune and fame.

I am thinking to-night, and my thoughts are of things
That few of the living remember;
And the friends who to mind reflection thus brings,
How small, very small, is the number!

I think of the land as I saw it of yore,
And I think of its citizens then;
The old pioneers that are seen here no more
To my memory come back again;

The men as they were and the land as it was
Ere art and improvement had come
The fair face of nature to change, as it does,
With its rattle, its clatter and hum;

The wild scenes of nature the pioneer saw
Where so lately the red man did roam,
The rough, rugged lands near the mouth of the Kaw
That thousands on thousands call "home."

The hardy backwoodsman, the bold pioneer,
Who followed both chase and the plow,
Are seen here no more, and the question I hear
Is, "Where are those pioneers now?"

One here and one there in a search we may find,
With a step that is tottering and slow,
Enfeebled in body and weakened in mind,
And waiting, as I am, to go.

I think of a land to the eastward that lies,
With its mountains and clear running streams,
That land in which I first opened my eyes
To the light of the autumn sunbeams.

I think of that home in the "Corn-cracker" State,
And the thought I am loth to dismiss,
And often I wonder if changes as great
Have occurred in that land as in this.

That humble log cabin that stood near the road
That meandered the valley along;
The sugar-camp, too, where sugar-trees growed
The pawpaws and buckeyes among—

I think of them now, though all may have gone,
Giving place to scenery more grand,
And from present things here my mind is oft drawn
To scenes in my dear native land.

I think of the school-house that stood on the hill,
And the lessons I there strove to learn;
Though the house is no more, the lessons are still
To the world of no little concern.

Some of those lessons I've never forgot,
Though neglecting their practice too much,
While others I would from my memory blot
And never more practice or touch.

I think of my teachers, all, all of them gone,
Not one of the number is left;
I think of some school-mates in life's early dawn
Of whom I have long been bereft;

And when I would number the few who survive,
On a very few fingers they're named.
How small is the number now known as alive!
How large is the number Death claimed!

I'm thinking of those who with me set out
The mountain of toil to ascend—
Nearly all of them gone; and in shadows of doubt
The slope of that mount I descend.

The log meeting-house that was built in the wood,
I also am thinking of that;
I think of the man in the pulpit who stood,
A ministering servant thereat.

I think of that house and the scenes as they were,
The grave-yard with tombstone and mound;
My kindred of six generations are there
At rest in that burial-ground.

Will I see them and know them when life's race is run
And my body, like theirs, in duress?
Is there an existence where death is unknown?
I know not, but hope answers, "Yes."

I think of the promise that faith holds to view:
That the tombstone does not mark the end,
But beyond and above there's a home ever new,
With no evil thing to contend.

## *TO MY GRANDSON.*

Martin D. Rice, at Pueblo, Colorado.

Dear Martin, awhile to your grandsire give ear,
And listen to what I shall say;
Not long at the longest can I remain here—
Let me speak to you, then, while I may.

Your are now in the morning of life, and the morn
Has never shone brightly on you;
Lowly and humbly in poverty born,
And the comforts of life have been few.

But be not discouraged, the past is now past
And the future before you appears,
And though the dark future I cannot forecast,
I have hopes—and I also have fears.

Very much of the future—your future, I mean—
Depends on yourself now alone,
For much, very much of the harvest of grain
Depends on the seed that is sown.

The seed-time of life is the spring-time of youth,
In which the good seed should be sown—
The clear seed of virtue, and knowledge, and truth—
And carefully watched until grown.

Away from your father and mother I learn,
Away from your kindred and friends;
How much, ah! how much, you some day will learn,
On your good resolutions depends!

Resolve to shun every appearance of wrong,
And be firm in what you resolve;
Your good resolutions becoming more strong
As the months and the seasons revolve.

Temptations, no doubt, will often assail,
And a buffeting world may annoy;
Put your trust in a power that never will fail,
And go forward in useful employ.

You are striving to learn the preservative art—
Preserver of all other arts;
Let the precepts of honesty dwell in the heart
As a maxim that wisdom imparts.

Persevere in your efforts from day unto day,
Let no vain amusements impede;
Still onward and upward, and some day you may
In the race you are running succeed.

You know or have heard, in a long past decade,
When I was a youngster like you,
A fancy I had to learn that good trade,
But my youthful desires fell through.

For better or worse, I can not now say,
A different path I pursued;
And now at the end I look back and survey
Its meanderings, so dark and light hued.

And now let me hope that, whether in that
Or some other useful employ,
Your life may be passed, each task will be met,
With few anxious cares to annoy.

And should you be spared, like me, to old age,
To your seven and seventieth year,
May you then look back upon memory's page
And see no blot to call forth a tear.

## *PICTURES OF MEMORY.*

Ho, man of seven and seventy years,
With hair so white and thin!
You scan those pages, what appears
Your book of memory in?

Look on those pages, read aloud
The things recorded there;
Things that the mists of time enshroud,
Describe as once they were.

To us, the men of yesterday,
Who of improvements boast,
Tell of the things now passed away,
Some useful art that's lost;

Some lesson of the olden time,
Or theme of ancient lore;
Some tenet, trivial or sublime
Held by the men of yore.

Yes, I can read, young man, to you,
If you will lend an ear,
Some things that memory brings to view—
Some things recorded here.

I turn the pages o'er and o'er,
As I in childhood did;
And look upon the pictures more
Than words with meaning hid.

I am looking at a picture now—
Come here and with me gaze,
And tell me if you ever saw
The like in all your days.

It is my mother's spinning-wheel,
My mother spinning there;
You see it, but you cannot feel
Or my emotions share.

Another picture comes and fades,
The ancient weaver's loom,
The quilling-wheel and winding-blades
That stood in that small room.

And here upon this other page
A picture, what is that?
Those boys—they look as if in rage;
They are striking something at.

That is myself and brother Gail;
We are threshing out the wheat,
Which with the flying hickory flail
From off the straw we beat.

And yonder see two stouter men,
With quilt or blanket sheet;
They are fanning from the golden grain
The useless chaff and cheat.

Now on this page a picture too,
Come look a while at it;
Those men it seems are wading through
A lake of ripening wheat.

Why do they stoop and forward bend
And seem to walk so queer,
With something crooked in the hand—
What are they doing there?

They are reaping, but they do not look
Like reapers now, you know;
They are harvesting with reaping-hooks,
As thousand years ago.

Those boys and girls in working tog
Are binding up the sheaves,
And yonder is the whisky-jug,
Half hidden by the leaves.

A reaping day of olden time
Was different from now;
It differed, but in homely rhyme
I scarce can tell you how.

The *reaper* and the *binder* then
Was animated life;
The reaper oftentimes the man—
The binder was his wife.

No man then thought of making one
In a machinery shop,
To save, with little help or none,
A hundred-acre crop.

There's many another picture here
In memory's volume true
That speaks to the old pioneer,
But not so plain to you.

Yes, here is one to which we turn
That speaks of by-gone days;
Please study that if you would learn
Of our old-fashioned ways.

That little structure built of logs,
For what can it be fit?
A sleeping-place for sheep or hogs
Might well compare with it.

But 'twas the seat of knowledge then,
'Twas education's hall,
Where some who since were congressmen
Received their schooling all.

'Twas to that house with floor of dirt
I went when scarcely four,
Clothed with a lengthy linen shirt—
The only dress I wore.

'Twas there I learned my A B C's
And spelling lessons took,
And slowly mastered by degrees
The Webster spelling-book.

Few other books in school had we;
We read the Testament,
But never physiology
Or civil government.

Reading, riting, rithmetic,
Three R's, were taught us there—
Enough for qualifying Dick
For business anywhere.

The pictured memories of those years
Will rarely ever fade;
The brightness of the morn appears
To light the evening shade.

## *FAREWELL TO THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.*

The following lines were written, and some of them read, on the occasion of the last service of the Lone Jack Baptist Church in its old house of worship, built in 1848 and abandoned for its present house in 1886.

To this house of worship we'll soon bid adieu,—
  Our service to-day is the last,—
And our thoughts will go back the scenes to review
  In the days and the years that are past,
  The thirty-odd years that have passed.

Thirty-three years have come and have gone,—
  A generation in length, it is said,—
And we, the survivors, are hurrying on
  To be numbered with those that are dead—
  The many, the many now dead.

Thirty-three years have now passed away
  Since worshipers here were first drawn,
The true and the faithful—but where now are they?
  They are gone; the most of them gone.
  Ah, yes! nearly all of them gone.

You remember their names—I remember them yet;
  Our pastor so faithful and true—
Ah, yes! Henry Farmer I'll never forget;
  Nor will you, my dear brother; will you?
  My brother, my sister, will you?

First pastor was he when the church numbered few—
  Fourteen or fifteen at most—
And year after year, for twenty years through,
  Like a soldier he stood at his post;
  Like a soldier he died at his post.

For month after month, through heat and through cold,
He fed the dear flock of his Lord;
And three hundred souls brought into the fold
Was that faithful shepherd's reward,
And truly a noble reward.

Our fathers and mothers, who met with us here,
Our brothers and sisters of yore,
We have not forgotten—to us they are dear—
But they'll meet with us here nevermore—
On earth we will meet nevermore.

How many dear brothers and sisters to-day
Can look back and say from the heart:
"'Twas here that my burden of guilt rolled away
And sorrows and fears did depart—
Our Savior then bade them depart"?

How often we think of the days long ago
When the time of refreshing would come,
Of converts professing the Savior to know
And coming like prodigals home—
Coming back to a dear father's home!

And oft will fond memory call up the thought
Of dear ones and loved ones who came
And bowed at the foot of the cross, and there sought
And found peace in a dear Savior's name—
In Jesus the crucified's name.

Some of those dear ones and loved ones are here,
And some are in lands far away;
Some, sleeping in death, will never appear
To us in their mortal array—
Nevermore in their mortal array.

They have left this temple of worship below
To worship in one up above;
We leave it to-day, but, wherever we go,
Let us worship the same God in love—
The God of compassion and love.

Though leaving this house of devotion, I trust
We will carry devotion along,
Increasing it still till we come to the dust,
As we will, and that, too, before long.
Ah, yes! it will be before long.

And now, my dear brothers and sisters in love,
We may never meet here any more,
But oh! let us meet in the church up above
With those who have gone on before—
Those loved ones who have gone on before.

Dear brethren and friends, before we shall go,
Before from this house we depart,
Sing one of the songs of the long time ago
That so often has thrilled this poor heart,
And let it now thrill every heart.

Let all join in singing, the old and the young,
That the music may roll as a flood,
The song that our fathers and mothers have sung:
A fountain, a fountain of blood—
There's a fountain that's filled with His blood.

## *SEMI-CENTENNIAL ADDRESS.*

Read at the semi-centennial meeting of the Lone Jack Baptist Church, July 31, 1892.

The close of the fiftieth year is at hand
Since a few of the old pioneers
Planted this church in a then border land,
To nourish with prayers and with tears.

Those years have all passed and the church yet survives,
But where are those pioneers now
Who gave to its growth the eve of their lives
And labored the cause to endow?

Their seats in the church have been vacant long, long,
But its records still speak of their worth;
Only one of the number now known to belong
To the Church of Christ upon earth.

That one has been spared by the Ruler above;
We hoped he would meet with us here
To worship to-day in the old church of his love
In its semi-centennial year.

The only survivor of the pious fourteen
Who trustingly planted this vine,
At the end of the years its fruit he has seen
And drunk of his Lord's gracious wine.

Our brother Morris Edwards survives now alone;
The Cunninghams, Easleys, and James,
Lynch, Fox, Alexander, and Hopper, all gone,
But kindly remembered their names.

In answer to prayer and their faith in the Just,
Their number was shortly increased,
And others like them, with a hope and a trust,
Come willingly up to the feast.

The humble beginning was blessed with success;
On their labors the Lord deigned to smile,
And month after month continued to bless,
Notwithstanding the wicked one's wile.

Many and great are the changes we've seen,
And the church has its trials endured,
But the seed that was sown by the trusting fourteen
To a harvest has partly matured.

And as we look back o'er the long-vanished years,
Those years that can never return,
We think of those pious and plain pioneers
With a feeling of grateful concern.

Plain, simple Christians those pioneers were,
Caring little for fashion or style,
Contented humility's mantle to wear—
But never that garb to defile.

Their pastor, the man who was chosen at first,
For twenty years served us with zeal;
Self-taught, but in scriptural knowledge well versed,
That knowledge he well could reveal.

He, too, was plain as his Master was plain,
Laboring, like Paul, with his hands,
Himself and a growing household to maintain,
Never shunning the gospel's demands.

Of this there are many can now testify,
For hundreds remember him yet;
His record is here as well as on high—
Henry Farmer we cannot forget.

Some fruits of his labors amongst us are seen;
Of the three hundred names he enrolled,
Some few of the gray-headed ones yet remain,
By the shepherd brought into the fold.

And, good shepherd like, he nourished them here
With the sincere milk of the word,
And month after month, and year after year,
Had little of earthly reward.

No temple of worship had they to attend
But for worship they failed not to meet,
And from school-house and grove prayer and praise would ascend
To the lofty and free mercy-seat.

When their worship, so simple and plain, we compare
With that which is more formal now,
And the blessings bestowed in God's answer to prayer,
'Tis much in their favor, I trow.

Ah, yes! we remember—we old ones, I mean—
The gracious revivals we had;
The many conversions of friends we have seen,
By which many a heart was made glad;

The frequent ingatherings, with no long betweens,
When brotherly love did abound.
Could these spacious walls now witness such scenes
As were witnessed at James's camp-ground?

O for a revival like one of those days,
When the school-house or grove would resound
With sobs of contrition or anthems of praise
For the love of a Savior just found!

Past and gone are those days and gone the years are,
Borne away by Time's rolling wave;
And loved ones are scattered, we cannot tell where,
But most of them low in the grave.

We oftentimes think of the days we have spent
With those pious and God-fearing men;
We think of the loved ones with whom we oft went
To join in their services then.

They are gone, they are gone, those loved ones are gone,
We will worship with them here no more,
But we trust there is coming a day's brighter dawn,
When we'll join them on some fairer shore.

Will we see them and know them, life's trials all o'er,
When we've passed the river's cold chill?
Will we meet them again to part never more?
We know not, but hope says we will.

Thank God for that hope, Brother Bailey, thank God?
Though the loved ones have long ago gone,
When we too have slept, like them, 'neath the sod,
We will wake to a brighter day's dawn.

Let us thank Him, my brother, He has brought us to see
The state of the church as it is;
He has brought us again, in this year jubilee,
To worship with those that are His.

And now to the church at Lone Jack let me say,
As you look at these gray-headed men,
Who long have been toiling in life's rugged way
And years ago passed their three-score and ten,

In your mind ask the question: When fifty more years
Have passed, and these gray-headed men
Have gone to be with their worthy compeers,
What will the state of the church be then?

Is there one, even one, who now occupies
A seat or a membership here,
Who expects to be here when time as it flies
Shall bring to the church its centennial year?

It may be there is, perhaps there are more;
If so, I would fain enjoin upon you,
In speaking of things you have witnessed before,
Remember the scenes you are now passing through.

At that day, though you be fast failing like me,
And trembling and tottering with age,
Fail not to read them, if needful it be,
Some lessons from memory's page.

Speak then of the changes the church has passed through,
Its changes for better or worse,
Its more earnest devotion or worship more true,
Or, if it be so, proclaim the reverse.

Should the next fifty years bring changes as great
As the fifty passed by us have done,
How different indeed will then be its state
From the Lone Jack original one!

When we call to the mind its beginning, so small,
And the change it has witnessed since then,
We know not the changes that yet may befall
The work of those few pious men.

Its growth has been great: from fourteen it has grown
To ten times that number, or more;
While four sister churches have out of it gone,
The same gracious Lord to adore.

Shall we congratulate ourselves on this growth,
The prosperity which we enjoy,
The improvements and changes we are making in both
The ways and the means we employ?

Shall we boast now of things our fathers had not,
Some blessings they never enjoyed,
Appliances using of which they ne'er thought,
And means which they never employed?

Shall we trust to those many facilities now,
The appliances oftentimes used
To bring our friends and our neighbors to bow
To a Savior they long have refused?

We have many more temples of worship to-day,
And some of them gaudy with show,
But in proportion to this does the Master display
His grace as in years long ago?

We sometimes think not; we fear so, at least,
When we to our memory recall
That showers refreshing have not been increased,
But less copiously now seem to fall.

Will the Lord deign to smile on these efforts of ours
If our trust we thereupon place
And look for the Spirit's all-comforting powers,
If we put not our trust in His grace?

Will He who in sacrifice takes no delight
For sacrifice send the reward
Which is promised to only the humble, contrite,
Who obey and trust in the Lord?

Will our silver and gold, though a hundred times more
Than our fathers saw fit to employ,
Unless 'tis bestowed on the Lord's needy poor,
Bring us more of true Christian joy?

Little more, my brethren, have I now to say;
And as you here look upon me,
You look upon one who must soon pass away,
The last leaf that remains on the tree.

Longer I've lived in the church at Lone Jack,
And its worship have longer enjoyed,
Than anyone else; and when I look back,
I regret not the time thus employed.

Whether vain or successful my labors have been,
Soon, soon they will come to an end;
But worthier ones, I trust, will come in,
More ably the cause to defend.

Will I be remembered when I am at rest,
Remembered as those worthies are
Who planted this vine in the then far-off West?
I know not, nor need I much care.

I may be forgotten when, like the last leaf,
I have fallen and moldered away,
And remembrance of all I have done be so brief
That naught will remain at that day.

Though the record of all of my labors be lost,
And no trace upon earth may remain,
If there is a record up yonder engrossed,
I will meet all my loved ones again.

## *A LAYMAN'S ADDRESS.*

Address intended to be made to the General Association of Baptists at Lexington, October, 1892.

My brethren in Christ, all younger in years
And much abler the truth to defend,
A word from one of the old pioneers
Whose pilgrimage here must soon end.

'Tis the last time, I feel, that I ever shall meet
My brethren in meetings like this;
I may nevermore hear them the story repeat,
The story of pardon and peace.

I would speak to you now of the days that are gone,
The years that can never return,
That perchance some lessons from them may be drawn
That will profit if we should them learn.

I would speak to you, too, of the old pioneers:
You are reaping the harvest they sowed;
Should we not be thankful in these latter years
For the blessings upon us bestowed?

Like fathers in Israel those pioneers were,
Who established the church in their days,
Who were bold the standard of truth to uprear,
And the stone Ebenezer to raise.

Though this region so lately a dark solitude,
A wilderness darksome had been,
They labored the scattered ones, simple and rude,
And Missouri, for Jesus to win.

No temple of worship like this had they then,
No city like this had appeared,
But in many a valley and many a glen
The message of mercy was heard.

And not all in vain was their toil and their prayers,
Not in vain their labors of love,
But crowned with success, a blessing was theirs,
Vouchsafed unto them from above.

Those heralds of Christ, I could mention their names—
Forgotten they never should be—
Who dared in the presence of scorn to proclaim
That the conscience of man should be free.

Remembered are they and will be for long,
Those worthy ones, Peck, Welch, and Green;
They are living in history and should live in song,
And their memory be kept ever green.

Mid hardship and danger and savages wild
They toiled in the wilderness here;
And Baptistic doctrines, by skeptics reviled,
Were embraced by the plain pioneer.

The church in the wilderness, founded by them,
Of materials few and quite rude,
Destined in the future to shine as a gem
Or star of the first magnitude.

They were followed by others, to us better known,
With the sword of the gospel made sharp:
Edwards and Musick, Longan and Brown,
Williams and Fristoe and Tharp.

There is many a Christian, gray-headed and worn,
  Who remembers those patriarchs true,
With others like them who the same cross have borne
  And toiled with the same end in view.

And when we look back and the present contrast
  With our church in its primitive days,
And think of the struggles through which it has passed,
  Our voice should be lifted in praise.

If we would the deeds of those men emulate,
  And stand up in the same noble cause,
The kingdom of Heaven to perpetuate,
  Uphold and support all its laws

The object for which this convention was formed
  Should be uppermost still in our thought;
With the fire of love for the perishing warmed,
  Persevering till home they are brought.

Let "Missouri for Jesus" our motto now be;
  Let the gospel be spread far and wide;
Let the light shine in darkness till all come to see
  And believe on the One crucified.

The association was formed for that purpose, you know,
  And for that it has labored for years,
And great the encouragement onward to go,
  For success in the past greatly cheers.

Like the church in the wilderness, small at the first,
  It has grown and has greatly increased,
Though the fathers who formed it and tenderly nursed
  Have gone and from labor have ceased.

Some fruits of their labors are seen here to-day
In this large assemblage of women and men,
Engaged in the same noble mission that they,
Those fathers of ours, were busied in then.

Could the spirits of Vardeman, Fristoe and Scott,
Thomas and Woods, Wilhoyte and Duval
Look on the scene of to-day, would they not
To memory that meeting at Bonnefemme recall?

That meeting of theirs remembered will be,
Participants less than two-score,
When it was resolved that gospel truth free
Should be sent to the destitute poor.

And for fifty-odd years this mission formed then
Has labored to meet that resolve;
And the methods, the how, the where, and the when,
Is the question we are trying to solve.

Shall we in the year eighteen ninety-two,
And the years, that came after it, be
Less faithful, less hopeful, less diligent too,
Or less willing the captive to free?

Shall we in our strength do less than they did,
Those fathers and mothers of yore?
Forbid it, kind Father, we pray Thee forbid,
But let us press on and do more.

Relying for help, as our fathers relied,
On the power that comes from above,
We'll trust in His grace, on His power confide,
And doubt not His unchanging love.

## *THE STORY OF THE FAMILY OAK.*

This gigantic oak-tree grew and is still growing in Union County, Tennessee, on the farm that was opened and occupied, about the year 1818, by Arthur Nash, a young man who had lately married a daughter of Henry Sharp, one of the first settlers of that State, settling first, with his father, brother, and a few neighbors, at a place in Anderson County called Sharp's Fort or Station. The farm and the oak mentioned in the poem are about one mile from the author's birth-place, which he visited in 1871.

The spring or fountain mentioned has been brought in pipes underground from the rising ground, and pours forth a strong and constant stream from a hollow post standing in the shade of the tree. The poem was written at the suggestion of a member of the family.

I sat beneath the branches of a lofty, spreading oak,
And the rustling of its foliage in fancy's language spoke:

"You ask, inquiring stranger, how long a time it's been,
The number of the summers and the winters I have seen,
Since from a sprouting acorn I came from out the sod
By the force of ruling nature and the laws of nature's God.
You ask me for the story of the long and circling years,
Before I saw the coming of the early pioneers;
Ere the white man's foot had trodden the soil of Tennessee,
And the oak was only haunted by the roaming Cherokee.
You ask me for the history of the years that followed on,
The history of the yeomen and the women that are gone.
I could tell you, friendly mortal, a story strange and true,
The doings and occurrences for years and ages through.
I could tell you now the story, how the pioneers first came
And built a fort or station, Sharp's Station 'twas by name;
The Clinch was then the boundary 'tween the Indians and
the whites,
And the Station was above where the Powell stream unites.
I could tell you of the hardships and dangers they endured,
For 'twas a savage wilderness, you may be well assured;
I could tell you of the terror and the dread alarm of war
Those pioneers encountered, and what it all was for.

And I could tell you also the deeds of Indian braves,
Their bloody cruelties and their scalping Peter Graves;
And how at length they yielded and left their hunting-ground,
And farther to the west now the Cherokees are found.
But you perhaps will tell me you've heard it long ago,
That the oak and all its history is what you want to know.
Of the oak and its surroundings you ask me now to tell,
And how it was, and who it was that first came here to dwell;
The history of the homestead that stands within its shade,
That plain old-fashioned homestead, and how that home was made;
The history of the family, for such there must have been,
Who had a pleasant domicile the valley here within.
I can tell you all about it, but the story will be long:
In the deep and tangled wildwood I grew till I was strong;
Southwestward was the Lost Creek meandering through the vale;
To the east, along the valley, was the narrow Indian trail.
The beasts and painted savages held undisputed sway,
As the infant years of this old oak in silence passed away;
And oftentimes the warrior has rested 'neath my shade,
And often by the streamlet his camping-ground was made.
But the Indian left the country, and the white man hunter came,
And up and down the valley pursued the timid game;
The Indian war was over, and yeomen good and stout
Came here from different quarters and settled round about:
The Sharps, the Kecks and Graveses, the Rices and the Loys.
The forest fell before them and by their sturdy boys,
And many an oak as towering as I have ever been
Gave place to fields and orchards and were no longer seen;
But the forest round about me was undisturbed for years,
Save by the dogs and gunning of the early pioneers.

At length there came a yeoman, a yeoman good and true,
A young man lately married, who had his equals few;
His wife was of the daughters of him who years before
Had settled at the Station life's hardships to endure.
With axe in hand he came here, his wife was his compeer,
And yonder site selected as a home for him and her.
He built his humble cabin where the dwelling now you see,
'Mongst chinquepins and hazel, scarce twenty yards from me;
He cleaned away the forest and a garden-spot prepared;
My comrades fell around me, but I was kindly spared—
Not spared entire, for truly he took away my head,
But I survived the topping and my branches wider spread;
And here I stand as sentry, though the stormy winds may blow,
The only tree surviving of a hundred years ago.
I saw the farm expanding by the farmer's daily toil,
The golden grain producing from the rich and virgin soil;
The flocks and herds increasing, that ranged upon the hill;
I saw the orchard rising—I see that orchard still.
I saw the farmer's toilings, I watched him year by year,
While smaller hands were coming to aid his labors here;
I watched the stately matron, who bore the ancient name
Of her who was the mother of all who after came;
And I watched the sons and daughters of Arthur and of Eve—
The sons could till and garner, the daughters spin and weave;
And 'neath my boughs so shady those children often played,
As the father and the mother were resting in the shade.

"Within that humble cabin, and in the first decade,
Three brothers and two sisters their first appearance made;
And later, in the dwelling that is standing there to-day,
Four brothers and two sisters, as promising as they,

Came here to bless their parents and be by parents
blessed,
Whose energies and virtues upon them were impressed.
Ah! well do I remember those little girls and boys—
I have seen them in their sorrows, I have seen them in
their joys;
From infancy to manhood beneath my watch they grew,
Their intellects expanding as they passed each trial
through.
And well do I remember when Rob, the eldest one,
By Death from them was taken ere his eighteenth year
was run;
In life's bright, sunny morning the sky was overcast,
Death opened wide his portals and Robert through them
passed.
And here, beneath the branches of the large and spread-
ing oak,
A touching funeral sermon the honored parson spoke,
While bitter tears of sorrow were falling fast and free,
Where Robert played in childhood with acorns from the
tree.

"Another bit of history I must not overlook,
About these crystal waters, this little babbling brook:
It has not been so always, the spring at first was found
Up on the hillside yonder, and brought here underground.
About one-third a century has come and passed away,
But the cold and crystal waters continue yet to play,
Still watering the rootlets of the old and giant tree,
And everything refreshing in the whole vicinity.
And as I grew and flourished, the farmer flourished too;
The branches of his family more strong and stately grew.
But the time was speeding onward, as the waters onward
sped;
This oak grew strong and lofty, and its branches wider
spread,

But wider spread the branches of the family of him
Who founded this old homestead beside the running stream:
Some of the daughters married, to grace another home—
Some of the sons were tempted in distant lands to roam.
But prosperity attended the farmer good and true;
He added to his acres, and wider still they grew.
The sire was much respected, the sons were models then,
The daughters too were worthy the esteem of worthy men.
No storm had ever broken the sturdy family oak;
No adverse winds of fortune had on the family broke;
But a darksome cloud was rising, it broke in *sixty-one*,
And cherished ties were broken and parted one by one.
The sons that loved this homestead, that loved the sheltering tree,
Loved dearer still the Union and the cause of liberty;
And when secession threatened the Union to dissolve
And break it into fragments, they made the firm resolve:
To father and to mother and to home to bid adieu,
Since liberty was threatened and life was threatened too.
The youngest first decided to leave the cherished home;
He crossed the mountain over and a soldier he become,
And gallantly with Sherman he marched unto the sea,
And, when the war was over, returned to Tennessee.
An independant farmer with an independant brow,
He tills paternal acres—you see him yonder now.
The civil war is over and the bugle calls no more
From needful rest and slumber on a distant hostile shore.

"'Tis monotonous reading my story,
And tiresome 'tis to rehearse—
But a change of the breeze in my foliage
Will make a slight change in the verse.
A short time elapsed and three others,
As true and as noble as he,
In the gathering shades of the evening
Bade adieu to their home and to me.

From the oak and their home in the valley
Their faces all westward were set;
They were driven away by secession
And have not returned to me yet.
Yes, two of these three noble brothers,
Whose hearts for the old home did yearn,
In Ohio and fair Illinois
Now sleep, and will never return.
And where, do you ask, is the other,
The youngest and fairest of three,
Who bade us adieu on that evening,
A hunted and tired refugee?
On the fair wall of Zion he's standing,
Proclaiming the gospel of truth;
But often, I trow, he is dreaming
Of the oak and the home of his youth.

"The years and the seasons revolving
Still came and still went as before,
Till fifty were gone and were numbered
With those that return nevermore.
The War of Rebellion was over,
The country again in repose;
That father and mother, still living,
Saw the half of a century close,
Since they, in their life's glowing morning,
Erected a domicile here;
Their sons and their daughters were scattered,
And had been for many a year.
'Twas then in the month of September,
In the year of our Lord sixty-nine;
A wedding, a grand golden wedding,
Occurred 'neath these branches of mine.
The gray-headed father and mother,
The old pioneers and the kin,
Were ranged on each side of the couple,
Whose neighbors so long they had been.

'Neath these high and wide-spreading branches
A beautiful table was spread,
And the guests, who were there by hundreds,
Remember the things that were said.
Two sons and two daughters were present,
Two sons and two daughters were dead,
And four in the West were sojourning,
And letters from two were then read.
Those letters I think of quite often,
So touching and tender were they,
But gone is now one of the writers,
And the other is still far away;
But his home he has never forgotten,
He has never forgotten the oak,
And once, on the far-off prairie,
This language poetic he spoke:

"'I love my mountain home,
I love its wild retreat,
I love the fragrant flowers that bloom
Around that cottage neat;
I love my youthful friends,
With whom I used to roam
Amid the hills and through the glens
Around my cottage home;
I love the limpid stream
That from the hills did flow,
Meandering the grove that stood
Beside that cottage low;
I love the mountain winds,
Deep murmuring, low and lone,
Than linger 'mong those mountain heights
Above my cottage home;
But most of all I love
Those far from whom I roam,
Those helpless ones who linger yet
Within that cottage home.

May angels bright and fair
From heavenly regions come,
And with their blessings rich and rare
Brood o'er that cottage home.'

"You will say that I am digressing—
I own it, and now I'll return,
And tell of that father and mother,
If you would their history learn:
In less than two years from that wedding—
That grand golden wedding, I mean—
The wife from the husband was taken,
And a covering of earth was between;
The body of that faithful mother
By weeping survivors was laid
In its resting-place near to the homestead
Which she and her husband had made;
Though all of her then that was mortal
To the dark, lonely grave was consigned,
Her spirit returned to the Giver,
And there to the loved ones was joined.
But what of that husband and father?
He survived her but only two years;
Away from this home in the valley,
He quitted this dark vale of tears;
Away from the oak and the homestead,
The home of his manhood and pride,
At the home of a son in a city
On the banks of Missouri, he died;
Then back to his home and his kindred
His body by friends was conveyed,
And, in presence of many a mourner,
By the side of his wife he was laid.
So there, side by side, they are sleeping;
They heed not the storms that may come,
They hear not the voice of weeping,
They have entered a happier home.

"Ten years have since come and departed;
The old oak is still holding its place,
The old-fashioned house is yet standing,
The streamlet is flowing apace.
Of the children, the sons and the daughters,
The twelve who were born 'neath the tree,
Four sons and a daughter survive them,
But two of them only I see;
One son by the far-off Pacific
Can list to the roar of its tides;
And hard by the turbid Missouri
The daughter, fair Esther, abides;
And he whom his comrades remember
As one of the bravest of boys
The gospel of peace is proclaiming
On the prairies of fair Illinois;
The youngest is here, as I told you,
And so is the oldest save one—
He is holding the time-battered castle
Where his parents life's journey begun.
He, amongst all of the others,
From a vantage-ground gained in the strife,
Encouraged and aided his brothers
To prepare for the journey of life.
That old man, so portly and pleasant,
Who comes from the orchard out there,
Is lord of the manor at present,
With a wife and with three children fair.
He once held a seat in the Senate,
And distinction he then and there won—
He was one of the few 'gainst secession
In the year eighteen sixty-one;
But a pleasanter time in the orchard,
And a pleasanter seat 'neath the oak,
Than when in the Senate that session
In defense of the Union he spoke,

He sits 'neath my branches so shady,
Where the cool and the clear waters flow,
And back go his thoughts retrospective,
To the days of the long time ago;
With gratitude swelling his bosom
He sings, and I listen the while,
And, listening, I gather his musings,
Fond musings, much after this style:

"'I love to sit beneath this tree,
This ancient giant oak,
And think of those who cared for me
When first to life I woke.
My father spared this giant oak
When he the forest felled;
And many a storm has o'er it broke
Since it I first beheld.
Beneath its branches I have played,
More than a hundred times,
And its ascent have sometimes made,
As nimble squirrel climbs;
I venerate this ancient oak,
Our sacred family tree,
Though many a cruel hatchet-stroke
It has received from me;
And as I sit beneath it here,
Beneath its branches tall,
The memory of my loved ones dear,
The scenery will recall.
My mother's garden still I see—
How oft I've seen her there!
'Twas her retreat—fit spot to be
The place of secret prayer.
That garden-spot I must revere,
I never can forget;
Some of the trees she planted there
In life are living yet.

And then the fount, the gushing fount
Of waters flowing on;
Their low, sweet murmurs oft recount
The names of brothers gone—
The names of those who helped me bring
Those waters from the hill,
And made a channel from the spring
The fountain here to fill.
And when across the farm I look,
Reflection tells me now
My farming lessons there I took—
'Twas there I learned to plow;
And here, across this very farm,
With one I still revere,
I oft have sauntered arm in arm
And came and rested here.
But that fair floweret withered lies,
The grave is now her bed;
Her childhood's home still greets my eyes—
The place where we were wed.
But He who took that fragrant flower
And planted it in heaven
Has sent another to my bower,
Another helpmate given;
Then let me bow to Him whose rod
Oft chastens for our good,
And murmur not—our father's God
A friend has always stood.
That God who planted here the oak
And held it up in storms
Is one whose word He never broke,
His promise He performs.
Since we are of more value far
Than oaks or lilies fair,
We'll live when sun, and moon, and star,
And earth no longer are.'

"Sometimes, as he stands by the fountain,
The gourd to the bottom he'll drain,
And think of the old oaken bucket,
And speak in a similar strain:

"'How often of late, in the shade as I'm sitting,
My mind wanders back o'er the scenes of the past,
And while in this mood I am often forgetting
That I'm now growing old and my best days are past!
Sometimes, as I wander alone in the wildwood
I strive to remember, and find it is hard
To number the years since I played in my childhood
Beneath the old oak-tree that stands in the yard,
The lofty old oak-tree, the wide-spreading oak-tree,
The giant old oak-tree that stands in the yard.

"'Since then I have passed many winters and summers—
I pause not to count them, but fifty at least;
They come and they go, and it seems that these comers
Come faster and faster as age is increased.
How slowly they passed in my life's early stages!
As though there was something their course to retard;
A month seemed a year, and the years were like ages,
As we played 'neath the oak-tree that stands in the yard,
The gigantic oak-tree, the wide-branching oak-tree,
The lofty old oak-tree that stands in the yard.

"'How often I think of my early surrounding!
When, blessed with parental affection and love,
With brothers and sisters and friendship abounding,
And teachers to point us to mansions above,
A home and a farm on which we could labor,
A school-house from which no child was debarred,
At peace with ourselves, our God, and our neighbor,
We sat 'neath the oak-tree that stands in the yard,
The old gnarly oak-tree, the long-living oak-tree,
The giant old oak-tree that stands in the yard.

"'And oft, when away from my home in the valley,
When care and despondency heavily pressed,
My thoughts would come back and my courage would rally
When wandering from home in the far-distant West,
And oft would be cheered by the fond recollection
Of things that I held in the highest regard:
My father and mother and kindred connection,
Still lingering around the old tree in the yard,
The strong, sturdy oak-tree, the long-living oak-tree,
The century-old oak-tree that stands in the yard.

"'And now 'neath its shadow I'm often found sitting,
At morning and eve and the hour of noon;
I muse on the past, and am often forgetting
Life's winter is coming, 'tis no longer June.
Youth's energy, fire, and strength are abating,
And soon I must leave the dear scenes I regard;
The boatman will come for whom I am waiting,
As I sit here beneath the old tree in the yard,
The shade-giving oak-tree, the wind-breaking oak-tree,
The dear family oak-tree that stands in the yard.'"



## *TO EMMA.*

Written in a Granddaughter's Album.

On this, the anniversary
  Of your grandfather's birth,
Dear Emma, he to you would say:
  Trust not to things of earth.

The things of earth are passing fair,
  But fleeting are they all;
And pleasure's sweets, though rich and rare,
  Upon the senses pall.

Though wealth and fame may you allure,
  And promise happy days,
Trust not the promise, it is sure
  To fail in many ways.

Trust not to youth or beauty's charm,
  For that's a broken reed;
And earthly friends, to keep from harm,
  Will fail in time of need.

In youth, like you, upon my brow
  The hue of health was given;
But rose of youth is vanished now,
  And I am seventy-seven.

So live that at a future year,
  When youth and strength shall fail,
Remembrance of the past may cheer
  While passing the dark vale.

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